

Dr.Allama Iqbal.sSelected poetry

(With Urdu/English translation & transliteration)

Complied & Translated Edited By



Mohammed Mahboob Hussain Azaad

Dedicated

To

The sacred memory of my Eldest Sister

Dr.Fareeda Zain (Fatima)

My friend, philosopher & Guide.

Preface

poetry is the outcome of a serious conflict between a poet's personality and his surrounding circumstances. A genuine poet, like a genuine leader and teacher, is one who can change the circumstances of his society by changing the thinking and outlook of the people around. His message may even rise higher than the level of the society, even a nation, and may expand the affect many socities and nations. His message may outlive the times it was delivered in. thus his poetry may prove to be universal and lasting. it is obvious that such boundless acclaim cannot be attained unless the thought content and form of that poetry be equally excellent. Poetic art without beautiful and high thoughts or vice versa makes no poetry. For a poet, who is at the same time also a philosopher, the problem of fulfilling the demands of art becomes all the more difficult; to make philosophy sing is an enormously arduous job. Dr.Iqbal has succeeded in doing so. Ordinary poets like ordinary politicians try to gain immediate popularity. For this purpose they try to echo the demand whatever it is of the populace. No poet with such a low ambition can give birth to high poetry.

Were it not for translation, the English-speaking world would not have heard of Homer and Ovid, Puskin and Tolstoy, Goethe and Nietzsche, Dante and Petrarch, or Khayyam and Rumi, and a vast number of other writers, the very idea of translation, however, has never been free of controversy. Frost once remarked, "Poetry is what is lost in translation." I would go a step farther; 'Poetry is what gets murdered in translation'— sometimes. Apart from a wide philological gulf that exists between Urdu and English, these languages represent entirely different cultures. The lack of idiomatic affinity, together with prosodic differences between Urdu and English and Urdu's unique vocabulary of symbols and allusions, cultural metaphors, and rhythmic patterns and allegories, present a complex challenge to the translator - more so if the translator is interested in developing some enjoyable form of poetic rhythm in English while trying to remain faithful to the original. In a literal translation, what makes Urdu poetry lyrically soar high would turn into some driest bunch of words thrown together.

Dr. Iqbal was great poet in the continent of Asia; who shared aspirations, which had deepest roots in the soul of Muslims made every sensitive Muslim of the world felt universally through inarticulately. He spoke on behalf of the soul of the Qaum and all its poignant and earnest aspirations, and provided the ummah with a place of its own the map of the world to germinate, to grow and to prosper.

The book in hand is a recollection of Iqbal's poetry. In his poetry, had numerous streams of his experiences of the ummah spread over fourteen hundred years. Anyone who seeks to understand all that he has to say, to suggest, has indeed to make a very long but rewarding journey.

All through his life he toiled hard to make, others see and feel what he saw and felt, in his view, he wanted to conquer self. To overpower ordinary, selfish desires is not an easy undertaking. To make one's capabilities conform to one's ideas and ideals is another difficulty to surmount. to live according to the dictates of intellect and faith, by subordinating instincts to them, is to be truly human. it is to become master in one owns house. Such a master is genuine "Self", he is an individual in the real sense of the word. He is a "Self" wherein the soul dominates the body. He is an integrated whole.

Iqbal was a "self", a power, a will and an unfaltering faith; he discarded what could drag him downwards and hence attained what pulled him upwards. His own self was the first battlefield where he won his firs victory. The salient feature of this victory was the decision to live for others. He had decided to reawaken the spirits of the Muslims while being a student in England he explained in chapter 3 of this book (Baang e Dara) under the caption—"Iqbal -man of faith and vision." all his life, he struck to the magnanimous decisions with grim determination and ever—increasing faith. To speak and write about him is not an easy task, but an inspiration needed to understand his poetry or poetical dimensions. Briefly, Iqbal was a clarion call to jihad against slavery, blind imitation, lethargy, aimlessness in thought and action, despondency, defeatism and faithlessness. he was a voice of hope and the works he left behind are still inculcating hope in despair ridden souls. he was a hero among poets and philosophers.

I have provided the Urdu verses along with transliteration translation for young students reader's lovers of iqbal's poetry so that everyone could easily read it.

I am very thankful to my family, my wife & children without whose encouragement especially my eldest sister Dr.Fareeda Zain for inspiring me and guiding enlightening me to present it to the younger generations

I am thankful to all those who were part of the book,

Mohammed Mehboob Hussain Aazad



ABOUT THE POET.....ALLAMA DR. IQBAL



A great man is one who serves humanity heart and soul but no man is great who is great only in his life time the test of greatness is the page of history is repeat with the noble deeds of men whose sole and scared aim life was the to help and and guide their fellow men. we read and recall, commemorate and commend the names of great scientists, artists, philosophers, politicians, poets and sages whose tireless and self less efforts brought comfort and peace to the suffering humanity, the died but their death make them immortal because they live in our hearts. Allama Igbal is one of them. He was the greatest Muslim poet-philosopher he was born at Sialkot on the 9th of November, 1877. His father Shiekh Noor Muhammad was a great mystic. Igbal inherited deep love for religion from him.his school teacher, Syed Mir Hassan, also played an important role in shaping his personality,he taught him Arabic, Islamiat and Persian.after completing his early education he went to Lahore.there he joined the government college and passed M.A examination in philosophy, then he started teaching in the same college.after a few years,he went to Europe for higher studies. He received PH.D in philosophy from Germany and passed bar-at-law examination from London.when he returned home, he started his law practice in Lahore high court.

He devoted most of his time to poetry , Philosophy, and, religion he was much worried about the sad and deplorable plight of the Muslims.they had forgotten the true message of Islam and had indulged in petty wordily pursuits. Iqbal tried to reawaken them from the sound slumber of luxurious ease. He wrote many

great and beautiful poems which carry the message of Islam through his immortal theories of "khudi", "mard-e-momin" and "shaheen" he taught them self control self respect and love for religion.

He presented the idea of Pakistan. In 1930, he presided over the Allahabad session of the all India Muslim league.In his presidential speech, he made it clear that the Muslims of the subcontinent would have to struggle hard to achieve a separate homeland if thy wanted to leave their lives according to the teachings of Islam. Unfortunately, he did not live to see his dream come true. he died on April 21, 1938. He was buried in Lahore where Minar-e-Pakistan stand to bear witness to the inside and prudence of this great "poet of the east".



If we wish to understand Iqbal and the significance of his message, it is necessary for us to know the conditions of the Subcontinent during Iqbal's lifetime - an epoch that culminated in Iqbal. Without this study we cannot understand the real meaning of Iqbal's message, the melody of his tone and the inner fire that kept him restless. The Subcontinent went through the hardest phase of its history during Iqbal's lifetime. Iqbal was born in 1877, that is, twenty years after the quelling of the Muslim's revolt against the English in 1857, when they inflicted a final blow upon the Islamic rule in the Subcontinent. A great revolutionary upsurge overtook the whole country and continued for several years, but four months (the middle of 1857) marked its culmination. The British used this opportunity for making an assault on Islam, which they were contemplating to make for the last seventy or eighty years, and they imagined to have uprooted Islam from the Indian soil.

They put an end to the Muslim rule that was breathing its last breaths. The only obstacle in their way of the total colonization of the Indian subcontinent was the existence of the same rule, which they had succeeded in weakening during the course of time They liquidated its chief fighters and eminent personages in order to eradicate the deep-rooted Islamic civilization and to completely uproot this corpulent and old tree which was shown of any power of resistance at that time, and to make India a part of the British empire. The year 1857 was the year of absolute victory for the British in India. After having officially annexed India to Britain and named their country as the Empire of Britain and India, the colonizing of India did not pose any problem, for India was treated henceforward as one of the provinces of the Great Britain. After that they took all possible precautions to crush every revivalist, nationalist or religious movement in that country. Their aim was to wipe out completely the Muslim population, as they knew it well that it were the Muslims who resisted them in India. They already had tested this. The Muslims fought with the English and their mercenaries, the Sikhs, who were

serving them since the early nineteenth century. This was known to the English very well and to those who were acquainted with the Indian affairs, who used to tell them. that the Muslims were their real enemies in India and that they were to be eliminated. From the year 1857, which was the year of their victory, an extremely oppressive and tyrannical plan was chalked out to suppress the Muslims. If we go into its detail it will take a long time. Many books were written on this subject. The Muslims were subjected to economic pressures as well as to cultural and social discrimination. Collectively they were subjected to the worst kind of humiliations. As regard to the conditions of employment their declared policy was to recruit non-Muslims only.

The awqaf (endowments) that ran Islamic institutions and mosques were in large number and they were taken away. The Hindu merchants were motivated to lend money to the Muslims in order to seize their property in return for their debts. It was resolved that their relationship with the land be cut off and their sense of belonging to the land be uprooted.

This process continued for a long time. The Muslims were killed without reason and arrested for no fault of theirs. All such people who were suspected of carrying on any activities against the English were suppressed and eliminated ruthlessly. These conditions prevailed for several years. After one or two decades of this repression, which has no parallel anywhere in the world - not in any of the colonized countries were the people suppressed so severely as the Indian Muslims - ultimately some people began to think about the possible remedy for this Situation but of course the angry resistance against the English was not given up. India should never be forgetful of the fact that the Indian Muslims played the most vital part in the battle against the English. In fact it will be an act of thanklessness on the part of India to forget her indebtedness to the Muslims of India. The Muslims did never sit idle during the freedom struggle as well as during the great revolution that was brought about there.

During the years after the incident of 1857, when there was peace and calm everywhere, the militant Muslim elements were active in every nook and cranny. There were two courses of action open to them, that is, either the politico-cultural movement, or a purely cultural movement to meet the challenge threatening the position of the Muslims. One of the movements was led by the 'Ulama' and the other was initiated under the leadership of Syed Ahmad Khan. These two movements represented two cross-currents opposing each other, and this is not the occasion to go into detail concerning them.



Iqbal has been acclaimed as the national poet of Pakistan. This, I take it, means that what he wrote voices certain deeply felt sentiments shared by the entire

Pakistani nation. These sentiments appear to me to be of three kinds. First, his poetry. Poetry gives large number of people in Pakistan as aesthetic satisfaction which they fail to derive from any other source. His eminence as a poet fills up consequently with a sense of national pride.

A Thinker Secondly, Iqbal is admired as the exponent of metaphysics based on Islam. People recognise in him a thinker whose revaluation of Islamic thought has given the Muslim Community a new sense of purpose in life. The success wit which he used his poetry as vehicle of his metaphysics adds to his feeling of admiration for him. Finally, independently of his poetry and his meta physics, Igbal is honoured and remembered gratefully who propounded the idea of Pakistan in a form intelligible to the common man. It is difficult for us who are so close to him in time to disentangle the three sentiments of which i have spoken. Each of them helps sustain and strengthen the other. Posterity may judge him someone differently but we do not have the sense of perspective which would enable us to asses Iqbal as a poet or a thinker or a political philosopher alone independently of other aspects of hi work. Igbal, it seems to me, occupies in the world of modern Islam the kind of position assigned to Dante in the history of medieval Christianity. Igbal provides a poetic interpretation of Islam as understood today, particularly in the Sub-continent of I India and Pakistan.

A Philosopher Iqbal was also a philosopher and political thinker in form the point of view of his poetry only an accident. But it is an accident which gives us, the Pakistanis, additional cause for gratitude to him. I am not a Philosopher my self and do not consider myself competent to express judgement on the purely technical aspects of his work as a philosopher. His "Reconstruction of Religious thought in Islam" seems, however, to me to be the only work which a Muslim intellectual of our time can read with satisfaction. For here alone is an attempt by an eminent thinker to explain Islam in term of modern thought. As we are all aware, no religion can command the assent of enlightened men and women in any age unless it can be proved and seen to have some validity in the light of contemporary philosophy. Igbal appears to have been the only Muslim of our times who not only understood the implications of this problem, but who attempted a solution. The "Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam" is bound to survive a germinal work which will colour the thinking of the entire generation of the present day Muslims. This is not to say that Igbal Ideas are universally accepted. I can imagine people disagreeing which certain aspects of his political and religious thought. No one in philosophy can be expected either to be absolutely right or to be absolutely acceptable.

Anticipation—It is quite likely that as our society grows it will demand the right to examine each problem afresh. Iqbal's true greatness from this point of view lies in the fact that he has able to anticipate the lines on which Muslim society was destined to develop in modern times. Finally, as a Pakistani citizen i have reason to be grateful to Iqbal as the man who gave us the idea and vision

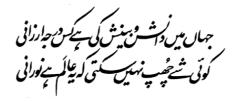
of Pakistan. The idea could have come from a statesman or a political philosopher only, but Iqbal who was simultaneously a poet, a philosopher and a political thinker, was able to invest it with prestige that it would initially have lacked without its background. He, therefore, lives in our history as the real father of Pakistani nationalism and the tributes paid to him each year are only an expression of the nation,s gratitude to the man who gave it a new sense of purpose and destiny.

I have the privilege of presenting the English translation of his selected poetry, and hope that Allama's poetic lovers around the Globe will reward it.

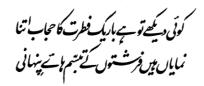
(Armaghan-e-Hijaz-43-Book Complete) Hazrat-e-Insan (حضرت انسان)
The Human Being

ضرتانيال

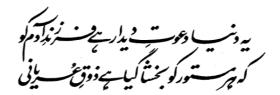
Hazrat-E-Insan The Human Being (poem 1)



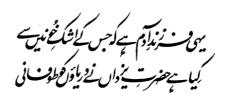
Jahan Mein Danish-O-Beenish Ki Hai Kis Darja Arzani Koi Shay Chup Nahin Sakti K Ye Alam Hai Noorani To know and see is so easy in the world. Nothing may stay hidden for this universe is luminous.



Koi Dekhe To Hai Bareek Fitrat Ka Hijab Itna Numayan Hain Farishton Ke Tabassum Haye Pinhani The Nature's veil is translucent if one is willing to see: Far too visible are the angel's faint smiles.



Ye Duniya Dawat-E-Didar Hai Farzand-E-Adam Ko Ke Har Mastoor Ko Bakhsha Gya Hai Zauq-E-Uryani This world is an invitation for the human being to look, For every secret is given an instinct to jump out of its closet.



Ye Farzand-E-Adam Hai K Jis Ke Askh-E-Khooni Se Kiya Hai Hazrat-E-Yazdan Ne Daryaon Ko Toofani It is the tears of human blood that the Almighty has used For stirring up storms in His oceans. فلا مح ياخب في كداك فالشيخ الماري في الماري في

Falak Ko Kya Khabar Ye Khaakdaan Kis Ka Nasheeman Hai Gharz Anjum Se Hai Kis Ke Shabistan Ki Nighebani What would the sky know whose abode is this earthy planet; On whose nightly banquets do the stars stand in watch!

> ر اگرمقصودِگل میں نیوں تو مجھ سے ماورا کیا ہے مرحے ہنگامہ ہائے نویہ نوکی انتہا کیا ہے

Agar Maqsood-E-Kul Main Hun To Mujh Se Mawara Kya Hai Mere Hungama Ha'ay Nau Ban Nau Ki Intiha Kya Hai? If I am the end of all, then what lies beyond?

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-011) Ilm-o-Ishq

علم وعشق

Ilm-o-Ishq
KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE (poem 2)

علم نے مجھ سے کہا عثق ہے دیوا نہ پن عشق نے مجھ سے کہا علم ہے تخمہ بین وطن

Ilm Ne Mujh Se Kaha Ishq Hai Diwana-Pan Ishq Ne Mujh Se Kaha Ilm Hai Takhmeen-o-Zan Knowledge said to me, Love is madness; Love said to me, Knowledge is calculation—

> بر ر بب رُونمین وظن! رُرم کست! بی نه بن عثق سرا یا حضور علم سرا یا ججاب!

Band-e-Takhmeen-o-Zan! Kirm-e-Kitabi Na Ban Ishq Sarapa Huzoor, Ilm Sarapa Hijab! O slave of calculation, do not be a bookworm! Love is Presence entire, Knowledge nothing but a Veil.

> عثق کی گری سے ہے مسرکۂ کا ننات علم معت مصفات ،عثق تماشائے ڈات

Ishq Ki Garmi Se Hai Maarka-e-Kainat
Ilm Maqam-e-Sifat, Ishq Tamasha-e-Zaat
The universe is moved by the warmth of Love;
Knowledge deals with the Attributes, Love is a vision of the Essence;

Ishq Sukoon-o-Sabat,Ishq Hayat-o-Mamat
Ilm Hai Paida Sawal, Ishq Hai Pinhan Jawab!
Love is peace and permanence, Love is Life and Death:
Knowledge is the rising question, Love is the hidden answer.

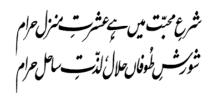
عثق کے ہیں مجزات بلطنت وفقر و دیں عثق کے او نی عن لام صاحب تاج و نکس

Ishq Ke Hain Maujazat Saltanat-o-Faqr-o-Deen Ishq Ke Adna Ghulam Sahib-e-Taj-o-Nageen Kingdom, faith and faqr are all miracles of Love; The crowned kings and lords are base slaves of Love;

> عثق مكان ومحييع بثق زمان وزمين عثق سرايا يقين اوريقين فت تح بابا

Ishq Makan-o-Makeen, Ishq Zaman-o-Zameen Ishq Sarapa Yaqeen, Aur Yaqeen Fatah-e-Bab!

Love is the Space and the Creation, Love is Time and Earth! Love is conviction entire, and conviction is the key!



Shara-e-Mohabbat Mein Hai Ishrat-e-Manzil Haraam
Shorish-e-Toofan Halal, Lazzat-e-Sahil Haraam
The luxury of destination is forbidden in the religion of Love;
Fighting the storms is permitted, but the comfort of the shore is forbidden

عثق پرجب لی ملال عشق بیرمات ل حرام علم ہے ابن اللتاب، عشق ہے اُم اللتاب

Ishq Pe Bijli Halal, Ishq Pe Hasil Haraam
Ilm Hai Ibn-Ul-Kitab, Ishq Umm-Ul-Kitab!
Lightning is permitted to Love, Harvest is forbidden.
Knowledge is the child of the Book; Love is the mother of the Book.

(Bang-e-Dra-105) Shikwa (هنکو ه) The Complaint



Shikwa THE COMPLAINT (poem3)

كىيون يا كارىنون سُود فرائوش رېيوں كى خوين داندگرون موغېم دېشسىسون

Kyun Ziyaan Kaar Banun, Sood Framosh Rahun Fikr-e-Farda Na Karum, Mahw-e-Ghum-e-Dosh Rahun Why should I choose the loser's role? Forbear to seek what gain I may? Nor think of what the morrow holds, But brood o'er woes of yesterday?

نائيبل كيننول دريمة تن وشريوں ميم أوامين بو تائي ل يولن عارش رسوں

Naale Bulbul Ke Sunoon, Aur Hama Tan Gosh Rahun Humnawa Main Bhi Koi Gul Hun Ke Khamosh Rahun Why should my ears enraptured hear the plaintive notes of Philomel. Fellow-bard! A rose am I to lose me in sweet music's swell.

Jurrat Aamoz Miri Taab-e-Sakhun Hai Mujh Ko Shikwa Allah Se Khakam Badahan Hai Mujh Ko For I too have the gift of song which gives me courage to complain, But ah! 'tis none but God Himself whom I, in sorrow, must arraign!

ہے جب شیوہ سے میں شہورہ ہے مستدرد کشنتے ہیں محبور ہیں ہم

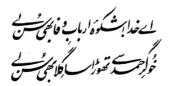
Hai Baja Shewa-e-Tasleem Mein Mashoor Hain Hum Qissa-e-Dard Sunate Hain Ke Majboor Hain Hum I grant that we have earned repute as ever reconciled to Fate, But to You still a tale of pain I can no longer help narrate.

سر المرافق من فريائي من المرافق من المرافق ال

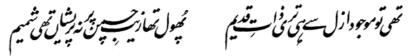
Saaz-e-Khamosh Hain, Faryad Se Maamoor Hain Hum Nala Ata Hai Agar Lab Pe To Maazoor Hain Hum Though we may seem like voiceless lyres, within, imprisoned anguish

cries;

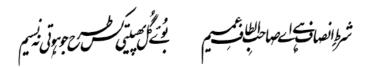
Its urge compels, and I obey, Framing these plaintive melodies.



Ae Khuda Shikwa-e-Arbab-e-Wafa Bhi Sun Le Khugar-e-Hamd Se Thora Sa Gila Bhi Sun Le Hear You, O God! these sad complaints from those of proven fealty; From lips accustomed but to praise hear You these words in blame of You!



Thi To Maujood Azal Se Hi Teri Zaat-e-Qadim
Phool Tha Zaib-e-Chaman, Par Na Preshan Thi Shamim
From when eternal Time began, Your Timeless Self had also been;
But then no breeze its sweetness spread though the Rose reigned the garden's queen.



Shart Insaaf Hai, Ae Sahib-e-Altaf-e-Amim
Boo-e-Gul Phailti Kis Tarah Jo Hoti Na Nasim
Canst You, in justice, but confess, O Lord! from whom all favours flow,
Had not the south wind toiled in love the world Your fragrance would not
know?

ر ہم اجمعیت خاطر بدیریث نی تنی ورنه امت نرمجسبوب کی دیوانی تنی

Hum Ko Jamiat-e-Khatir Ye Preshani Thi
Warna Ummat Tere Mehboob (S.A.W.) Ki Diwani Thi
The glad travail we sought for You Rejoiced our souls and was our pride—
Thinkst You the followers of Your Friend Insanely spread Your Truth so
wide?

ېم سايپ تھا جب يوجه ال کانظر که ميروت تيقيب راييب وو تثجر

Hum Se Pehle Tha Ajab Tere Jahan Ka Manzar
Kahin Masjood The Pathar, Kahin Maabood Shajar
Before we came, how strange a sight was this most beauteous world of
Thine (yours)!

For here to stones men bowed their heads, and there in trees did 'gods' enshrine!

. غُولبِبِ بِمِوس قان ل أنظر مانت عير كوتى أن يعيض الوليؤكر

Khugar-e-Paikar-e-Mahsoos Thi Insaan Ki Nazar Manta Phir Koi Un-Dekhe Khuda Ko Kyunkar

Their unenlightened minds could seize nought else but what their eyes could see,

You know, Lord, Your writ ran not—Man neither knew nor worshipped Thee (You)!

تجو کوس وم ہے لیا تھاکوئی مامراً قوتت بازفئے مے نے کیا کام ترا

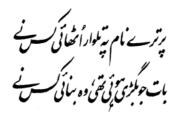
Tujh Ko Maalum Hai Leta Tha Koi Naam Tera?
Quwwat-e-Baazoo-e-Muslim Ne Kiya Kaam Tera
and canst you say that even once one of these did Your name recite?
It was the might of Muslim arms fulfilled Your task and gave them Light.

بس سے تھے ہیں کبوق کو ان کو ان

Bas Rahe The Yahin Saljuq Bhi, Toorani Bhi Ahl-e-Chin Cheen Mein, Iran Mein Sasaani Bhi Yet once there lived the Seljuks here, Turanians too, and wise Chinese, Sasanians drew their breath and thrived In rose-perfumed Iranian breeze;

اسى سوك ميل با د تھے يونانى بھى اسى نيامىي بھودى بھى تھے نصانى بھى

Issi Maamoore Mein Aabad The Yoonani Bhi Issi Dunya Mein Yahudi Bhi The, Nusraani Bhi And elsewhere in Your peopled world the Greeks of Yunan held their sway, While sons of Israel side by side with Christian nations had their day.



Par Tere Naam Pe Talwar Uthai Kis Ne Baat Jo Bigri Huwi Thi, Woh Banaai Kis Ne But which among these nations raised the sacred sword in holy fight, Self-consecrated to Your cause, to set their crazy world aright?

تصيم يل يات معسكر آداؤن من خشكسون مير تسمي كري ورياؤن مين

The Hameen Ek Tire Maarka Aaraaon Mein!
Khushkion Mein Kabhi Larte, Kabhi Dariyaon Mein,
'Tis we and we alone who thronged as warriors on Your fields of fray,
And now upon the land we fought and now upon the salt sea spray.

ویل ذامیں کھر بیائے کلیساؤں میں مسلم کی انتہائے کا بیساؤں میں

Deen Azaanen Kabhi Europe Ke Kaleesaaon Mein Kabhi Africa Ke Tapte Huwe Sehraaon Mein. We made our Azan's call resound beneath proud spires in Western lands, And made that magic melody thrill over Afric's burning sands.

> ر شاق بلمدور میزیجیتی تنی جهان اوس کی کومه رئیست تندیم حیاؤں میزیمواوس کی

Shan Ankhon Mein Na Jachti Thi Jahan Daron Ki Kalima Parhte The Hum Chaon Mein Talwaron Ki The pageantries of mighty kings to us were shows that mattered not, Beneath the shade of blades unsheathed in Kalima we glory sought.

مرح جتے تھے توجنگوں ای صیب ہے لیے اور متے تھے ترینام کی خطب کے لیے

Hum Jo Jeete The To Jnagon Ki Musibat Ke Liye Aur Merte The Tere Naam Ki Azmat Ke Liye Our only life was then to face the perils of Your holy wars; To glorify Your name we died, adorned with hallowed battle scars. تھی کیے پیغ زنی اپنی علومت کے لیے سیخت کے لیا دیروں ایکے لیے؟

Thi Na Kuch Taeg-Zani Apni Hukumat Ke Liye Sar-Bakaf Phirte The Kya Dehar Mein Doulat Ke Liye Not lust for power for our own sakes our drawn-sword's playfulness inspired,

Nor roamed we hand-in-glove with death for worldly riches we desired.

قوم اپنی وزرو مال جساں رپر تی رپر سرتی نُت فروشی کے وَصَنُ بُشِکنی کیوں اُر

Qaum Apni Jo Zar-o-Maal-e-Jahan Par Marti, But Faroshi Ke Iwaz But Shikni Kyon Karti? Our people, had they set their hearts on this world's riches or its gold, Not idol-breaking would have gone but idols would have bought and sold.

مُن سَنت تَصَالرَجُنَك مِنْ رُحِاتِ تَصَدِي لِيَوْنَ شِيرُوں كَ مِن مِيداتُ الحراثِ عَلَيْ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ الْ

Tal Na Sakte The Agar Jang Mein Arh Jate The
Paon Sheron Ke Bhi Maidan Se Ukhar Jate The
We stood our ground like rocks when once the foe had met our phalanx
dread;

Before our might the bravest quailed and, vanquished, from the battle fled.

تج<u>د سے کرٹ ش</u>ے اکوئی تو کبڑھاتے تھے ۔ تینے کیا<u>چنے ہم</u> توپ سے لڑھاتے تھے

Tujh Se Sarkash Huwa Koi To Bighar Jate The
Taeg Kya Cheez Hai, Hum Toup Se Larh Jate The
And those who offered You affront our swift, relentless fury faced,
Their mightiest arms we set at nought, Their insolence and pride abased.

نقش رحید کامردل پیٹھایا ہمنے زخیجب بھی بیپ مُنایا ہم نے

Naqsh Tauheed Ka Har Dil Pe Bithaya Hum Ne Zer-e-Khanjar Bhi Yeh Paigham Sunaya Hum Ne On all men's minds we set Your seal, Your tawhid's firm and sure impressThe selfsame message preached our lips when swords danced high in battle's stress.

Tu Hi Keh De Ke Ukhara Dar-e-Khyber Kis Ne Sheher Qaiser Ka Jo Tha, Us Ko Kiya Sar Kis Ne Declare You whose fierce valor once did Khyber's barriers overthrow? Or whose resistless might once laid Famed Caesar's proudest cities low?

توشی خدون دور کے سکار سے کا شار کا کھ نے گفار کے شکر کس نے

Tore Makhluq Khudawandon Ke Paikar Kis Ne Kaat Kar Rakh Diye Kuffaar Ke Lashkar Kis Ne Who smashed to dust man's handwrought gods, those things of straw and earth and clay?

And who did unbelieving hosts to spread Your name and glory slay?

کس نے تعیز الیا آت لدہ ایرا کو؟ کس نے تعیز زندہ کیا تذکرہ یزداں کو؟

Kis Ne Thanda Kiya Atishkuda-e-Iran Ko?
Kis Ne Phir Zinda Kiya Tazkara-e-Yazdaan Ko?
And who was it that quenched and cooled the fiery urns of fair Iran?
And in that land did once again revive the worship of Yazdan?

كون سى قوم فقط تىرى طلى الله ريونى اورىك ليے زحمت كترس كار يونى

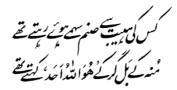
Kon Si Qoum Faqat Teri Talabgar Huwi Aur Tere Liye Zehmat Kash-e-Paikaar Huwi Among those nations, was there one who craved You as we craved and sought?

Or risked the perils of fell war that Your Divinest will be wrought?

کس ایششیرها کارهها از درونی کس ای تعبیرسے نیاتری بدار درونی

Kis Ki Shamsheer Jahangeer, Jahandar Huwi Kis Ki Takbeer Se Dunya Teri Baidar Huwi Whose was that conquest-thirsty sword which won and held the world in fee?

And whose the Takbeer-sounding call, which wakened all the world to You?



Kis Ki Haibat Se Sanam Sehme Huwe Rehte The
Munh Ke Bal Gir Ke 'HU WA-ALLAH HU AHAD' Kehte The
Whose was the fateful wrath which made all idols shrink in terror just?
"There is no god but God," they cried, as crumbling down they kissed the dust.

الريمين لااتي ميں الروقت نب از تبارُ و يوكن ميں برسيع تي قوم حجاز الله عن الروقت بين تي قوم حجاز

Aa Gaya Ain Laraai Mein Agar Waqt-e-Namaz Qibla Ru Ho Ke Zameen Bos Huwi Qoum-e-Hijaz When worship's ordained hour was come, and furious raged the battle's fray,

Those men of Hijaz, staunch in You, facing Your Ka'ba, bowed to pray.

ايك بيصف مير كه المحمود واياز ندكو أيب ده ر باورند لو أي بن و نوا

Ek Hi Saf Mein Khare Ho Gaye Mahmood-o-Ayaz, No Koi Banda Raha Aur Na Koi Banda Nawaz. Mahmood the king and slave Ayaz, in line, as equals, stood arrayed, The lord was no more lord to slave: while both to the One Master prayed.

> بندہ وصاحب محتاج وَعنی ایک بیم نے تیری مرکز میں پہنچے توسیمی ایک ہوئے

Banda-o-Sahib-o-Mauhtaaj-o-Ghani Aik Huwe Teri Sarkar Mein Pohanche To Sabhi Aik Huwe Slave or slave's master, rich or poor, no sense of difference then felt, For each a brother was to each when in Your Presence, Lord, they knelt.

مفالون کال سے شرام میں معتوب کو لے رصفت میں معالی میں معالی میں میں معالی می

Mehfil-e-Kon-o-Makan Mein Sehar-o-Sham Phire
Mai-e-Tauheed Ko Lekar Sifat-e-Jam Phire
And You do know we went about at sunrise or when stars did shine,
In banquet-halls of Time and Space, like goblets, filled with tawhid's wine

کوه مین شت میں کے کر تراپی ام میے ۔ اور سوم ہے تجہ کو کبھی ما کام پھر ا

Koh Mein, Dasht Mein Le Kar Tera Pegham Phire
Aur Maaloom Hai Tujh Ko, Kabhi Nakaam Phire!
Both heights and lowlands we traversed to spread Your message; O glad
pain!

Not even once, You know well, we strove against the world in vain.

وشت تووشت ہوئن یا بھنی چھوٹر ہم نے اسلامات میں وڑائے کھوٹرے ہم نے

Dasht To Dasht Hain, Darya Bhi Na Chhore Hum Ne Bahr-e-Zulmaat Mein Daura Diye Ghore Hum Ne Not only land we bore Your Word glorious across the heaving seas, Upon our steed of zeal, we rode unto their darkest boundaries!

صفحَ ورسِ بالسل ورشايام نے نوع انسان غلامی سے مُعِیرا ایم نے

Safah-e-Dahar Se Baatil Ko Mitaya Hum Ne Nau-e-Insaan Ko Ghulami Se Chhuraya Hum Ne We who removed from this world's book the leaves which were with falsehood stained,

We who, from tyrant ignorance, The prisoned human race unchained,

تر مع اوجبنون جسایا ہم نے ترب قرآن کوسنوں کا اہم نے

Tere Kaabe Ko Jabeenon Se Basaya Hum Ne Tere Quran Ko Seenon Se Lagaya Hum Ne We who with myriad sajdas filled Your Holy Ka'ba's hallowed shrine, Whose bosoms reverently held Your great and glorious Book Divineمصر تعلی میں سے سی علیہ ہے کہ وفاد ارنہ میں میم فاد ارنہ مین تو توجی تو دِلدارنہ سے اِ

Phir Bhi Hum Se Yeh Gila Hai Ke Wafadar Nahin
Hum Wafadar Nahin, Tu Bhi To Dildar Nahin!
If our meed still the obloquy that we have shirked the Faithful's part,
How then canst You make claim to be the kindly faith-compelling heart?

أُسْتِ الْوَرِيمِي بِينَانَ مِينِ لَكُرِيمِ مِينِ عَبِرُولِ لِيمِي بِينِ سَتِ عَ بِيدَارِهِي بِينِ

Ummatain Aur Bhi Hain, In Mein Gunahgar Bhi Hain Ejz Wale Bhi Hain, Mast-e-Mai-e-Pindar Bhi Hain For there are those of other faiths Among whom many sinners, Some humble, others puffed with pride, Drunken in their effrontery;

ان يول يسي بي غافل مين بيشيار يولي مين مسين اريسي بين

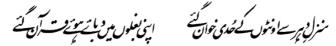
In Mein Kahil Bhi Hain, Ghafil Bhi Hain, Hushyar Bhi Hain Saikron Hain Ke Tere Naam Se Baizar Bhi Hain If some have vision, thousands are of little worth, neglectful, worse; And millions upon millions live from Your dear, glorious name averse.

> رحتیں ہیں ماغیارے ہاٹ نور پر اس رق ل تی ہے تو بیچار ہے۔ ہمانوں ر

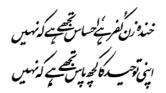
Rehmatain Hain Teri Aghiyar Ke Kashaanon Par Barq Girti Hai To Bechare Musalmanon Par Yet see how still Your bounties rain on roofs 0f unbelieving clans, While strikes Your thunder-bolt the homes of all-forbearing Mussalmans!

مت منم خانوں میں گئے وہیں مان گئے سے خوشی ن کو کا تعصب کے جمہ الگئے

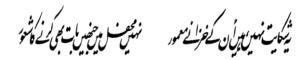
Boott Sanam Khanon Mein Kehte Hain, Musalman Gye Hai Khushi In Ko Ke Kaabe Ke Nigehban Gye In idol-houses, hark! they say, "Behold, the Muslim star sinks low! How glad they are that now at last Your Ka'ba's brave protectors go!



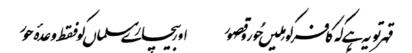
Manzil-e-dehr Se Unthon Ke Hudi Khawan Gye Apni Baghlon Mein Dabaye Huwe Quran Gye They say, "The world is well rid now of hymn-reciting camel-men, Their Quran folded in their arms, At last they hie them from our ken!



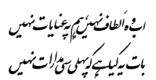
Khandah Zan Kufr Hai, Ehsas Tujhe Hai Ke Nahin Apni Touheed Ka Kuch Paas Tujhe Hai Ke Nahin Thus they rejoice who own You not; Yet still unmindful seemest You Of Yours own One-ness, Your Tawhid—Are You so unregarding now?



Ye Shikayatt Nahin, Hain Un Ke Khazane Maamur Nahin Mehfil Mein Jinhain Baat Bhi Karne Ka Shaur That ignorant men who lack the grace to ope their lips in conclave high Should have their coffers treasure-filled, is not the burden of our sigh;



Qehar To Ye Hai Ke Kafir Ko Milain Hoor-o-Qasoor Aur Bechare Musalman Ko Faqat Wada-e-Hoor But O, that this world's best should fall to unbelievers from Your hand While we on promises are fed of pleasures in a shadowy land!



Ab Woh Altaf Nahin, Hum Pe Anayat Nahin Baat Ye Kya Hai Ke Pehli Si Madarat Nahin Where are those favours which You once upon our grateful hearts didst pour ?

Why cherishest You not, O Lord, The Faithful as in days of yore?

كيوك لمانون يريخ واتب نياناي تترقُّدُ ت توجيح وجس كنصيخ مساب

Kyun Musalmanon Mein Hai Doulat-e-Dunya Nayaab Teri Qudrat To Hai Woh Jis Ki Na Had Hai Na Hisab Why from the bounties of this life The Faithful now no profit gain Though still Almighty You remainest aAnd limitless Your means remain?

تُرْجِطِيةِ وَأَنْ عُلِيدِ يُصواب حباب ربرورث يوسين ومُوج سارب

Tu Jo Chahe To Uthe Seena-e-Sehra Se Habab Rahroo-e-Dasht Ho Seeli Zada Mouj-e-Saraab If You but will, fountains can flow from barren desert and parched sands, And mirage-bound a traveller be while walking through green forest lands:

> طعرباغیاریخ رسوائی یئے ناواری یے کیاتر نام پرمرنے کاعوض خواری ا

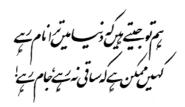
Taan-e-Aghiyaar Hai, Ruswai Hai, Nadaari Hai, Kya Tere Nam Pe Marne Ka Iwaz Khwari Hai? Yet foe-men-taunted, grace-deprived, and poorest of the poor are we! Is this Your recompense to those who sacrifice their lives for You?

بنی این اب جایئے والی دنیا روکتی اپنے کیے ایک جسے الی دنیا

Bani Aghyar Ki Ab Chahne Wali Dunya Reh Gyi Apne Liye Aik Khiyali Dunya Your world, how eagerly, today on strangers, all its grace bestows: For those who walk Your chosen way a world of dreams its glamour throws!

مِمْ وْرْصَتْ مِؤْخُ وْرُول نِي مِنْ الْمِيالِ مِنْ يُصِرْدُ لِهَا مِوْنَى تُوحِي رَبِّ الْمِنَا

Hum To Rukhsat Huwe, Auron Ne Sanbhali Dunya Phir Na Kehna Huwi Touheed Se Khali Dunya So be it then, so let us pass, let other nations hold the sway— When we are gone, reproach us not that tawhid too has passed away!



Hum Tau Jeete Hain Ke Duniya Mein Tira Naam Rahe, Kahin Mumkin Hai Saqi Na Rahe, Jaam Rahe? We live here only that Your Name may live here in men's minds enshrined; Can saki bid his last adieu and leave Love's cup and wine behind?

ترمين المركزي المركزي

Teri Mehfil Bhi Gai, Chahne Walw Bhi Gaye, Shab Ki Aahen Bhi Gaien, Subah Ke Nale Bhi Gaye, Your court-yard empties. They depart who came to worship and adore; The midnight's sighs, the dawn's lament, now You wilt miss for evermore!

ول تجع ن يخي كنّ إن الملا يعبي كنّ من المريبية يم ين تقير اور كال يعبي كنّ الله يعلى المريبية المريبية المريبية

Dil Tujhe Debhi Gaye, Apna Sila Le Bhi Gaye, Aa Ke Baithe Bhi Na The, Ke Nikaale Bhi Gaye. They came, they gave their hearts to You, they had their recompense, and

But hardly they had seated been when from Your Presence they were sent!

سَنُ عُنَّاقٌ كَنَّے وعدَ السِنْ الْسَالِ اللَّهِ الْسَالِ اللَّهِ الْسَالِ اللَّهِ اللَّهُ اللَّالِي الللِّهُ الللِّلِي اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللِّلِي الللِّلْمُ اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللَّالِي الللِي الللِّهُ الللِّلِي الللِّلِي الللِّهُ الللِّلْمُ الللِّلِي اللِيلِمُ الللِيلِي الللِّهُ الللْمُلِمُ اللَّالِيلِي الللْمُلِمُ ال

Aae Ushaaq, Gaye Waada-e-Farda Lekar, Ab Unhen Dhoond Charag-e-Rukh-e-Zeba Lekar! They came glad lovers, begging love; with future promise turned away: Go, shine Your Beauty's lamp about and seek and win them if You may!

ررپ لی بھی میں کے پہارہ ہی ہے ۔ نجد کے دشت وجبل میں م آپروجی ہی

Dard-e-Laila Bhi Wohi, Qais Ka Pahlu Bhi Wohi, Nejd Ke Dasht-o-Jabal Mein Ram-e-Aahoo Bhi Wohi, The love of Layla burneth still, And Majnun passion's yearning knows; In hill and valley of the Nejd the fleet gazelle still leaping goes; عشق کا دل هن مئے ہے۔ کا جاد د بھی میں ۔ اُستِ حد سرت رہی ہی ہی تو بھی ہی

Ishq Ka Dil Bhi Wohi, Hush Ka Jaadoo Bhi Wohi,
Ummat-e-Ahmed-e-Mursil Bhi Wohi, Tu Bhi Wohi,
The soul of Love is still the same, still, Beauty's magic charms enthral,
Your Ahmad's feemen still abide; and You art there, the soul of all.

ر المراز در المحاسب المرسس المرسس المرسي المرسي المرسي المرسس ال

Phir Yeh Aazurdagi-e-Ghair-Sabab Kya Maani, Apne Shaidaaon Pe Yeh Chashm-e-Ghazab Kya Maani? Then Stranger! why estranged today the bond of love 'twixt You and Yours?

Upon the Faithful, O Unkind, why frowns Your eye of wrath Divine?

ر تحمِلوجپورالدير فول عربي لوجپورا؟ مُتُكرى ميشيدليا، سُتُكنى لوجپورا؟

Tujh Ko Chora Ke Rasool-e-Arabi (S.A.W.) Ko Chora?
Boutgari Paisha Kiya, Bout Shikani Ko Chora?
Did we forswear our faith to You? to Your Dear Prophet cease to cling?
Of idol-breaking did we tire? or take to idol-worshipping?

عَنْقَ لُو اعْشَقَ لَى الشَّفْقَةِ سِرَفِعِ حَيُوا ؟ سِرَمِ لمانٌ والريبِ قِرْنَيُ لَوصِورًا ؟

Ishq Ko, Ishq Ki Ashuftah-Sari Ko Chora?
Rasm-e-Salman (R.A.)-o-Awais-e-Qarani (R.A.) Ko Chora?
Or did we weary of Your Love, or Your Love's rapture ever shun?
Or turned we from the path which trod Qaran's Owais and Salman?

الريخ المركب المريخ المستوين التجمير كي سينون المريخ المستوين زند كي شيل بلال حدثي المستوين

Aag Takbeer Ki Seenon Mein Dabi Rakhte Hain Zindagi Misl-e-Bilal-e-Habshi (R.A.) Rakhte Hain Your Takbeer's unextinguished flame within our hearts we cherish yet: Aethiop Belal's life, the star by which our own lives' course we set! عَشَى لَخِيرُوهُ بِسِي سِي دائمِني سي جادهِ بِي أَنْ سَيمُ وَبِسِ البيني سي

Ishq Ki Khair, Who Pehli Si Ada Bhi Na Sahi,
Jaada Paimaai Taslim-o-Raza Bhi Na Sahi,
But even if a change has been, and we in Love are less adept,
Or out of resignation's path our erring wayward feet have stept;

مُضِطرِ بُل صَفَتِ قبله نه اللهِي نهي اور پايب مِلَ مِن فِي اللهِي نهي

Muztarib Dil Sifat-e-Qibla Nama Bhi Na Sahi Aur Pabandi-e-Aaeen-e-Wafa Bhi Na Sahi If, unlike trusted compasses, our souls respond not now to you, And if to laws of faithfulness our roving hearts are now less true;

> کنین کم نئے بی خیروں شیخسائی ہے بات کہنے نہمائی توہمی تو ہرجائی ہے!

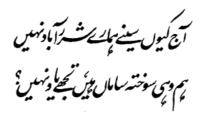
Kabhi Hum Se, Kabhi Ghairon Se Shanasaai Hai Baat Kehne Ki Nahin, Tu Bhi To Harjaai Hai Must You too play the fickle flirt with us, with others, day by day, We cannot help the sinful thought which shame forbids our lips to say.

ر الرائد المائد المائد

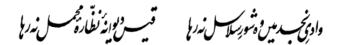
Sar-e-Faran Pe Kiya Deen Ko Kamil Tu Ne Ek Ishare Mein Hazaron Ke Liye Dil Tu Ne Upon the peak of Mount Faran Your glorious Faith You didst perfect— With one Divinest gesture drew a host of fervid first-elect;

التش الدوزلياعش فأحال تونے ميونک مي رمين خدارسے ل تونے

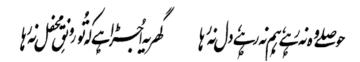
Atish Andoz Kiya Ishq Ka Hasil Tu Ne Phoonk Di Garmi-e-Rukhsar Se Mehfil Tu Ne Your flaming Beauty filled the world and set a myriad hearts on fire; Then blew the quintessence of Love in Man to passion's wild desire.



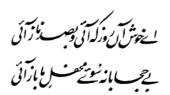
Aaj Kyun Seene Humare Sharar Abad Nahin Hum Wohi Sokhta Saman Hain, Tuhe Yaad Nahin? Ah, why within our deadened hearts that holy flame today leaps not? Though still those burnt-out victims we which once we were, have You forgot?



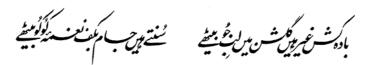
Wadi-e-Najd Mein Woh Shor-e-Silasil Na Raha Qais Diwana-e-Nazara Mehmil Na Raha Upon the dale of Nejd is stilled the clanging of the captive's chains; To glimpse the camel-litter, Qais no longer with his madness strains



Hosle Woh Na Rahe, Hum Na Rahe, Dil Na Raha Ghar Ye Ujhra Hai Ke Tu Ronaq-e-Mehfil Na Raha The yearnings of the heart are dead, the heart itself is cold; so we; And desolation fills our house for shines not there the Light of You.



Ae Khush Aan Roz Ke Ayi-o-Bsad Naz Ayi Be-Hijabana Soo'ay Mehfil-e-Ma Baaz Ayi O blessed day when You shall come, a thousand graces in Your train When by unbashful glad feet turn towards our nesting-place again.



Badahkash Gair Hain Gulshan Mein Lab-e-Joo Baithe Sunte Hain Jaam Bakaf Naghma-e-Kuku Baithe Beside the garden fountain now, quaffing wine, strangers sit, alas! The cuckoo's note their ear regales and their hands hold the sparkling glass!

وُرِبِ لَكُامِدُ كُلُوارِ سِي كُلُّ مِينِي مِنْ تَدِي وَلِولِ نِي مِنْ تَطْرِهُو مِينِي وَلِي الْمُعَامِلُهُ م

Door Hungama-e-Gulzar Se Yak Soo Baithe Tere Diwane Bhi Hain Muntazir 'Hoo' Baithe From all this garden's riot far, Calm in a corner seated too, Love-longing lunatics await Your frenzy-kindling breath of 'hu'!

> اپنے پروانوں کو بھر ذوق خُودا فروزی و برتی دیریت کو فرما جب کرسوزی د

Apne Parwanon Ko Phir Zauq-e-Khud Afrozi De Barq-e-Dairina Ko Farman-e-Jigar Sozi De The passion for the flame's embrace—Your moths—ah, let them once more know;

And bid Your ancient lightning strike and set these ash-cold hearts aglow!

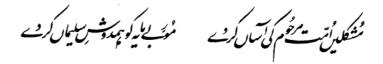
یہ اوار وعن تا ہے میر کو شوئے حجاز کے اُڑا بیب سر بے رکو مذاق ریزاز

Qoum-e-Awara Anaa Taab Hai Phir Soo'ay Hijaz Le Ura Bulbul-e-Be Par Ko Mazak-e-Parwaz Towards the Hijaz turn again the straying tribe their bridle-strings! Lo, wingless soars the nightingale aloft, upon its yearning's wings!

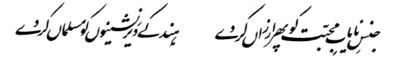
مضطرب غ يرمغني يك رئين ألله تودا جدير وي شاف أيضاب ماز

Muztarib Bagh Ke Har Ghunche Mein Hai Boo'ay Niaz
Tu Zara Chair To De, Tashna-e-Mizrab Hai Saaz
The fragrance in each blossom hid within the garden palpitates,
But with Your plectrum wake its strings—The lute that livening touch
awaits!

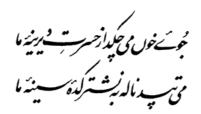
نغے بیاب میں اوس سنگلنے کیے مُورضطرے اُسی ک میں بنے کیے مُورضطرے اُسی ک میں بنے کیے Naghme Betaab Hain Taron Se Niklne Ke Liye
Toor Muztar Hai Ussi Aag Mein Jalne Ke Liye
Yea, longs to break its prison's bounds the string-imprisoned melody;
And yearning Sinai waits again to burn itself to dust in You



Mushkalain Ummat-e-Marhoom Ki Asan Kar De Moor-e-Bemaya Ko Humdosh-e-Suleman Kar De Resolve, O Lord! the travail sore which this Your chosen people tries, Make You the ant of little worth to Solomon's proud stature rise!

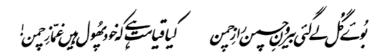


Jins-e-Nayaab-e-Mohabbat Ko Phir Arzaan Kar De
Hind Ke Dair Nasheenon Ko Musalman Kar De
Bring You, O Lord, with our grasp that most rare love for which we pray;
To India's temple-squatters teach the truth of the Islamic way.

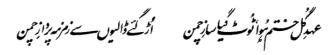


Joo'ay Khoon Mee Chakad Az Hasrat-e-Dairina-e-Maa

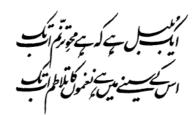
Mee Tapd Nala Ba Nashtar Kadah-e-Seena-e-Maa
Our hearts' desires, long unfulfilled, unceasingly our life-blood drain;
Our breasts, with thousand daggers pierced, still struggle with their cry of pain!



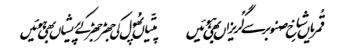
Boo-e-Gul Le Gyi Bairun-e-Chaman Raaz-e-Chaman Kya Qayamat Hai Ke Khud Phool Hain Ghammaz-e-Chaman! The fragrance of the rose has borne the garden's secret far away— How sad it is, the traitor's role the garden's sweetest buds should play!



Ahd-e-Gul Khatam Hua, Tut Gaya Saaz-e-Chaman, Ur Gaye Dalion Se Zamzama Pardaaz-e-Chaman. The bloom-time of the rose is done; the garden-harp now shattered lies; And from its perch upon the twig, away each feathered songster flies—

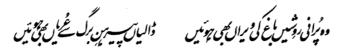


Ek Bulbul Hai Ke Hai Mahw-e-Tarannum Ab Tak,
Us Ke Seene Mein Hai Naghmon Ka Talatam Ab Tak.
But yet there uncompanioned sits A lonely bulbul, all day long;
Its throat a-throb with music still and pouring out its heart in song.



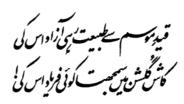
Qumrian Shaakh-e-Sanober Se Gurezaan Bhi Huin,
Pattian Phool Ki Jhar Jhar Ke Pareshan Bhi Huin;
The darkening cypress sways no more; from shadowy nests its doves have fled;

The withered blossoms droop and die, and all around their petals shed;



Who Purani Ravishen Bagh Ki Weeran Bhi Huin, Daalian Parahan-e-Barg Se Uriaan Bhi Huin.

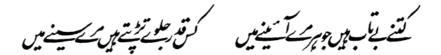
Those memoried, old garden walks of all their former pride lie shorn, Despoiled of raiment green, each branch in nakedness now stands forlorn;



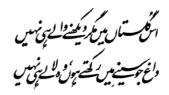
Qaid-e-Mausim Se Tabiat Rahi Aazad Uski, Kaash Gulshan Mein Samjhta Koi Faryaad Uski. Unmoved by passing seasons' change, the songster sits and sings alone: Would there were in this garden some could feel the burden of its moan!

كُلف مِن مِن المِن ندمزا بِصني من المُحيد مزائب توہيئ وجب كريني مين

Lutf Merne Main Hai Baqi, Na Maza Jeene Mein Kuch Maza Hai To Yehi Khoon-e-Jigar Peene Mein This life no more its joy retains, nor even death can bring relief; 'Tis sweet to sit alone and sigh and eat a sad heart out in grief.



Kitne Betaab Hain Jouhar Mere Aaeene Mein Kis Qadar Jalwe Tarapte Hain Mere Seene Mein Out from the mirror of my soul 'what gems of thought now strive to shine; What visions splendid, dreams sublime,



Iss Gulistan Mein Magar Dekhne Wale Hi Nahin
Dagh Jo Seene Mein Rakhte Hun, Woh Lale Hi Nahin
Arise within this breast of mine! but in this garden lives not one to see and
hear, to feel and know:

No tulip with its streak of pain, to sense my heart-blood's smarting flow.

ر چال اس بُر اِتِنَهَ الْ نُواسِ وَلَ مِول حَبِالِي مِنْ الْكُولِي وَلِي الْمُولِي وَلِي الْمُولِي وَلَيْ مِول

Chaak Iss Bulbul-e-Tanha Ki Nawa Se Dil Hon
Jaagne Wale Issi Bang-e-Dara Se Dil Hon
May this sad bulbuls lonely song to grief each listening soul awake;
The clangour of these rousing bells make drowsy hearts their sleep
forsake!

يغى مىزندە ئىت عهدِ فاسى دل بول سىمچىراسى بادة دىرىنىد كىيايى ل بول

Yani Phir Zinda Naye Ehd-e-Wafa Se Dil Hon
Phir Issi Bada-e-Deerina Ke Pyaase Dil Hon
Let Faithful hearts re-plight their troth, and forge afresh their bond Divine;
Let in the long-parched heart of each the old thirst wake for sweet old
wine!

ر عرخہ تولیائے وجازی ہے مری نغرینہ دی تولیائے وجازی ہے مری Ajami Khum Hai To Kya, Mai To Hijazi Hai Meri Naghma Hindi Hai To Kya, Lai To Hijazi Hai Meri The blood of sweet Arabian vine O'erflows this wine-jar Ajamy, Although the singer sings in Ind, ff Hijaz is his melody.

(Bang-e-Dra-120) Jawab-e-Shikwa (جواب شکو ه) The Answer To The



Jawab-e-Shikwa
THE ANSWER TO THE COMPLAINT (poem4)

ول سے واب تحلتی از رکھتے ہے۔ رہندی طاقت کے از رکھتے ہے۔

Dil Se Jo Baat Nikalti Hai, Asar Rakhti Hai Par Nahin, Taaqat-e-Parwaaz Magar Rakhti Hai When passion streaming from the heart turns human lips to lyres, Some magic wings man's music then, his song with soul inspires;

قُدُسیٰ لا سلط فعت نیز طر رکھتے ہے مال کے شمتی ہے کار وی کار رکھتے ہے

Qudsi-Ul-Asal Hai, Riffat Pe Nazar Rakhti Hai Khaak Se Uthti Hai, Gardoon Pe Guzar Rakhti Hai Man's words are sacred then, they soar, The ears of heaven they seek, From dust those mortal accents rise, Immortals hear them speak;

> عنق عافتت گروگرش و حالال ا مسمار چرکیب الای بال مرا

Ishq Tha Fitna Gar-o-Sarkash-o-Chalaak Mera Aasman Cheer Gaya Nala-e-Bebaak Mera So wild and wayward was my Love, such tumult raised its sighs, Before its daring swiftly fell the ramparts of the skies.

> ر پرکووں نے کہائی جہدیہ لوئی بے لوئی سے تیائے مروش بریہ کوئی

Peer-e-Gardoon Ne Kaha Sun Ke, Kahin Hai Koi! Bole Sayyaare, Sar-e-Arsh-e-Bareen Hai Koi! The skies exclaimed in wonderment, "Some one is hiding here," The wheeling Planets paused to say, "Seek on the highest sphere."

باندكساتها نهمير الإزمير بيركونى كالمشاكه يم يوثية يهمير بيركونى المكشاك يم يوثية يهمير بيركونى

Chaand Kahta Tha, Nahin, Ahl-e-Zameen Hai Koi!
Kehkashaan Kehti Thi, Poshida Yahin Hai Koi!
The silver Moon said, "You are wrong, Some mortal it must be,"
The Milky Way too joined converse, "Here in our midst is he."

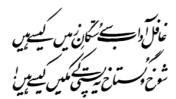
كچه وتبمجها مر<u>ث م</u>ى لوتو ضِواسمجها مجهجة نبست كالا بوالب سمجها

Kuch Jo Samjha Tau Mere Shikwe Ko Rizwan Samjha Mujhe Jannat Se Nikala Huwa Insan Samjha Rizwan alone, my plaintive voice began to recognise, He knew me for a human who had lost his Paradise.

ترفي و و يولي الماري ال

Thi Farishton Ko Bhi Hairat, Ke Yeh Awaz Hai Kya! Arsh Walon Pe Bhi Khulta Nahin Yeh Raaz Hai Kya! And even the Angels could not tell what was that voice so strange, Whose secret seemed to lie beyond Celestial wisdom's range.

Taa Sar-e-Arsh Bhi Insan Ki Tag-o-Taaz Hai Kya?
Aa Gyi Khak Ki Chutki Ko Bhi Parwaaz Hai Kya?
They said, "Can Man now roving come and reach these regions high?
That tiny speck of mortal clay, has it now learnt to fly?



Ghafil Aadaab Se Yeh Sukkaan-e-Zameen Kaise Hain Shokh-o-Gustakh Yeh Pasti Ke Makeen Kaise Hain! How little do these beings of earth the laws of conduct know; How coarse and insolent they are, these men who live below.

ار مت رشوح لا لله سے بس برہے تھا جو جو و لا الک یہ و ہے اور

Iss Qadar Shokh Ke Allah Se Bhi Barham Hai Tha Jo Masjood-e-Malaeek Yeh Wohi Aadam Hai? So great their insolence indeed, they dare even God upbraid! Is this the Man to whom their bow the Angels once had made?

عب المنت والمن موكم على الموجد المراسط م

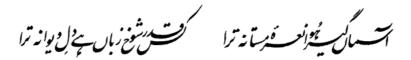
Alam-e-Kaif Hai, Dana-e-Ramooz-e-Kam Hai Haan, Magar Ijz Ke Asrar Se Namehram Hai Of Quality and Quantity He knows the secrets, true— The ways of humbleness as well If he a little knew!

> نائيط قت گفت راپي نور و مائيرن کاک مينه نه دانور کو ماشيرن کاک مينه نه دانور کو

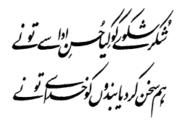
Naaz Hai Taaqat-e-Guftaar Pe Insanon Ko Baat Karne Ka Saliqa Nahin Nadanon Ko! That they alone are blest with speech how proud these humans be, Yet, ignorant, they lack the art to use it gracefully."

> ري. ائى اوازعمن المحيين افعانه ترا النافح المسيال بيانه ترا

Ayi Aawaz Ghum-Angaiz Hai Afsana Tera Ashk-e-Betaab Se Labraiz Hai Paimana Tera Then spake a Voice Compassionate: "Your tale enkindles pain, Your cup is brimming full with tears which you could not contain



Asmangeer Huwa Naara-e-Mastana Tera Kis Qadar Shokh Zuban Hai Dil-e-Diwana Tera Even High Heaven itself is moved by these impassioned cries; How wild the heart which taught your lips such savage melodies!



Shukr Shikwe Ko Kiya Husn-e-Ada Se Tu Ne Hum Sukhan Kar Diya Bandon Ko Khuda Se Tu Ne Its grace yet makes this song of yours a song of eulogy; A bridge of converse you have formed 'Twixt mortal man and Me!

ہم و مال برارم و کوئی سائل ہے نہیں او و کھلائیں کئے ریز سنزل ہی نہیں

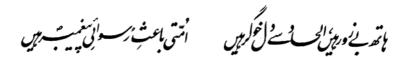
Hum Tau Mayal Ba-Karam Hain, Koi Sayal Hi Nahin Rah Dikhlaen Kise Rahraw-e-Manzil Hi Nahin Behold, my hands arc full of gifts, but who comes seeking here? And how shall I the right road shew when there's no traveller?

ر را المرابي المرينيين جس تعميروا وم الي في المرينيين المرينين المرينيين المرينين المرينيين المرينين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينيين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينيين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين المرينين

Tarbiat Aam Tau Hai, Jauhar-e-Qabil Hi Nahin Jis Se Taamir Ho Aadam Ki Yeh Woh Gil Hi Nahin My loving care is there for all, If deserved but by few! Not this the clay from which I can an Adam's shape renew!

> کوئی قاب ہوتو ہے اُن کئی تھے ہیں وُسُونِڈ نے الوں کو دنیا بھی نئی دیتے ہیں

Koi Qabil Ho Tau Hum Shan-e-Kai Dete Hain Dhoondne Walon Ko Dunya Bhi Nai Dete Hain! On him who merits well I set the brightest diadem, And those who truly questing come, a new world waits for them.



Hath Be-Zor Hain, Ilhaad Se Dil Khoo-Gar Hain Ummati Baais-e-Ruswai-e-Paighamber (S.A.W) Hain Apostate hearts and palsied hands Your earthly lives debase, You all, to your great Prophet (PBUH), are Bringers of deep disgrace;

> نینے کا کھائے باقی و بے بُت گر ہیں محاسب میراور پ ر آزر ہیں است کی کھائے باقی و بے بُت گر ہیں

But-Shikan Uth Gaye, Baqi Jo Rahe But-Gar Hain Tha Braheem Pidar, Aur Pisar Aazar Hain Those idol-breakers all have gone, You idolaters are, Abraham was the father, you His sons, are but Azar;

> اده آف منے باده نیائی مین کا مربع نیائیت بین نئے ترکی بینے حرام بیائیت بین نئے ترکی بینے

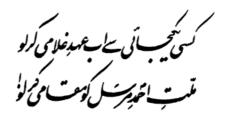
Badah Aasham Naye, Bada Naya, Khum Bhi Naye Harm-e-Kaaba Naya, But Bhi Naye, Tum Bhi Naye Now stranger bands carousal hold, Strange are both cup and wine, A strange new Ka'ba you have reared, Strange idols oh its shrine!

وويعبى تصريبي مائية وسناتها أوشوس والمستراط الإيسح إلى تفا

Woh Bhi Din The Ke Yehi Maya-e-Raanai Tha Nazish-e-Mousam-e-Gul Lala-e-Sahrai Tha! The tulip of the wilds once reigned the queen of blossom-time: In this once lay the quintessence of loveliness sublime.

عِسلمان تِما التَّهُ وَالْ تِمَا التَّهُ وَالْ تِمَا التَّهُ وَالْ تِمَا التَّهُ وَالْ تِمَا التَّهُ وَالْ تِمَا

Jo Musalmaan Tha Allah Ka Saudai Tha Kabhi Mehboob Tumhara Yehi Harjai Tha Once every true-born Mussalman by Allah set his store, This fickle-hearted courtesan even you did once adore!



Kisi Yakjai Se Ab Ehd-e-Ghulami Kar Lo Millat-e-Ahmad (S.A.W.) Ko Maqami Kar Lo! Go, seek some constant mistress now, to her a new bond sign, Muhammad's universal creed to narrow bounds confine!

كرمت تم يُران عى بدارى مسكر بيدين ان يتمس بيء

Kis Qadar Tum Pe Garan Subah Ki Baidari Hai Hum Se Kab Pyar Hai! Haan Neend Tumhain Pyari Hai To pray to me at break of day You now an ordeal deem, Your morning slumber sweeter far— Yet you would faithful seem!

مى المارة دار قبيب در مُضار من المسلم المسل

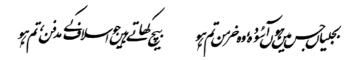
Tabaa-e-Azad Pe Qaid-e-Ramazan Bhari Hai Tumhi Keh Do, Yehi Aaeen-e-Wafadari Hai? The hardships of the fast oppress your natures—now grown free; Such are your ways and you still would protest your love for me!

> قوم ذرہے ئے درہے جنہ پڑتم ہے بنہ یں جذب ہے جب معفال سے البنہ یں

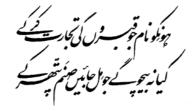
Qoum Mazhab Se Hai, Mazhab Jo Nahin, Tum Bhi Nahin Jazb-e-Baham Jo Nahin, Mehfil-e-Anjum Bhi Nahin Unto a nation faith is life, You lost your faith and fell, When gravitation fails, must cease concourse celestial.

> ر جن لوا تانه يرف مي في في قرام هو من منهي قرم كورواني من تم هو

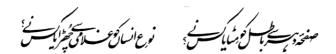
Jin Ko Ata Nahin Dunya Mein Koi Fann, Tum Ho Nahin Jis Qoum Ko Parwaye Nasheman, Tum Ho You love your homes the least among the nations of the earth, You are the most incompetent in knowledge and in worth;



Bijliyan Jis Mein Hon Aasudah, Woh Khirman Tum Ho Baich Khate Hain Jo Aslaaf Ke Madfan, Tum Ho You are a barn where lightning stays, where ruin idle lies, Ancestral coffins long entombed your only merchandise;



Ho Niko Naam Jo Qabaron Ki Tajarat Kar Ke Kya Na Baicho Ge Jo Mil Jaen Sanam Pathar Ke In turning graves to profit, you have proved yourselves adept; Should idol-trading offer gain of course you would accept.



Safah-e-Dehr Se Batil Ko Mitaya Kis Ne?
Nau-e-Insan Ko Ghulami Se Chhuraya Kis Ne?
Whose striving, from this world of mine, Its falsehoods did efface?
Whose toil, from age-old ignorance set free the human race?

مربع نیج جبنیوں بیایات نے ، سیار کی است کر اور استان کا ایسال کا

Mere Kaabe Ko Jabeenon Se Basaya Kis Ne?

Mere Quran Ko Seenon Se Lagaya Kis Ne?

And whose the brows whose worship filled My Ka'ba's hallowed shrine?

Or whose the breasts which fondly held My 'Glorious Book Divine'?

ير تروي المركب من الراس موا المركب ا

The Tou Aaba Woh Tumhare Hi, Magar Tum Kya Ho?
Hath Par Hath Dhare Muntazir-e-Farda Ho!
These were your great progenitors; You lack their brain and brawn;
You sit and wait in slothful ease for every morrow's dawn.

ر ليالها بنجب بِمال بِ تقطوعُدُور شكوْ بِ عابِم بِر يونَي تولازم بيضور

Kya Kaha? "Bahr-e-Musalman Hai Faqt Wade-e-Hoor Shikwa Be-Ja Bhi Kare Koi Tau Lazim Hai Shaoor! And did you say, for Muslims I mere promises dispense? Unjust laments at least should show some spark of commonsense.

عدل خط المستركان السيبتو مسلم أبيري المستويل و وقصور

Adal Hai Fatir-e-Hasti Ka Azal Se Dastoor Muslim Aaeen Huwa Kafir Tau Mile Hoor-o-Qasoor Eternal is the Law of God and Justice is its name, Should infidels like Muslims live the meed shall be the same.

> تم مەنچ روڭ كو زَجينے والانېپ ي حلوهٔ طُور توموج دئے مولنی نئے سي

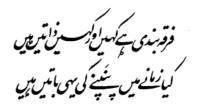
Tum Mein Hooron Ka Koi Chahne Wala Hi Nahin Jalwa-e-Toor Tau Maujood Hai, Moosa Hi Nahin Not a single one among you is longing for houris The Effulgence of 'Tur' exists but there is no Moses

منفعت ایک استوم الم تقصار کی ایک ایک میں کانبی دریجی ایمان کی ایک

Manfa'at Aik Hai Is Qaum Ki, Nuqsan Bhi Aik
Ek Hi Sab Ka Nabi (S.A.W), Din Bhi, Iman Bhi Aik
Your nation's weal, your nation's woe, In common you all share,
Your Prophet (PBUH) and your creed the same, the same Truth you
declare;

ر حرم ال به بی الله دهبی مثل از بی ایک می الله در مات می موتیم سان بی ایک مرا ایک می الله در مات می موتیم سان بی ایک

Harm-e-Paak Bhi, Allah Bhi, Quran Bhi Aik, Kuch Bari Baat Thi Hote Jo Musalmaan Bhi Aik! And one your Ka'ba, One your God, and one your great Quran; Yet, still, divided each from each, Lives every Mussalman.

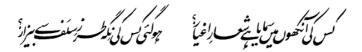


Firqa Bandi Hai Kahin, Aur Kahin Zaatain Hain Kya Zamane Mein Panapne Ki Yehi Baatain Hain? You split yourselves in countless sects, In classes high and low; Think you the world its gifts will still on such as you bestow?

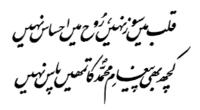


Kon Hai Taarik-e-Aaeen-e-Rasool-e-Mukhtar (S.A.W.)? Maslihat Waqt Ki Hai Kis Ke Amal Ka Maayaar?

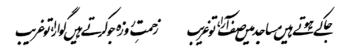
Who now forgetfully neglect My Rasool's Law sublime? And whose lives write them clearly down As servers of the time?



Kis Ki Ankhon Mein Samaya Hai Sha'ar-e-Aghyar Ho Gyi Kis Ki Nigah Tarz-e-Salaf Se Baizar? To whom now other customs seem far nobler than their own? By whom your great forefathers' ways once followed, are forsworn?



Qalb Mein Souz Nahin, Rooh Mein Ehsas Nahin Kuch Bhi Paigham-e-Muhammad (S.A.W.) Ka Tumhain Paas Nahin Your hearts are now of longing void, Your souls now know no zeal, You heed no more that message great which Ahmad (PBUH) did reveal.



Jaa Ke Hote Hain Masajid Mein Saf-Aara, Tau Ghareeb Zehmat-e-Roza Jo Karte Hain Gawara, Tau Ghareeb If worship's echoes ring in mosques, It is the poor who pray; If any fasting's hardship bear, It is the poor, today; نام سيتائي الركوئي مهارا، توغرب برده وسي سيار كوئي مهارا، توغرب

Naam Leta Hai Agar Koi Hamara, Tau Ghareeb Pardah Rakhta Hai Agar Koi Tumhara, Tau Ghareeb

It is the humble and the poor who still my name esteem, Theirs is the word, theirs is the deed, Yours the shame they redeem.

> اُمُرَاتِ ُنُرُولت مِین بِیافل ہم سے زندہ ہے بت بینائے ایک وم سے

Umra Nasha-e-Doulat Mein Hain Ghafil Hum Se Zinda Hai Millat-e-Baiza Ghurba Ke Dam Se The rich are drunk with wine of wealth, their God they hardly know, It is because the poor yet live That wells of Faith still flow.

واعظِ قوم كى ومُخيِّت خيالى ندرىي برق طبعى ندريي شُعايم سالن ربي

Waaiz-e-Qoum Ki Woh Pukhta Khayali Na Rahi Barq Taba'ee Na Rahi, Shaola Maqali Na Rahi That judgment ripe is no more theirs who play your preachers' role, Nor kindling accents from their lips, reveal the flaming soul.

رەكئىرىپ خان روح بلالى نەرىپى فلسفەرەك يالمىت يېغزالى نەرىپى

Reh Gyi Rasm-e-Azan, Rooh-e-Bilali Na Rahi Falsafa Reh Gya, Talqeen-e-Ghazali Na Rahi Azan yet sounds, but never now Like Bilal's, soulfully; Philosophy, conviction-less, Now mourns its Ghazzali,

> مىجدىي شريخان ئەرىپ مەجدىي شريخان ئىلىپ يىنى دەصاحب وصافرىجازى شرىپ

Masjidain Marsiya Khawan Hain Ke Namazi Na Rahe

Yani Woh Sahib-e-Ausaf-e-Hijazi Na Rahe Untrod by praying feet, the mosques lament their emptiness, For gone are those exemplars great of Arab godliness

شورئي بوگئے دنيا سے سانا بود ميم سيات بين كه تف اللي موجودا

Shor Hai Ho Gaye Dunya Se Musalman Nabood Hum Ye Kehte Hain Ke The Bhi Kahin Muslim Maujood! It is said: "The Muslims quit this world, Their days are on the wane The Muslims died out long ago; Such a lament is vain.

وضع میتم بیونصالی توتمدن میں نبود میسال دیاج ضد کی میسال میں اور استان میں استان میں اور استان میں ا

Waza Mein Tum Ho Nisara, Tau Tamaddun Mein Hanood, Yeh Musalman Hain! Jinhain Dekh Ke Sharmaen Yahood? From Christians you have learnt your style, your culture from Hindus; How can a race as Muslims pass who shame even the Jews?

> ىوں توسىدىھىي ئۇمزاتھى بۇ افغان تھى جو تىسىسىدىي ئۇستاۋتۇسسىمان تھى بۇل

Yun To Syed Bhi Ho, Mirza Bhi Ho, Afghan Bhi Ho Tum Sabhi Kuch Ho, Batao To Musalman Bhi Ho!

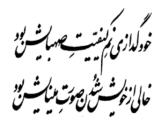
You are known as Syed, and Mughal, you call yourselves Pathan; But can you truly claim as well the name of Mussalman?

وَيْمِ سِرِيَهِي مِن مِن مِن اللَّهِ عَلَيْ اللَّهِ مِن اللَّهِ مِن اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ اللَّهِ ا

Dam-e-Taqreer Thi Muslim Ki Sadaqat Bebak Adal Uss Ka Tha Qawi, Loos-e-Mara'at Se Pak The Muslim was sincere of speech, of fear his voice was free; Just, staunch, he scorned the slightest breath of partiality.

> ر شَخِرْطِرتِمِ مِن مِن اللَّهِ عَلَى اللَّهِ عَلَى اللَّهِ عَلَى اللَّهِ عَلَى اللَّهِ عَنِي اللَّهِ وَاللَّهِ وال

Shajar-e-Fitrat-e-Muslim Tha Haya Se Namnak Tha Shujaat Mein Woh Ek Hasti-e-Fouq-Ul-Idraak In nature, like a tree, kept fresh by modesty most rare, Yet braver than the bravest he, intrepid past compare.



Khud Gudazi Nam-e-Kaifiat-e-Sehbayesh Bood Khali Az Khawaish Shudan Soorat-e-Meenayesh Bood Like wine, upon the drinker's lips, his joy, in losing, lay; As the cup pours its liquor out, he poured his 'self' away.

مرس را كراب ك كينترها المسكر الميندية من من مرتعا

Har Musalman Rag-e-Batil Ke Liye Nashtar Tha
Uss Ke Aaeena-e-Hasti Mein Amal Jouhar Tha
What the knife is to cankerous growths, to all untruth was he,
His actions, in life's mirror shone like light, vibratingly.

ر الرائع المنتقرت بازور تيما ميم مين الأوراكو خلافا درتها ميم مين الأوراكو خلافا درتها

Jo Bharosa Tha Usse Quwwat-e-Bazoo Par Tha Hai Tumhain Mout Ka Dar, Uss Ko Khuda Ka Dar Tha If he was confident of aught, It was his right arm's might, He feared but God, while thoughts of death your craven souls affright.

> اب كاعلم نه بيني كوالر أز برجو يرب رقابل مياث پدر كمونكر رجوا

Baap Ka Ilm Na Bete Ko Agar Azbar Ho
Phir Pisar Qabil-e-Miraas-e-Pidar Kyunkar Ho!
When sons, lacking their fathers' worth, are neither skilled nor sage,
With what deserving can they claim their fathers' heritage?

ر روزی سے فوق تن آمانی ہے ۔ مرکوزی سے فوق تن آمانی ہے ۔ مرکوزی سے فوق تن آمانی ہے ۔

Har Koi Mast-e-Mai-e-Zauq-e-Tan Asani Hai, Tum Musalman Ho? Ye Andaaz-e-Musalmani Hai? he love of ease, like fumes of wine makes sots of you today, How dare you pass as Mussalmans? That is not Islam's way?

حيدر في المالي ا

Haidari Faqr Hai Ne Doulat-e-Usmani Hai Tum Ko Aslaaf Se Kya Nisbat-e-Rohani Hai? Nor Usman's treasure-chest you own, Nor Ali's empty bowl, With spirits of such great forbears, What kinship has your soul?

> وه زطنے میں ہے۔ رائے میں میں ہے۔ اور تم خوار سوئے مارل جشسرال ہولر

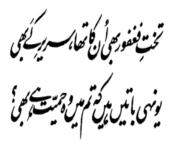
Woh Zamane Mein Mu'azzaz The Musalman Ho Kar Aur Tum Khawar Huwe Taarik-e-Quran Ho Kar The honoured of their times, they lived, For theirs was true iman, You live disgraced, as having left the paths of Al-Quran.

> يري. تم موايس وغيضا بال ووليس سيريم تم خطا فاروخطا بين وه خطانوت و كريم

Tum Ho Apas Mein Ghazabnak, Woh Apas Mein Raheem Tum Khatakaar-o-Khatabeen, Woh Khata Posh-o-Kareem You roll the eye of mutual wrath, Their eye was ever kind; You err, for errors look, while they were generously blind.

> ر برار برار اوج رامیت می سیاد سیادی پیدا تو اوج را میت می میادی بیدا تو اوج را میت می میادی بیدا تو ایستان می میان میران می

Chahte Sub Hain Ke Hon Auj-e-Surayya Pe Muqeem, Pehle Waisa Koi Paida Tau Kare Qalb-e-Salim! Aspiring for the Pleiades, How simple it all seems! But let there first be hearts like theirs, To justify such dreams.



Takht-e-Faghfoor Bhi Un Ka Tha, Sareer-e-Ke Bhi Yunhi Baatain Hain Ke Tum Mein Woh Hameeyyat Hai Bhi? They reigned upon the Chinese throne, They wore the Persian crown: Where is that honour that they knew—Words are your whole renown.



Khudkushi Shewa Tumhara, Woh Ghayoor-o-Khuddar Tum Akhuwat Se Gurezan, Woh Akhuwat Pe Nisar They fought for honour, self-respect, Yours the self-slayer's knife, You shun the ties of brotherhood, They cherished more than life.

تَمْ يُفِت رسال، ورساليا يواس تم ترت موهى لو وُهاستال بالأ

Tum Ho Guftar Sarapa, Woh Sarapa Kirdar
Tum Taraste Ho Kali Ko, Woh Gulistan Bah Kinar
You can but weave the web of words, They did their deeds of might:
You pine after a bud: they basked In gardens flower-bright.

اب بل ایت قوموں کو حکامت اُن کی نقش مے منوبر سے میداقت اُن کی

Ab Talak Yaad Hai Qoumon Ko Hikayat Un Ki Naqsh Hai Safah-e-Hasti Pe Sadaqat Un Ki The world remembers still the tales which hymn their bravery, And in their storied book of life shines their sincerity. شرائح المؤترة وم يروث رئيس ألم المرائح المرائح

Misl-e-Anjum Ufaq-e-Qoum Pe Roshan Bhi Huwe But-e-Hindi Ki Mohabbat Mein Barhman Bhi Huwe Upon your nation's sky you rose like stars of brilliant hue, The lure of India's idols made even Brahmans out of you;

شوق رواز میں منحورِ شسین کری ہوئے جمل تھے ہی ال وہن بوطن بھی ہو

Shauq-e-Parwaz Mein Mehjoor-e-Nasheman Bhi Huwe Be-Amal The Hi Jawan, Deen-e-Se Badzan Bhi Huwe Drawn by the wander-lust, you went a-roving 'from your nests: Slothful in good, your youth next learnt to doubt their faith's behests;

> ر را ان اور نیاز برز کردار از کرد سے مطابع میں اور کیا ال کرد کیا ہے۔ مطابع میں اور کیا

In Ko Tehzeeb Ne Har Bande Se Azad Kiya La Ke Kaabe Se Sanamkhane Mein Abad Kiya 'Enlightenment' ensnared you all, and all your 'fetters' fell, The land of Ka'ba you forsook, In idol-land to dwell!

> قىيرىم ئەرىخى ئىزىرى ئىلىرى ئىزىلىلىن ئىزىلىلىن ئىزىلىلىن ئىزىلىلىن ئىزىلىلىن ئىزىلىلىن ئىزىلىلىن ئىزىلىلىن ئى ئىرىن ئىرىن ئىزىلىن ئى

Qais Zehmat Kash-e-Tanhai-e-Sehra Na Rahe Shehr Ki Khaye Huwa, Bad Ye Pema Na Rahe! If longing Qais roams no more, but seeks the town again, Leaving the lonely desert wastes to share tile life 0f men,

> ۔ وو دواز ہے ہیں میں ہے آنہ دو سیضروری ہے جائے خلیلا ندر کا

Woh To Diwana Hai, Basti Mein Rahe Ya Na Rahe Ye Zaroori Hai Hijab-e-Rukh-e-Laila Na Rahe! Qais is mad: what if he dwells in town or wilderness? Yet from him Layla must not veil her face in bashfulness!

> گلهٔ جَرز نه موجث کوه بید ادنیم رسد عنق ازاد مے لیوٹ بھی زادنیم عشق ازاد مے لیوٹ بھی زادنیم

Gila-e-Jor Na Ho, Shikwa-e-Baidad Na Ho
Ishq Azad Hai, Kyun Husn Bhi Azad Na Ho!
Complain ye not of heart unkind nor speak of tyranny!
When Love no bondage knows, then why should Beauty not be free?

میدرورق ہے اسٹ زیر خورت ہے ۔ این اسٹ کو اُص طرانہ کو اُن کھی کھیے اور اسٹ کو اُن کا کھیا تھا کہ اُن کا کھیے کا ان کا کھیا تھا کہ کا کہ اُن کا کھیا تھا کہ کا کہ ک

Ehd-e-Nau Barq Hai, Aatish Zan-e-Har Khirman Hai Ayman Is Se Koi Sehra No Koi Gulshan Hai Each stack and barn it sets on fire, This lightning-like New Age, Nor bowling wild nor garden gay escapes its flaming rage;

ارنتگ کے اقوام کہ ایت میں متحب مرک شعد بریا ہے

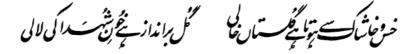
Is Nayi Aag Ka Aqwam-e-Kuhan Indhan Hai Millat-e-Khatam-e-Rusal (S.A.W.) Shaola Ba Perahan Hai This new fire feeds on fuel old,—The nations of the past, And they too burn to whom was sent God's Messenger, the last.

> ت بی بود برٹ یم ایارپ! از آل ارک تی ہےا ندازِ کلساں بیدا

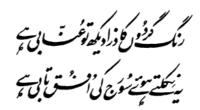
Aaj Bhi Jo Baraheem (A.S.) Ka Imaan Paida
Aag Kar Sakti Hai Andaz-e-Gulistan Paida
But if the faith of Abraham there, once again, is born,
Where leaps this flame, flowers will bloom, and laugh its blaze to scorn.



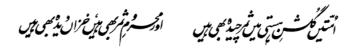
Dekh Kar Rang-e-Chaman Ho Na Pareshan Mali Koukab-e-Ghuncha Se Shakhain Hain Chamakne Wali Yet, let the gardener not be sad to see the garden's plight, For soon its branches will be gay with buds, like stars of light;



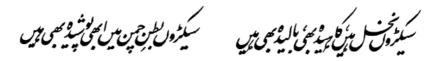
Khas-o-Khashaak Se Hota Hai Gulistan Khali Gul Bar Andaaz Hai Khoon-e-Shuhada Ki Laali The withered leaves and weeds will pass, and all its sweepings old; For there, again, will martyr-blood in roses red unfold.



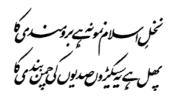
Rang Gardoon Ka Zara Dekh Tau Unnabi Hai Yeh Nikalte Huwe Suraj Ki Ufaq Taabi Hai But look! a hint of russet hue, Brightening the eastern skies, The glow on yon horizon's brow, Heralds a new sunrise.



Ummatain Gulshan-e-Hasti Mein Samar Cheeda Bhi Hain Aur Mehroom-e-Samar Bhi Hain, Khazan Didah Bhi Hain In Life's old garden nations lived who all its fruits enjoyed, While others longed in vain, while some the winter blasts destroyed;



Saikron Nakhl Hain, Kaheeda Bhi, Baleeda Bhi Hain Saikron Batan-e-Chaman Mein Abhi Poshida Bhi Hain Its trees are legion; some decay, While others flush with bloom, And thousands still their birth await, Hid in the garden's womb;



Nakhl-e-Islam Namoona Hai Bru-Mandi Ka Phal Hai Ye Saikron Saalon Ki Chaman Bandi Ka A symbol of luxuriance, The Tree of Islam reigns, Its fruits achieved with centuries of garden-tending pains.

پالتے کردوطن سے نے امال تیرا تُووہ دیسفے کر مرصر ہے کنعال تیرا

Pak Hai Gard-e-Watan Se Sirr-e-Daman Tera
Tu Woh Yousaf Hai Ke Har Misr Hai Kinaan Tera
Your robe is free from dust of home, Not yours such narrow ties,
That Yousuf you, who Canaan sweet, In every Egypt lies;

قافلہ ہو نہ کئے کا کسمی ویران تیرا معمر کیا بانک درالحیے نہیں ما تیرا

Qafila Ho Na Sake Ga Kabhi Weeran Tera Ghair Yak Bang-e-Dara Kuch Nahin Saman Tera The qafila can ne'er disperse You holdest the starting bells9 Nothing else is needed, if your will Your onward march impels.

> نخلِ شع بستى درشعلەد ۇدارىڭ تو عاقبىت زىږدس ئەلەرىش تو

Nakhl-e-Shama Asti-o-Dar Shaola Dawad Resha-e-Tu Aaqbat Soz Bawad Saya-e-Andesha-e-Tu You candle-tree! your wick-like root, Its top with flame illumes, Your thought is fire, its very breath all future care consumes.

Tu Na Mit Jaye Ga Iran Ke Mit Jane Se Nasha-e-Mai Ko Ta'aluq Nahin Pemane Se And you will suffer no surcease should Iran's star decline, It is not the vessel which decides the potency of wine; عِين روشِ مَا ركافيك پسبار الله كالعبار السائل كالعبار المائل كالعبار المائل كالعبار المائل كالعبار المائل كالمائل كال

Hai Ayan Yorish-e-Tataar Ke Afsane Se Pasban Mil Gaye Kaabe Ko Sanam Khane Se It is proved to all the world, from tales of Tartar conquerors, The Ka'ba brave defenders found in temple-worshippers.

> ر شتی چی کاز طنے میں سہارا تو ہے عصر نُورات ہے دُھنلاسات اراثوہے

Kashti-e-Haq Ka Zamane Mein Sahara Tu Hai Asr-e-Nau Raat Hai, Dhundla Sa Sitara Tu Hai In you relies the bark of God, Adrift beyond the bar, The new-born age is dark as night, And you its dim pole-star.

ہے جو بے گامہ بالویش بلغاری کا فاقلوں کے لیے بیغیم ہے باری کا

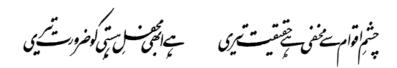
Hai Jo Hangama Bipa Yorish-e-Balghari Ka Ghafilon Ke Liye Pegham Hai Baidari Ka The Bulgars march! the fiend of war in fearful fury breathes; The message comes: "Sleepers, awake! The Balkan cauldron seethes."

یں سمجتا ہے سیسامال ہے ل ازاری استحق سے ترکے بیار کا ، خود واری کا

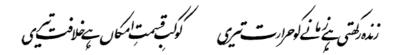
Tu Samajhta Hai Ye Saman Hai Dil Aazari Ka Imtihan Hai Tere Isaar Ka, Khud-Dari Ka You deem this a cause of grief, Your heart is mortified; But no, your pride, your sacrifice, Thus, once again, are tried.

> کیوں ہراساں ہے ہمیل فرسِ اعدات نُورِ تَی مجھ ندھے کانفسِ اعداسے

Kyun Harasan Hai Saheel-e-Faras-e-Aada Se Noor-e-Haq Bujh Na Sake Ga Nafs-e-Aada Se Beneath your foes if chargers neigh? Why tremble you in fright? For never, never, shall their breath extinguish Heaven's light.



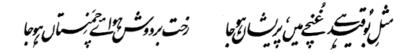
Chashme-e-Aqwam Se Makhfi Hai Haqiqat Teri Hai Abhi Mehfil-e-Hasti Ko Zaroorat Teri Not yet have other nations seen what you are truly worth, The realm of Being has need of you for perfecting this earth.



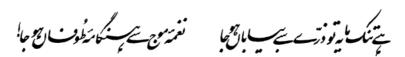
Zinda Rakhti Hai Zamane Ko Hararat Teri Koukab-e-Qismat-e-Imkan Hai Khilafat Teri If anything yet keeps world alive, 'It is yours impetuous zeal, And you will rise its ruling star, And you will shape its weal.

> وقتِ فُرصت ہے لہاں کا ماہی ہیں ہے وُرِروجی کہ اہما ہی باقی ہے نُورِروجی کہ اہما ہی باقی ہے

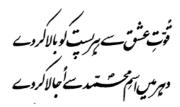
Waqt-e-Fursat Hai Kahan, Kaam Abhi Baqi Hai Noor-e-Touheed Ka Itmam Abhi Baqi Hai This is no time for idle rest, Much yet remains undone; The lamp of tawhid needs your touch to make it shame the sun!



Misl-e-Bu Qaid Hai Ghunche Mein, Preshan Ho Ja Rakht Bar Dosh Hawaye Chamanistan Ho Ja You are like fragrance in the bud, Diffuse yourself: be free. Perfume the garden breeze, and fill the earth with scent of you.



Hai Tunk Maya To Zarre Se Byaban Ho Ja Naghma-e-Mouj Se Hangama-e-Toofan Ho Ja! From dusty speck, do you increase to trackless desert-main. From a faint breeze, a tempest grow, Become a hurricane!



Quwwat-e-Ishq Se Har Past Ko Bala Kar De Dehr Mein Ism-e-Muhammad (S.A.W.) Se Ujala Kar De Raise you, through Love, all humble to greatness and to fame; Enlighten you the groping world with dear Muhammad's Name.

يونه يه يُعوِل تُونب ل قارَمُ مي نه بهو ميمن و برمي طه ي التسب بمي نه بهو

Ho Na Ye Phool To Bulbul Ka Tarannum Bhi Na Ho Chaman-e-Dehr Mein Kaliyon Ka Tabassum Bhi Na Ho If this fair flower blossom not, The bulbul will not sing, Nor rose-buds make the garden smile welcoming in the spring;

يەنساقى بوتومچەسى ئېرۇخمى ئىرچو ئىرم توھىدىمى ئىياسى نەبھواتىم مىمى نەبھو

Ye Na Saqi Ho To Phir Mai Bhi Na Ho, Khum Bhi Na Ho Bazm-e-Touheed Bhi Dunya Mein Na Ho, Tum Bhi Na Ho If he is not the saki, then nor jar nor wine will be, Nor in this world will tawhid shine, Nor your heart beat in you;

> ر خمیافلال فاہِ سنادہ اسیٰ مسیم نسفرِ سنی میں امادہ اسیٰ مسیم

Khema Aflak Ka Istada Issi Naam Se Hai Nabz-e-Hasti Tapish Aamadah Issi Naam Se Hai Yonder ethereal skyey tent, This great name still sustains, And dancing to its music, flows the blood in Life's own veins.

وشت مين امن نسار مين ميدان مين ۽ بحرمين موج لي اغوش مين طوفان مين

Dasht Mein, Daman-e-Kuhsar Mein, Maidan Mein Hai Behr Mein, Mouj Ki Aghosh Mein, Toofan Mein Hai It is in the forests and the hills, And on the tranquil plains, On the seas, in the arms of waves, In roar of hurricanes; چین کے شہر مراشت سیابان میں م

Cheen Ke Shehr, Maraqash Ke Byaban Mein Hai
Aur Poshida Musalman Ke Iman Mein Hai
A music heard in China's towns, Morocco's desert-song,
And hid within each Muslim's heart, It makes his faith grow strong.

چىم اقوام نيطن رەابدىك وكىمھ چىم اقوام نيطن رفعتِ شان فغن لك فركر وكىمھ

Chashm-e-Aqwam Ye Nazara Abad Tak Dekhe Riffat-e-Shan-e-'Rafaana La Ka Zikrak' Dekhe Let all the peoples of the world see till the end of time, How I have made this glorious name beyond all thought sublime!

مَرَوْمِ ثِيبِ زِمِينِ مِعْنِي هُ كَالَى وَنِي وَهِ مُعَالِثِينِ مَنْ الْبِلْنِي الْمُوالِي وَنِي م

Mardam-e-Chashm-e-Zameen Yani Woh Kali Dunya Woh Tumhare Shuhada Palne Wali Dunya That pupil of the eye of Earth, Soil only dark men tread, That region where have always been your martyrs born and bred,

گرمنی سرکی رؤوه ولالی ونب عشق والے جسے مستے ہیں بلالی ونب

Garmi-e-Mehr Ki Parwarda Hilali Dunya Ishq Wale Jise Kehte Hain Bilali Dunya That land upon the hot sun's lap, That land of al-hilal, Which lovers fondly love to call The land of their Bilal,--

> تیش اندوز ہے اس میں طریح لی طرح غرط ان روز میں جو اسکو کے ملاے لی طرح غوط ان روز میں جو اسکو کے ملاے لی طرح

Tapish Andoz Hai Iss Naam Se Paare Ki Tarah Ghouta Zan Noor Mein Hai Aankh Ke Tare Ki Tarah Is all a-quiver with this Name, Like trembling mercury, Like pupils dark, in pools of light, It swims perpetually! ار عقل ہے سری سرعث میں شریری میے رویٹ بن خلافت ج جہالی تری

Aqal Hai Teri Sipar, Ishq Hai Shamsheer Teri Mere Darvaish! Khilafat Hai Jahangeer Teri Your shield be wisdom, be your sword the flaming Love Divine, My fond dervish! do you not know that all the world is yours?

مابوئی اللہ کے لیے ک ہے جبرتری توسیاں بوتوتت رہے مہرتری

Ma Siwa Allah Ke Liye Aag Hai Takbeer Teri Tu Musalman Ho To Taqdeer Hai Tadbeer Teri All else but God is at your feet, If sounds your Takbeer great; If you a Muslim truly are, Your effort is your fate.

> کی محمد سے فاتو نے دیم سے ہیں رجان میزیے لیالوح والم سے ہیں رجان میزیے لیالوح والم سے ہیں

Ki Muhammed (S.A.W.) Se Wafa Tu Ne Tau Hum Tere Hain Yeh Jahan Cheez Hai Kya, Loh-o-Qalam Tere Hain To my Muhammad be but true, And you have conquered me; The world is nothing you will command My Pen of Destiny.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-062) Mard-e-Musalman (مرد مسلمان) A Muslim

Mard-e-Musalman

A MUSLIM (poem5)

ر رفطہ ہے مومن کی نئی شان نئی ان مرکبطہ ہے مومن کی نئی شان گفت رمیں کروار میں اللہ کی ٹرہان

Har Lehza Hai Momin Ki Nayi Shan, Nayi Aan Guftar Mein, Kirdar Mein, Allah Ki Burhan! A Muslim true gets grandeur new with moment's change and every hour: By words and deeds he gives a proof of Mighty God, His reach and power. قهّاری وُعتّ ری و ُقدّوسی و جبروت به جارعت اِمر پون تو بنتاہے سلمان

Qahhari-o-Ghaffari-o-Quddusi-o-Jabroot
Ye Char Anasir Hon To Banta Hai Musalman
To rout the foes, to grant them reprieve,
do pious deeds and show great might:
Are four ingredients that make A Muslim devout who shuns not fight.

ر ہمائیوب لیامیں سندہ خالی ہے اس کانشین ند سخارانہ بخشان

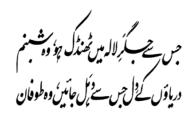
Humsaya-e-Jibreel-e-Ameen Banda-e-Khaki
Hai Iss Ka Nasheman Na Bukhara Na Badakhshan
With Gabriel trusted and steadfast this clay-born man has kinship close:
A dwelling in some land or clime for himself Muslim never chose.

یہ راز کسی کو نہیں معساوم کہ مومن ایسیا قاری نظرا تا ہے تھیت میں ہے قران

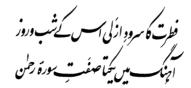
Ye Raaz Kisi Ko Nahin Maloom Ke Momin Qari Nazar Ata Hai, Haqiqat Mein Hai Quran! This secret yet none has grasped that Muslim Scripture reads so sweet: Practising rules by it prescribed, becomes its pattern quite complete.

> ئے۔ فدرت کے مقاصد کاعیار اس کے اراف ونیا میں بھی میزان قیامت میں بھی میزان

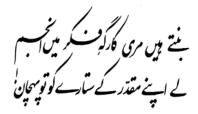
Qudrat Ke Maqasid Ka Ayar Uss Ke Irade
Dunya Mein Bhi Meezan, Qayamat Mein Bhi Meezan
The Faithful acts on aims and ends that Nature keeps before its sight:
In world he sifts the good and bad, In future shall judge wrong and right.



Jis Se Jigar-e-Lala Mein Thandak Ho, Woh Shabnam
Daryaon Ke Dil Jis Se Dehel Jaen, Woh Toofan
While dealing with friends and mates, He is dew that thirst of tulip slakes:
When engaged with his foes in fight,
like torrent strong makes rivers shake.



Firat Ka Surood-e-Azali Iss Ke Shab-o-Roz Ahang Mein Yakta Sift-e-Soorah-e-Rehman The charm of Nature's eternal song in Muslim's life, no doubt is found: Like chapter Rahman of the Quran, Is full of sweet melodious sound.



Bante Hain Meri Kargah-e-Fikr Mein Anjum
Le Apne Muqaddar Ke Sitare Ko Tu Pehchan!
Such thoughts that shine like lustrous stars
my brain, like workshop, can provide:
You can select the star you like, so that your Fate this star may guide!

طارق کی دُعا (اندسس کےمیلان جنگ میں)

Tariq Ki Dua (Andalus Ke Maidan-e-Jang Mein)

TARIQ'S PRAYER (poem6)
(In the Battlefield of Andalusia)

ين زئ تير ئرام ارښك جنس تُون بخت وق خدا أن

Ye Ghazi, Ye Tere Purisrar Bande Jinhain Tu Ne Bakhsha Hai Zuaq-e-Khudai These warriors, victorious, These worshippers of Yours, Whom You have granted the will to win power in Your name;

Do-Neem In Ki Thoukar Se Sehra-o-Darya Simat Kar Pahar In Ki Haibat Se Rayi Who cleave rivers and woods in twain, Whose terror turns mountains into dust:

دوعالم *سے کرتی ہے بی*کا نہ ول کو معجب پینے نہے لڈ^{س سے} نائی

Do Alam Se Karti Hai Baigana Dil Ko Ajab Cheez Hai Lazzat-e-Ashnayi They care not for the world; They care not for its pleasures;

شهادت معطلوب تقصود موسن نه مال غنیمت ندرشورث أی

Shahadat Hai Matloob-o-Maqsood-e-Momin Na Maal-e-Ghanimat Na Kishwar Kushayi In their passion, in their zeal, In their love for Thee, O Lord, They aim at martyrdom, Not the rule of the earth.

> ر خیاہاں میں نے منتظر لالدلب سے قباعیا ہے۔ قباعیا ہے۔ س لوٹون عرب سے

Khayaban Mein Hai Muntazir Lala Kab Se Qaba Chahye Iss Ko Khoon-e-Arab Se In the flower-bed, Rose is waiting from long time The Color from Arabs' blood ر و المرابع ا

Kiya Tu Ne Sehra Nasheenon Ko Yakta Khabar Mein, Nazar Mein, Azan-e-Sehar Mein You have united warring tribes, In thought, in deed, in prayer.

طلب بل کے صدفوں سے تھی ندلی کو وہ سوزاس نے پایا نھی کے جگرمیں

Talab Jis Ki Sadiyon Se Thi Zindagi Ko Woh Souz Iss Ne Paya Inhi Ke Jigar Mein The burning fire that life had sought For centuries, Was found in them at last.

ر النّادِ درِ ول معصقے ہیں ہو تھ ۔ الاکت نہایں تان کی طف میں

Kushad-e-Dar-e-Dil Samajhte Hain Iss Ko Halakat Nahin Mout In Ki Nazar Mein They think of death, not as life's end, But as the ennobling of the heart.

ول دومون میں نے نرندہ کرنے موجب بی کہ تقفیم کے 'لا تذرئیں

Dil-e-Mard-e-Momin Mein Phir Zinda Kar De Woh Bijli Ke Thi Na'ara-e-'LA TAZAR' Mein Make alive in the heart of a Muslim again That Power the slogan 'My Lord! Leave not one of the disbelievers' had. La-Tazar (Verse 26 of Surah Nuh- No. 71 - Quran)

عزائم كوسينون مين بدادكرف المنظام كوسينون مين بدادكرف

Aza'im Ko Seenon Mein Baidar-e-Kar De Nigah-e-Musalman Ko Talwar Kar De! Awaken in them an iron will, And make their eye a sharpened sword. طلوع الم

Tulu-e-Islam THE RISE OF ISLAM (poem6)

دسی ضبع روشن ہے ساروں کی تنگ ابی اُفنی سے آفتا ہے انھرا، کیا دور کران دابی

Daleel-E-Subah-E-Roshan Hai Sitaron Ki Tunak Tabi
Ufaq Se Aftab Ubhra, Gya Dour-E-Garan Khawabi
The dimness of the stars is evidence of the bright morning.
The sun has risen over the horizon; the time of deep slumber has passed.

مرة مشرق مين تُون زند كي وژا محير سيئتے نهيں اسس از لوسينا وف البي

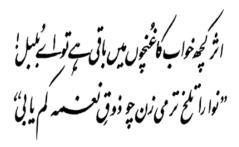
Urooq-E-Murda'ay Mashriq Mein Khoon-E-Zindagi Dora Samajh Sakte Nahin Iss Raaz Ko Seena-O-Farabi The blood of life runs in the veins of the dead East: Avicenna and Farabi cannot understand this secret.

> سىل ئوسى كرديا لمون بن غربني لاطم إت ديا بي سيسي كويركي سيراني

Musalman Ko Musalman Kar Diya Toofan-E-Maghrib Ne Talatum Haye Darya Hi Se Hai Gohar Ki Seerabi The storm in the West made Muslims Muslims. Pearls are produced in abundance from the very buffetings of the sea.

> عطاموس کو بھر درگاہ حق سے بیونے والاہم شکوہ ترکمانی، دہن میندی بُطیق اعساری

Atta Momin Ko Phir Dargah-E-Haq Se Hone Wala Hai Shikoh-E-Turkamani, Zehan-E-Hindi, Nutq-E-Arabi The true believers are once more to receive from the court of God The glory of the Turkamans, the intellect of the Indians and the eloquence of the Arabs.



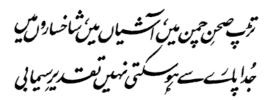
Asar Kuch Khawab Ka Ghunchon Mein Baqi Hai To Ae Bulbul!

"Nawa Ra Talakh Tar Mee Zan Choo Zauq-E-Nagma Kmyabi"

If there is still some trace of sleep left in the buds, my nightingale,

Then make your songs more plaintive, for you found their desire to hear your melody too little.

Note: The italicized line is translated from the poet Urfi Shirazi. Iqbal also used it in his poem 'Urfi'.

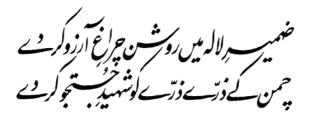


Tarap Sehan-E-Chaman Mein, Ashiyan Mein, Shakhsaron Mein Juda Pare Se Ho Sakti Nahin Taqdeer-E-Seemabi Whether your agitation be in the courtyard of the garden, in the nest, in the leafy branches—

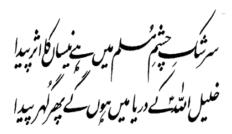
This quicksilver-destiny cannot be separated from mercury.

وہ پیٹ ماک بیں کیوں زمنتِ برستواں دیکھے نظر آتی ہے جس کو مرجت زی لیجب کرابی

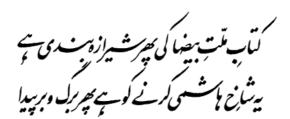
Woh Chashm-E-Paak Been Kyun Zeenat-E-Bargistawan Dekhe Nazar Ati Hai Jis Ko Mard-E-Ghazi Ki Jigar Tabi Why should that pure-seeing eye look at the glitter of armour on the horse When it sees the valour of the holy warrior?



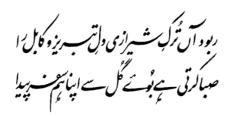
Zameer-E-Lala Mein Roshan Charagh-E-Arzoo Kar De Chaman Ke Zarre Zarre Ko Shaheed-E-Justujoo Kar De Make the lamp of desire bright in the heart of the tulip! Make every particle of the garden a martyr to search!



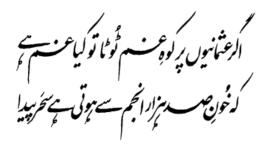
Sar Shak-E-Chashm-E-Muslim Mein Hai Neesan Ka Asar Paida Khalil-Allah (A.S.) Ke Darya Mein Hon Ge Phir Guhar Paida The effect of the spring-rain is born in the tears of the Muslims. Pearls will be born again in the sea of the Friend of God.



Kitab-E-Millat-E-Baiza Ki Phir Sheeraza Bandi Hai Ye Shakh-E-Hashmi Karne Ko Hai Phir Barg-E-Bar Paida This book of the Radiant Community is receiving a new binding; The Hashimite branch is once more ready to bring forth new leaves and fruit.



Rubood Aan Turk Sheerazi Dil-E-Tabraiz-O-Kabil Ra Saba Karti Hai Buay Gul Se Apna Hamsafar Paida The Turk of Shiraz has ravished the heart of Tabriz and Kabul;
The morning breeze makes the scent of the rose its companion on the road.



Agar Usmaniyon Par Koh-E-Gham Toota To Kya Gham Hai Ke Khoon-E-Sad Hazar Anjum Se Hoti Hai Sahar Paida If a mountain of grief collapsed upon the Ottomans, then why lament? For the dawn arises from the blood of a hundred thousand stars.

> جہاں بانی سے ہے دشوار تر کارجہاں بینی حکر خوں ہو توجیٹ کے ل میں ہوتی ہے نظر سیدا

Jahan Baani Se Hai Dushwar Tar Kar-E-Jahan Beeni Jigar Khoon Ho To Chashm-E-Dil Mein Hoti Hai Nazar Paida More difficult than the conquest of the world is the task of seeing the world;

When the heart is reduced to blood, only then does the eye of the heart receive its sight.

ہزاروں سال رئس اپنی بے نوری پر وتی ہے بڑار مشکل سے ہو تاہے جین میں دیدہ وربیدا

Hazaron Saal Nargis Apni Benoori Pe Roti Hai Bari Mushkil Se Hota Hai Chaman Mein Didahwar Paida For a thousand years the narcissus has been lamenting its blindness; With great difficulty the one with true vision is born in the garden. نواپیرا ہو اُنٹیب ل کہ تو تیرے ترتم سے کبوتر کے تِن ازک میریث ہیں گاجب رپیدا

Nawa Pera Ho Ae Bulbul Ke Ho Tere Taranum Se Kabootar Ke Tan-E-Nazuk Mein Shaheen Ka Jigar Paida Burst into song, oh nightingale! so that from your melody The spirit of the royal falcon may arise in the delicate body of the dove!

> ترے سینے میں ہے بوشیدہ داز زندگی لہدیے مسلمال سے حدیث سوز وسیاز زندگی لہدیے

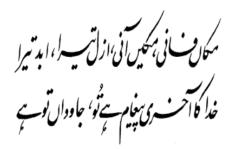
Tere Seene Mein Hai Poshida Raaz-E-Zindagi Keh De Musalman Se Hadees-E-Soz-O-Saaz-E-Zindagi Keh De The secret of life is hidden in your breast—then tell it; Tell the Muslims the account of the burning and re-making of life.

> خدائے لم بزل کا دستِ تُدرت تُو ، زباں توہے سر الراب عافل ایمندوب کمال توہے یقیں بیدالراپ عافل ایمندوب کمال توہے

Khuda'ay Lam Yazil Ka Dast-E-Qudrat Tu, Zuban Tu Hai Yaqeen Paida Kar Ae Ghafil Ke Maghloob-E-Guman Tu Hai You are the ever-powerful hand and the tongue of the eternal God; Give birth to certainty, of negligent one, for your are laid low by doubt.

پرے ہے جرخ بیلی فام سے سزاں ملماں کی میں اس میں اس کی اس میں اس کی میں کا میں ہوں ، وہ کارواں توہے سالے کی میں اس کارواں توہے کے میں کارواں توہے کے کارواں توہے کے کارواں توہے کے کارواں توہے کے کارواں توہے کی کارواں توہے کے کارواں توہے

Pare Hai Charakh-E-Neeli Faam Se Manzil Musalman Ki Sitare Jis Ki Gard-E-Rah Hon, Woh Karwan Tu Hai The goal of the Muslim lies beyond the blue sky; You are the caravan, which the stars follow as dust on the road.



Makan Fani, Makeen Ani, Azal, Tera, Abad Tera Khuda Ka Akhiri Pegham Hai Tu, Javidan Tu Hai Space is transient; its inhabitants are transitory, but the beginning of time is yours; its end is yours.

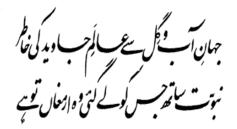
You are the final message of God; you are eternal.

خابب ،عروب لاله ہے نون بگرتیرا تری بت برائ میں ہے معارجب ال توبے

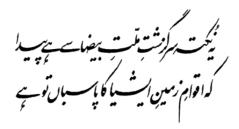
Hina Band-E-Uroos-E-Lala Hai Khoon-E-Jigar Tera Teri Nisbat Baraheemi Hai, Mamaar-E-Jahan Tu Hai The blood of your heart is the henna which decorates the tulip-bride. You belong to Abraham; you are the builder of the world.

> ری فطرت میں بیجے نیات ندگانی کی جہاں کے جُمِیرِم کے رکا استحال تو ہے

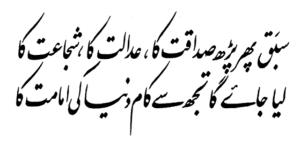
Teri Fitrat Ameen Hai Mumkanat-E-Zindagani Ki Jahan Ke Johar-E-Muzmar Ka Goya Imtihan Tu Hai Your nature is the trustee of all the possibilities of life; You are like the touchstone of the hidden essence of the world.



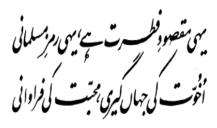
Jahan-E-Aab-O-Gil Se Alam-E-Javed Ki Khatir Nabuwat Sath Jis Ko Le Gyi Woh Armgahan Tu Hai The One who left this world of water and clay for eternal life— The one whom the prophethood took with it—you are that gift.



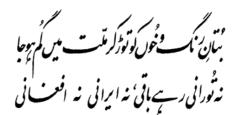
Ye Nukta Sargazhat-E-Millat-E-Baiza Se Hai Paida Ke Aqwam-E-Zameen-E-Asia Ka Pasban Tu Hai This principle rises from the story of the Radiant Community— You are the guardian of the nations of the land of Asia.



Sabaq Phir Parh Sadaqat Ka, Adalat Ka, Shujaat Ka
Liya Jaye Ga Tujh Se Kaam Dunya Ki Imamat Ka
Read again the lesson of truth, of justice and valour!
You will be asked to do the work of taking on responsibility for the world.



Yehi Maqsood-E-Fitrat Hai, Yehi Ramz-E-Muslamani Akhuwat Ki Jahangeeri, Mohabat Ki Farawani This is the destiny of nature; this is the secret of Islam—World-wide brotherhood, an abundance of love!



Butan-E-Rang-O-Khoon Ko Torh Kar Millat Mein Gum Ho Ja Na Toorani Rahe Baqi, Na Irani Na Afghani Break the idols of colour and blood and become lost in the community. Let neither Turanians, Iranians nor Afghan remain.

> ر ر میابت خمارا صحبت مرغ حمین لب ما ترسے بازو میں ہے برواز شام تیب ستانی

Miyan-E-Shakhsaran Sohbat-E-Murgh-E-Chaman Kab Talak!
Tere Bazu Mein Hai Parwaz-E-Shaheen-E-Kehsatani
How long will you keep company in the branches with the birds of the garden;

In your arms is the flight of the royal hawk of Quhistan.

کمان ابوہتی میں سیسیں موہسساں کا بیاباں ان شب کریک میں سند لربہانی

Guman Abad-E-Hasti Mein Yaqeen Mard-E-Musalman Ka Byaban Ki Shab-E-Tareek Mein Qindeel-E-Rahbani

In the abode of doubts of existence is the certainty of the Muslim hero; In the darkness of the desert night is the candle of the monks.

> ہٹا قصب رور ارسی کے استبدا ولوجی نے وہ لیاتھا، زور حیڈڑ، فقر بُوڈڈ، جیدق سُلمانی

Mitaya Qaisar-E-Kasra Ke Istabdad Ko Jis Ne Woh Kya Tha, Zor-E-Haider (R.A.), Faqr-E-Bu Zar (R.A.), Sidq-E-Salmani (R.A.)

What was it that erased the tyranny of Caesar and Cyrus? The power of Hyder (R.A.), the asceticism of Bu Dharr (R.A.), the truth of Salman (R.A.)!

ہُوئے احرار ملت جادہ پیماکس سختل سے تماشائی شکاف درسے ہیں صدیوں نے زندانی

Huway Ahrar-E-Millat Jadah Pema Kis Tajamul Se Tamashayi Shagaaf-E-Dar Se Hain Sadiyon Ke Zindani How magnificently the heroes of the community have blazed the trail, And those who have been prisoners for centuries peer at them through a crack in the door.

> تباتِ ندلی ایمانی کم سے ہے دنیامیں ایمانی سے بھی بائندہ تر سکا ہے تورانی

Sabat-E-Zindagi Aeeman-E-Muhkam Se Hai Dunya Mein Kah Almani Se Bhi Paenda Tar Nikla Hai Toorani The stability of life in the world comes from the strength of faith, For the Turanians have emerged firmer than even the Germans.

> جب اسس لأنكارهٔ خالى ميں ہونا ہے يقيں بيدا تو كرلىپ ماہے يہ بال و پر رُوح الاميں بيدا

Jab Iss Angara'ay Khaki Mein Hota Hai Yaqeen Paida To Kar Leta Hai Ye Bal-O-Par-E-Rooh-ul-Ameen Paida When certainty is born in these embers of ashes, Then it gives birth to the wings of Gabriel.

ر سه غلامی میں نہ کام آتی ہیں شمیرین تدبیری جرمرہ ذوق تعیت یں بدا توکٹ جاتی ہیں رنجیری

Ghulami Mein Na Kaam Ati Hain Shamsheerain Na Tadbeerain
Jo Ho Zauq-E-Yaqeen Paida To Kat Jati Hain Zanjeerain
In slavery, neither swords or plans are effective,
But when the taste for certainty is created, then the chains are cut.

کوئی اندازہ کرسے تاہے کس کے ورِازو کا میکاہ مردِ مومن سے بدل جب تی ہیں تقدیریں

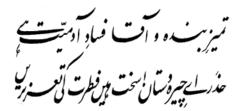
Koi Andaza Kar Sakta Hai Uss Ke Zor-E-Bazu Ka!
Nigah-E-Mard-E-Momin Se Badal Jati Hain Taqdeerain
Can anyone even guess at the strength of his arm?
By the glance of the man who is a true believer even destiny is changed.

ولات باوث بى عمر شيالى جهال لىرى مربر مربر مىسب ليا دين فقط النعت أيمال ليفسيري

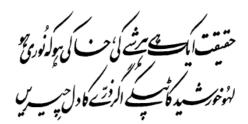
Walayat, Padshahi, Ilm-E-Ashiya Ki Jahangeeri Ye Sub Kya Hain, Faqat Ek Nukta-E-Aeeman Ki Tafseerain Empire, sainthood, the knowledge of things which holds the world in its sway—

What are they all? Only commentaries on one small point of faith.

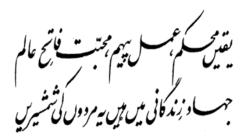
سرائې يىن نظرىپ دا ملرث كى سىتونىپ برائې يىن نظرىپ دا ملرث كى سىتونىپ رئوس مچىپ ئے قب كے سىنوں میں بنالىتى بىتے صور پر Baraheemi Nazar Paida Magar Mushkil Se Hoti Hai Hawas Chup Chup Ke Seenon Mein Bana Leti Hai Tasweerain But it is difficult to create the insight of Abraham (A.S.); Desire insidiously paints pictures in our breasts.



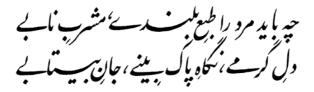
Tameez-E-Banda-O-Aaqa Fasad-E-Admiyat Hai Hazar Ae Cheerah Dastan! Sakht Hain Fitrat Ki Taazirain The distinction of servant and lord has put mankind into turmoil; Beware, oh powerful ones; the penalties of nature are harsh.



Haqiqat Aik Hai Har Shay Ki, Khaki Ho Ke Noori Ho Lahoo Khursheed Ka Tapake Agar Zarre Ka Dil Cheerain There is one reality for everything, be it of earth or fire; The blood of the sun will drip, of we split the heart of an atom.



Yaqeen Mohkam, Amal Peham, Mohabbat Faateh-E-Alam Jahad-E-Zindagani Mein Hain Ye Mardon Ki Shamsheerain Firm certainty, eternal action, the love that conquers the world— These are the swords of men in the holy war of life.



Cha Bayad Mard Ra Tabaa-E-Bulanday, Mashrab-E-Naabay Dil-E-Garmee, Nigah-E-Pak Beenay, Jaan-E-Betabay What else does man need but a lofty spirit and pure character, A warm heart, a pure-sighted eye and a restless soul?

> عقابی شان سے جھیٹے تھے جو کے بال ور بھکے تاریے شام کے ڈورٹ مُقَلَّ میں ڈو وب کر سکھے

Auqabi Shan Se Jhapte The Jo, Bebaal-O-Par Nikle
Sitare Sham Ke Khoon-E-Shafaq Mein Doob Kar Nikle
Those who rushed forward with the splendor of the eagle emerged
plucked of their wings and plumage;

The stars of evening sank in the blood of the sunset but rose again.

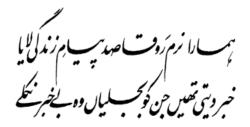
بُوتے مدفون دریا زیر دریا شمیب رنے والے مرابرہ طمانیے موج کے لھاتے تھے جو' بن کر لہر سکلے

Huway Madfoon-E-Darya Zair-E-Darya Tairne Wale
Tamanche Mouj Ke Khate The Jo, Ban Kar Guhar Nikle
Those who swam under the sea were buried by the ocean,
But those who suffered the buffeting of the wave arose, and became
pearls.

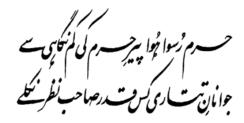
غب ار ره کزر دین کمیب پر نازتها جن کو جبیب خال برر گھتے تھے جو، اِک کرزنکلے

Ghabar-Ereh Guzar Hain, Keemiya Par Naaz Tha Jin Ko Jibeenain Khak Par Rakhte The Jo, Ikseer Gar Nikle Those who prided themselves on their alchemy are the dust of the wayside;

Those who kept their forehead upon the dust emerged as the makers of elixir.

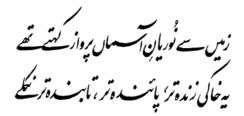


Hamara Naram Ro Qasid Peyam-E-Zindagi Laya Khabar Deti Theen Jin Ko Bijliyan Woh Be-Khabar Nikle Our slow-running messenger brought the tidings of life; Those to whom the lightning gave news emerged unknowing.

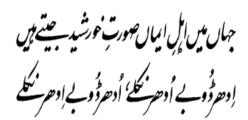


Haram Ruswa Huwa Peer-E-Haram Ki Kam Nigahi Se Jawanan-E-Tatari Kis Qadar Sahib-E-Nazar Nikle The Shrine was disgraced by the lack of foresight of the old keeper of the shrine;

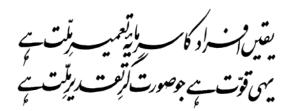
But how our Tartar heroes emerged as young men of vision!



Zameen Se Nooriyan-E-Asman Parwaz Kehte The Ye Khaki Zinda Tar, Paenda Tar, Tabinda Tar Nikle Those who soar aloft and light the sky say this to the earth, 'These earth-bound creatures emerged more lively, more stable and more shining.'



Jahan Mein Ahl-E-Aeeman Soorat-E-Khursheed Jeete Hain Idhar Doobe Udhar Nikle, Udhar Doobe Idhar Nikle In the world, the people of faith live like the sun; Here they sink, there they arise, there they sink, here they arise!



Yaqeen Afrad Ka Sarmaya-E-Tameer-E-Millat Hai Yehi Quwwat Hai Jo Soorat Gar-E-Taqdeer-E-Millat Hai The certainty of individuals is the capital for building the community; This is the power which draws the portrait of the fate of the community.

> ر راز گن فسطال بنے اپنی انکھوں برعیاں ہوجا نوراز گن فسطال ہوجا خودی کا راز داں جو جاجت دا کا ترجماں ہوجا

Tu Raaz-E-Kun Fakan Hai, Apni Ankhon Par Ayan Ho Ja Khudi Ka Raazdan Ho Ja, Khuda Ka Tarjuman Ho Ja You are the secret of creation, see yourself in your eyes; Share the secret of your own self, become the spokesman of God.

> بروس نے لردیائے لڑئے لڑنے وع نسان م بروس نے لردیائے لڑئے لڑنے وع نسان م اُنْوَت قابب سے ان ہوجامجتب کی زبان ہوجا

Hawas Me Kar Diya Tukre Tukre Nu-E-Insan Ko Akhuwat Ka Byan Ho Ja, Mohabbat Ki Zuban Ho Ja Greed has split mankind into little pieces; Become the statement of brotherhood, become the language of love.

> يىپ دى وچٹ راسانی ميافعن ان وه تورانی توليے شرمنده ساحل! اصل ربے لران ہوجا

Ye Hindi, Who Khurasani, Ye Afghani, Who Toorani Tu Ae Sharminda-E-Sahil! Uchal Kar Be-Karan Ho Ja Here are Indians, there people of Khurasan, here Afghans, there Turanians You, who despise the shore, rise up and make yourself boundless.

سه سر غبارالودة رنك نسب بي بال تربيب تُولے مُرِغ حسر م!ارنے سے بہلئے روشا جوجا

Ghubar Aludah'ay Rang-O-Nasb Hain Baal-O-Par Tere
Tu Ae Murgh-E-Hara! Urne Se Pehle Par-Fishan Ho Ja
Your wings and your plumage are soiled with the dust of colour and race;
You, my bird of the holy shrine, shake your wings before you start to fly.

خودى ميں ڈوب جا غافل کيپ ترزنگاني ہے نڪل رحلفت شام وحب رسطاوداں ہوجا

Khudi Mein Doob Ja Ghafil! Ye Sir-E-Zindagani Hai Nikl Kar Halqa-E-Shaam-O-Sahar Se Javidan Ho Ja Immerse yourself in your self, my forgetful one, this is the secret of life; Come out from the fetters of evening and morning, become immortal.

> ئىصاف زندلى مىرىسىيەت فولابىپ لار ئىشىت رەمىنىت مىرىپ رۇرنيان بىرجا

Masaf-E-Zindagi Mein Seerat-E-Foulad Paida Kar Shabistan-E-Mohabbat Mein Harair-O-Parniyan Ho Ja On the battle-field of life adopt the nature of steel; In the bed-chamber of love become as soft as silk and painted brocade.

> ار جابن کے سیل ندرُ ولوہ وہ بال کر رجابن کے سیل ندرُ ولوہ وہ بال سے ترکوئے نفر خوال ہوجا گلمت مال اہ میں کئے توکوئے نفر خوال ہوجا

Guzar Ja Ban Ke Seel-E-Tund Ro Koh-E-Byaban Se
Gulistan Rah Mein Aye To Joo'ay Naghma Khawan Ho Ja
Pass like a river in full spate through the mountains and the deserts;
If the garden should come your way, then become a melodiously singing stream.

ترے علم و محتب لی نہیں ہے تہ سالوئی نہیں ہے تجھے سے بڑھار سارِ فطرت میں نوالوئی

Tere Ilm-O-Mohabbat Ki Nahin Hai Intaha Koi Nahin Hai Tujh Se Barh Kar Saaz-E-Fitrat Mein Nawa Koi There is no limit to your knowledge and love; In the instrument of nature there is no sweeter song than you.

> ر امبی مک ادمی سیزربون شهرماری ہے میامت ہے کہ انسان نوع انسان کاشکاری م

Abhi Tak Admi Sayd-E-Zaboon-E-Sheher Yari Hai Qayamat Hai Ke Insan Nu-E-Insan Ka Shikari Hai Even now, mankind if the miserable prey to imperialism; How distressing that man is hunted by man!

> ر نظرلونجیرولرتی ہے جیات تہذیب عاضرلی چیستناعی مکر حُبوٹے مگوں لی ریزہ کاری ہے

Nazar Ko Kheerah Karti Hai Chamak Tehzeeb-E-Hazir Ki Ye Sanaee Magar Jhoote Nagon Ki Rezakari Hai The glitter of modern civilization dazzles the sight; But this clever craftsmanship is a mosaic of false jewels.

> و چکت نازتھاجس رپخردمندان نغرب کو پوسس کینجب نُوندیں میں بینع کارزاری ہ

Woh Hikmat Naz Tha Jis Par Khiradmandan-E-Maghrib Ko Hawas Ke Panja'ay Khoonin Mein Taegh-E-Karzari Hai That science, in which the scholars of the West took pride, Is the sword of warfare held in the bloody grip of greed.

> تر تر لی فئوں کاری میجے کے میزس سے تا جہاں میرجب تریمذن کی بنا سے طریہ ارسی م

Tadabur Ki Fasoon Kari Se Mohkam Ho Nahin Sakta Jahan Mein Jis Tamaddan Ki Bina Sarmayadari Hai That civilization of the world, which is founded on capitalism, Can never be become strong by spellbinding schemes.

> عمل سے زندلی منبتی ہے جنبت بھی جہتم ہی یہ خالی اپنی فطرت میں نہ نوری ہے نہ ماری ہے

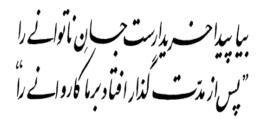
Amal Se Zindagi Banti Hai Jannat Bhi, Jahanum Bhi Ye Khaki Apni Fitrat Mein Na Noori Hai Na Naari Hai By action life may become both paradise and hell; This creature of dust in its nature is neither of light nor of fire.

> ے 'برس خروث ل موزب ل ہو'کر ہ غنچے کی والر و کر تُو اس کا سِتال کے واسطے با دِ بہماری ،

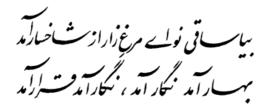
Kharosh Amoz-E-Bulbul Ho, Girah Ghunche Ki Wa Kar De Ke Tu Iss Gulistan Ke Waste Baad-E-Bahari Hai Teach the nightingale to send forth its clamour; Open the knot of the bud, for you are the spring breeze for this garden.

> ئىرائىمى اينسىياك لىسىچىكارى تىتكى ئەيىن جولال كۈلسىك قىلمارتىت ئامىن جولال كۈلسىك قىلمارتىت

Phir Uthi Asia Ke Dil Se Chankari Mohabbat Ki Zameen Joulan Geh-E-Atlas Qabayan-E-Tatari Hai Once more the spark of love has arisen from the heart of Asia; The earth is the coursing-ground for the stain-cloaked Tartars.



Baya Paida Khareedarst Jaan-E-Natoowane Ra "Pas Az Muddat Gudaz Aftaad Barma Karwame Ra" Arise! A buyer has come to our hapless life; After an age, the time has come for our caravan's departure.

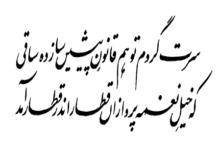


Baya Saqi Nawaye Murgh-E-Zaar Az Shakhsar Amad Bahar Amad Nigar Amad, Nigar Amad Qirar Amad Come, Saki! The song of the bird of the garden has come from the branches;

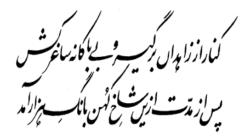
The spring has come; the beloved has come; peace has come!

کنید اربب رخیمی لندر واده می وسرا مرب صداے ابث راں ازمن راز لوہمار آمر

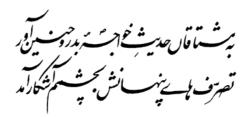
Kasheed Abar-E-Bahari Khemah Andar Wai-O-Sehra Sada'ay Absharan Az Faraz-E-Kohsar Amad The spring cloud has pitched its tent in the valley and the desert; The sound of the waterfall has come from the summit of the mountains.



Sarat Gardam To Ham Qanoon-E-Paisheen Saazdah Saqi Ke Kheel-E-Naghma Pardazan Qitar Andar Qitar Amad I implore you; renew the law of the past! For the army of singers has come drove upon drove.



Kanar Az Zahadan Bargeer-O-Bebakana Saghar Kash Pas Az Muddar Azeen Shakh-E-Kuhan Bang-E-Hazar Amad Turn away from the ascetics and fearlessly drink wine from the jar; After an age the song of the nightingale has rung out from this old branch.

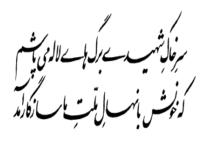


Ba Mushtaqan Hadees-E-Khawajah (S.A.W.)-E-Badar-O-Hunain Awar Tasarraf Haye Pinhanash Ba-Chashm Ashkar Amad Bring the account of the Master of Badr and Hunain (PBUH) to those who yearn;

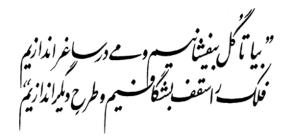
Its hidden mystic powers have been revealed to the eye.

گرتاخ سیال از نُون ما نم ناک می کردو بب ازارِ محتبت نقدِ ما کالاعی رامد

Dgar Shakh-E-Khalil (A.S.) Az Khoon-E-Ma Namnaak Mee Gardad Babazaar-E-Mohabbat Naqad-E-Maa Kamil Ayar Amad Again the branch of Khalil has been watered by the sap of our blood; In the marketplace of love our cash has proved to be perfect.



Sir-E-Khak Shaheeday Barg Haye Lala Mee Pasham
Ke Khawinsh Banihal-E-Millat Ma Saazgar Amad
I scatter the pearls of tulips upon the dust of the martyrs,
For their blood has proved to be effective for the saplings of the
community.



"Baya Ta Gul Bifasha-Neeyam Wa May Dar Saghar Andazyam Falak Ra Saqaf Bashagafiyam Wa Tarah-E-Deegar Andazyam" Come, so that we may strew roses and pour a measure of wine in the cup! Let us split open the roof of the heavens and think upon new ways.

مسجد فرطب

Masjid-e-Qurtuba
THE MOSQUE OF CORDOBA (poem7)

ر (سپانىيەلىسزىين بضوص فولمبەرىكى لىق)

(Haspania Ki Sarzameen, Bil-Khasoos Qurtaba Mein Likhi Gyi) (Written in Spain, especially Cordoba)

> بات از روز وشب بقت کر عاد ثات باس از روز وشب ، صل حیات وممات

Silsalah-E-Roz-O-Shab, Naqsh Gar-E-Hadsaat Silsalah-E-Roz-O-Shab, Asal-E-Hayat-O-Mamaat The succession of day and night, is the architect of events. The succession of day and night, is the fountain-head of life and death.

> سِل لهٔ روزوشب، تارِس رردورنک جسسے بناتی ہے ذات اپنی قبلئے صفات

Silsalah-E-Roz-O-Shab, Taar-E-Hareer-E-Do Rang Jis Se Banati Hai Zaat Apni Qaba'ay Sifat The succession of day and night, is a two-tone silken twine, With which the Divine Essence, prepares Its apparel of Attributes.

> سب به روز وشب سازازل کفین س جس سے دکھاتی ہے ذات زیر وم مکنت م

Silsalah-E-Roz-O-Shab, Saaz-E-Azal Ki Faghan
Jis Se Dikhati Hai Zaat Zair-O-Bam-E-Mumkinaat
The succession of day and night, is the reverberation of the symphony of
Creation.

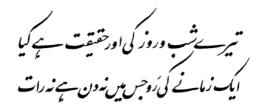
Through its modulations, the Infinite demonstrates the parameters of possibilities.

ر ر تجہ کو پڑھت ہے ی^{ہ مجہ} کو پڑھست ہے یہ ساک کہ روزوشب ہئسیرٹی کا تنات

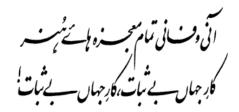
Tujh Ko Parakhta Hai Ye, Mujh Ko Parakhta Hai Ye Silsalah-E-Roz-O-Shab, Sayr Fee Kainat Now sitting in judgement on you, Now setting a value on me. The succession of day and night is the touchstone of the universe;

> ر ار تو جواله کم عیب رئین نیون اکه کم عیب ر موسیع تیری برات موسیعے میری برات

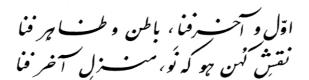
Tu Ho Agar Kam Ayaar, Main Hun Agar Kam Ayaar Mout Hai Teri Baraat, Mout Hai Meri Baraat But what if you are found wanting, What if I am found wanting. Death is your ultimate destiny, Death is my ultimate destiny.



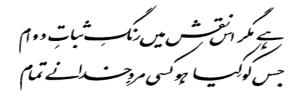
Tere Shab-O-Roz Ki Aur Haqiqat Hai Kya Aik Zamane Ki Ro Jis Mein Na Din Hai Na Raat What else is the reality of your days and nights, Besides a surge in the river of time, sans day, sans night.



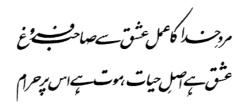
Aani -O-Fani Tamam Mojazaat Haye Gunar Kaar-E-Jahan Be-Sabaat, Kaar-E-Jahan Be-Sabaat! Frail and evanescent, all miracles of ingenuity, Transient, all temporal attainments; Ephemeral, all worldly accomplishments.



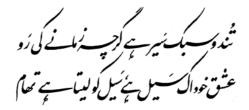
Awwal-O-Akhir Fana, Batin-O-Zahir Fana Naqsh-E-Kuhan Ho Ke Nau, Manzil-E-Akhir Fana Annihilation is the end of all beginnings; Annihilation is the end of all ends. Extinction, the fate of everything; Hidden or manifest, old or new.



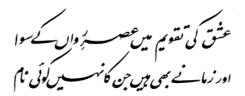
Hai Magar Iss Naqsh Mein Rang-E-Sabaat-E-Dawam
Jis Ko Kiya Ho Kisi Mard-E-Khuda Ne Tamam
Yet in this very scenario indelible is the stamp of permanence
On the deeds of the good and godly.



Mard-E-Khuda Ka Amal Ishq Se Sahib Firogh Ishq Hai Asal-E-Hayat, Mout Hai Iss Par Haraam Deeds of the godly radiate with Love, The essence of life, which death is forbidden to touch.

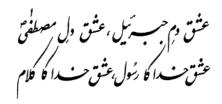


Tund-O-Subak Sair Hai Gharcha Zamane Ki Ro Ishq Khud Ek Sayl Hai, Sayl Ko Leta Hai Thaam Fast and free flows the tide of time, But Love itself is a tide that stems all tides.



Ishq Ki Taqweem Mein Asar-E-Rawan Ke Sawa Aur Zamane Bhi Hain Jin Ka Nahin Koi Naam In the chronicle of Love there are times other than the past, the present and the future;

Times for which no names have yet been coined.



Ishq Dam-E-Jibreel, Ishq Dam-E-Mustafa (S.A.W.).
Ishq Khuda Ka Rasool, Ishq Khuda Ka Kalaam
Love is the breath of Gabriel. Love is the heart of Holy Prophet (PBUH).
Love is the messenger of God. Love is the Word of God.

عثق ألى سى المام عثق المام

Ishq Ki Masti Se Hai Paikar-E-Gil Taabnaak Ishq Hai Sehba'ay Khaam, Ishq Hai Kaas-Ul-Kiraam Love is ecstasy lends luster to earthly forms. Love is the heady wine, Love is the grand goblet.

> عثق نقیب برسرم، عثق اسبر بُرجنوه عثق ہے ابن اسبیل اس سے ہزاروں مقام

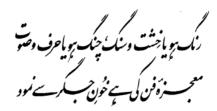
Ishq Faqeeh-E-Haram, Ishq Ameer Junood Ishq Hai Ibn-UI-Sabeel, Iss Ke Hazaron Maqam Love is the commander of marching troops, Love is a wayfarer with many a way-side abode.

> عثق کے مضاب نیعن منہ آرصیات عثق سے نورحیات ،عثق سے نار حیات

Ishq Ke Mizraab Se Naghma'ay Taar-E-Hayat Ishq Se Noor-E-Hayat, Ishq Se Naar-E-Hayat Love is the plectrum that brings Music to the string of life. Love is the light of life, Love is the fire of life.

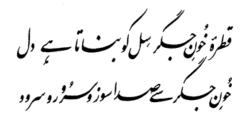
> اجسئرم توطنب إعشق سے تیرا وجود عشق سرایا دوام جس میں نہیں فت و بود

Ae Haram-E-Qurtuba! Ishq Se Tera Wujood Ishq Sarapa Dawam, Jis Mein Nahin Raft-o-Bood To Love, you owe your being, O, Harem of Cordoba, To Love, that is eternal; Never waning, never fading.



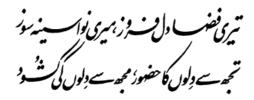
Rang Ho Ya Khisht-o-Sang, Chang Ho Ya Harf-o-Soot Moajaza-E-Fan Ki Hai Khoon-E-Jigar Se Namood Just the media these pigments, bricks and stones; This harp, these words and sounds, just the media.

The miracle of art springs from the lifeblood of the artist!



Katra-E-Khoon-E-Jigar Sil Ko Banata Hai Dil Khoon-E-Jigar Se Sada Souz-o-Suroor-o-Surood A droplet of the lifeblood transforms a piece of dead rock into a living heart:

An impressive sound, into a song of solicitude, A refrain of rapture or a melody of mirth.



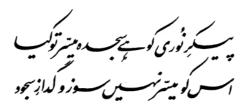
Teri Fiza Dil Faroz , Meri Nawa Sina Soz
Tujh Se Dilon Ka Huzoor, Mujh Se Dilon Ki Kushood
The aura you exude, illumines the heart. My plaint kindles the soul.
You draw the hearts to the Presence Divine, I inspire them to bloom and blossom.

ے عرض مٹنی ہے اسٹنداد نہمسیں گریپ کونے ماک ایجب ہے کیٹوو

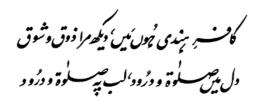
Arsh-E-Muala Se Kam Sina'ay Adam Nahin Garche Kaf-Ekhak Ki Had Hai Sipihr-E-Kubood No less exalted than the Exalted Throne, Is the throne of the heart, the

human breast!

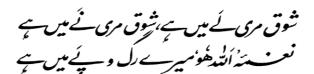
Despite the limit of azure skies, Ordained for this handful of dust.



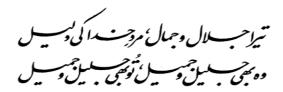
Pekar-E-Noori Ko Hai Sajda Meyasir To Kya Iss Ko Meyasir Nahin Soz-O-Gudaaz-E-Sujood Celestial beings, born of light, Do have the privilege of supplication, But unknown to them are the verve and warmth of prostration.



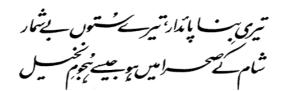
Kafir-E-Hindi Hun Main, Dekh Mera Zauq-O-Shauq Dil Mein Salat-O-Durood, Lab Pe Salat-O-Durood An Indian infidel, perchance, am I; But look at my fervour, my ardour. 'Blessings and peace upon the Prophet,' sings my heart. 'Blessings and peace upon the Prophet,' echo my lips.



Shauq Meri Le Main Hai, Shauq Meri Ne Mein Hai Naghma'ay 'ALLAH HOO' Mere Rag-E-Pe Mein Hai My song is the song of aspiration. My lute is the serenade of longing. Every fibre of my being Resonates with the refrains of Allah hoo!



Tera Jalal-O-Jamal, Mard-E-Khuda Ki Daleel
Woh Bhi Jaleel-O-Jameel, Tu Bhi Jaleel-O-Jameel
Your beauty, your majesty, Personify the graces of the man of faith.
You are beautiful and majestic. He too is beautiful and majestic.



Teri Bina Paidar, Tere Sutoon Be-Shumar Sham Ke Sehra Mein Ho Jaise Hujoom-E-Nakheel Your foundations are lasting, Your columns countless, Like the profusion of palms In the plains of Syria.

> تىپەركەروبام ىر دادى أىمن كا نور تىرامىن رىبنىدىب دە كوجب ئىل

Tere Dar-O-Baam Par Wadi-E-Ayman Ka Noor
Tera Minaar-E-Buland Jalwagah-E-Jibreel
Your arches, your terraces, shimmer with the light that once flashed in the valley of Aiman

Your soaring minaret, all aglow In the resplendence of Gabriel's glory.

مٹ نہیں سالبھی مروب لماں کہ ہے اس لی اذانوں سے فاش سے قلیم وسی ل

Mit Nahin Sakta Kabhi Mard-E-Musalman Ke Hai Iss Ki Azanon Se Fash Sir-E-Kaleem(A.S.)-O-Khalil(A.S.) The Muslim is destined to last as his Azan holds the key to the mysteries of the perennial message of Abraham and Moses.

> ر اس کی زمیں بے حدود ، اس فاافُق بے تغور اس کے سمندر کی موج ، دحلہ و د نیوب ویل

Iss Ki Zameen Behadood, Is Ka Ufaq Be Sooghoor Iss Ke Samundar Ki Mouj, Dajla-O-Danyob-O-Neel His world knows no boundaries, His horizon, no frontiers. Tigris, Danube and Nile: Billows of his oceanic expanse. اس كزمان عجيب اس كفيان غوي عهد لهن كو دياس نيپ جرس

Iss Ke Zamane Ajeeb, Iss Ke Fasane Ghareeb
Ehad-E-Kuhan Ko Diya Iss Ne Payam-E-Raheel
Fabulous, have been his times! Fascinating, the accounts of his achievements!

He it was, who bade the final adieu To the outworn order.

ساقى ارباب فوق فارسس سيدان شوق بادە سے اس فارحیق تیغ ہے اس لی اسل

Saqi Arbab-E-Zauq, Faris-E-Maidan-E-Shauq Badah Hai Iss Ka Raheeq, Taeg Hai Iss Ki Aseel A cup-bearer is he, With the purest wine for the connoisseur; A cavalier in the path of Love with a sword of the finest steel.

> مروس پاہی ہے وہ' اسس کی زرہ ' لا إله' سائیٹ شیر میں اسس کی بینہ ُ لا إله'

Mard-E-Sipahi Hai Woh, Iski Zirah 'LA ILAHA'
Saya-E-Shamsheer Mein Is Ski Panah 'LA ILAHA'
A combatant, with 'La Ilah' as his coat of mail.
Under the shadow of flashing scimitars, 'La Ilah' is his protection.

تعجیہ سے مُبوا آٹ دار مرکز اس سے دنوں تی بیش،اس کیشبوں کا لداز

Tujh Se Huwa Ashkara Banda-E-Momin Ka Raaz Iss Ke Dino Ki Tapish, Is Ke Shabon Ka Gudaaz Your edifice unravels The mystery of the faithful; The fire of his fervent days, The bliss of his tender nights. اس کامنت میند، اسس کا خیال عظیم اس کامئرور اس کاشوق، اس کانیاز اس کاناز

Iss Ka Maqam Buland, Iss Ka Khayal Azeem
Iss Ka Suroor Iss Ka Shauq, Iss Ka Niaz Iss Ka Naaz
Your grandeur calls to mind The loftiness of his station,
The sweep of his vision, His rapture, his ardour, his pride, his humility.

ہتھ ہے اللہ کا بندہ مومن کا ہتھ غالب و کار است رین کارنش، کارس ز

Hath Hai ALLAH Ka Banda-E-Momin Ka Hath Ghalib-O-Kaar Afreen, Kaar Kusha, Kaar Saaz The might of the man of faith is the might of the Almighty: Dominant, creative, resourceful, consummate.

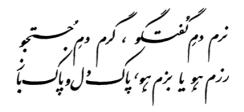
> ر خالی و نوری نهب د سب رهٔ مولاصفات هردوجهب ن سنعنی اس کا ول بے نیاز

Khaki-O-Noori Nihad, Banda-E-Mola Sifat
Har Do Jahan Se Ghani Iss Ka Dil-E-Beniaz
He is terrestrial with celestial aspect; A being with the qualities of the
Creator.

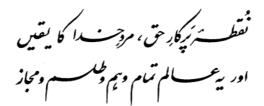
His contented self has no demands on this world or the other.

اس کی آمید بی قلیل اس کے مقاصد میں اس کی ادا دل فریب اس کی بلد دل نواز

Uss Ki Umeedain Qaleel, Uss Ke Maqasid Jaleel Uss Ki Ada Dil Faraib, Iss Ki Nigah Dil Nawaz His desires are modest; his aims exalted; His manner charming; his ways winsome.

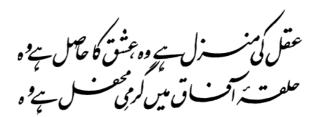


Naram Dam-E-Guftugoo, Garam Dam-E-Justujoo
Razm Ho Ya Bazm Ho, Pak Dil-O-Pak Baz
Soft in social exposure, Tough in the line of pursuit.
But whether in fray or in social gathering, Ever chaste at heart, ever clean in conduct.

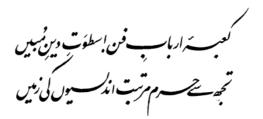


Nukta'ay Parkar-E-Haq, Mard-E-Khuda Ka Yaqeen
Aur Ye Alam Tamam Weham-O-Tilism-O-Majaz
In the celestial order of the macrocosm, His immutable faith is the centre
of the Divine Compass.

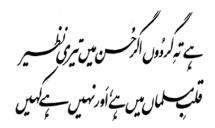
All else: illusion, sorcery, fallacy.



Aqal Ki Manzil Hai Woh, Ishq Ka Hasil Hai Woh Halqa'ay Afaq Mein Garmi-E-Mehfil Hai Woh He is the journey's end for reason, He is the raison d'etre of Love. An inspiration in the cosmic communion.



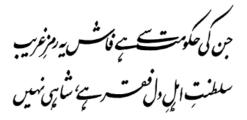
Kaaba Arbab-E-Fan! Sitwat-E-Deen-E-Mubeen
Tujh Se Haram Martabat Andlusiyon Ki Zameen
O, Mecca of art lovers, You are the majesty of the true tenet.
You have elevated Andalusia To the eminence of the holy Harem.



Hai Teh-E-Gardoon Agar Husn Mein Teri Nazeer Qalb-E-Musalman Mein Hai, Aur Nahin Hai Kahin Your equal in beauty, If any under the skies, Is the heart of the Muslim and no one else.

> مه وه مردان عق إ وه عب ربی شهسوار ما ال خُسُ قِ عَظِیمُ ، صاحبِ صدق ویقیں ما ال حُسُ قِ عَظِیمُ ، صاحبِ صدق ویقیں

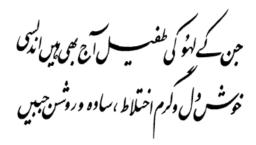
Aah Woh Mardan-E-Haq! Woh Arabi Shehsawar Hamil-E-Khulq-E-Azeem, Sahib-E-Sidq-O-Yaqeen Ah, those men of truth, Those proud cavaliers of Arabia; Endowed with a sublime character, Imbued with candour and conviction.



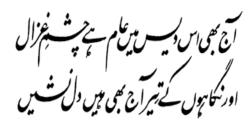
Jin Ki Hukumat Se Hai Fash Ye Ramz-E-Ghareeb
Saltanat Ahl-E-Dil Faqar Hai, Shahi Nahin
Their reign gave the world an unfamiliar concept;
That the authority of the brave and spirited lay in modesty and simplicity, rather than pomp and regality.

ر اگر جن کی کاہوں نے کی رسئیٹ شرق وغرب نُکسٹِ یورپ میں تھی جن کی جنٹے راہ ہیں

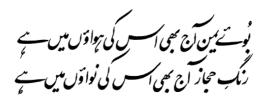
Jin Ki Nigahon Ne Ki Tarbiat-E-Sharq-O-Gharb Zulmat-E-Yorap Mein Thi Jin Khird Rah Been Their sagacity guided the East and the West. In the dark ages of Europe, It was the light of their vision that lit up the tracks.



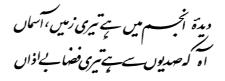
Jin Ke Lahoo Ki Tafail Aaj Bhi Hain Andlasi Khush Dil-O-Garam Ikhtalaat, Sada-O-Roshan Jabeen A tribute to their blood it is, That the Andalusians, even today, Are effable and warm-hearted, Ingenuous and bright of countenance.



Aaj Bhi Iss Dais Mein Aam Hai Chasm-E-Ghazaal Aur Nigahon Ke Teer Aaj Bhi Hain Dil Nasheen Even today in this land, Eyes like those of gazelles are a common sight. And darts shooting out of those eyes, Even today, are on target.



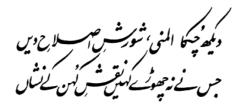
Boo'ay Yaman Aaj Bhi Is Ski Hawaon Mein Hai Rang-E-Hijaz Aaj Bhi Iss Ki Nawaon Mein Hai Its breeze, even today, Is laden with the fragrance of Yemen. Its music, even today, Carries strains of melodies from Hijaz.



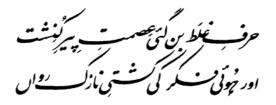
Didah-E-Anjum Mein Hai Teri Zameen, Asman Aah Ke Sadiyon Se Hai Teri Faza Be-Azan Stars look upon your precincts as a piece of heaven. But for centuries, alas! Your porticoes have not resonated With the call of the muezzin.

کون سی وادی میں ہے کون سی منزل میں ہے عشقِ بلزحمیے نہ واحت فلاسخت جار ا

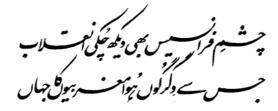
Kon Se Wadi Mein Hai, Kon Si Manzil Mein Hai Ishq-E-Bala Khaiz Ka Kafla'ay Sakht Jaan! What distant valley, what way-side abode is holding back That valiant caravan of rampant Love.



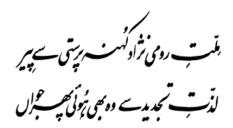
Dekh Chuka Almani, Shorish-E-Islah-E-Deen Jis Ne Na Chore Kahin Naqsh-E-Kuhan Ke Nishan Germany witnessed the upheaval of religious reforms That left no trace of the old perspective.



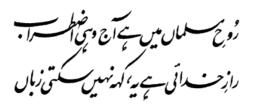
Harf-E-Galat Ban Gyi Ismat-E-Peer-E-Kunisht Aur Huwi Fikar Ki Kashti-E-Nazuk Rawan Infallibility of the church sage began to ring false. Reason, once more, unfurled its sails.



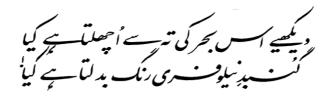
Chashme-E-Francis Bhi Dekh Chuki Inqilab Jis Se Digargoon Huwa Magribiyon Ka Jahan France too went through its revolution That changed the entire orientation of Western life.



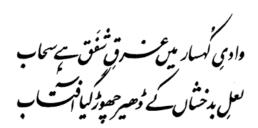
Millat-E-Roomi Nazad Kuhna Prasti Se Peer Lazzat-E-Tajdeed Se Woh Bhi Huwi Phir Jawan Followers of Rome, feeling antiquated worshipping the ancientry, Also rejuvenated themselves with the relish of novelty.



Rooh-E-Musalman Mein Hai Aaj Wohi Iztarab Raaz-E-Khudai Hai Ye, Keh Nahin Sakti Zuban The same storm is raging today In the soul of the Muslim. A Divine secret it is, Not for the lips to utter.



Dekhiye Iss Behar Ki Teh Se Uchalta Hai Kya Gunbad-E-Nilofari Rang Badalta Hai Kya! Let us see what surfaces from the depths of the deep. Let us see what color, The blue sky changes into.



Wadi-E-Kuhsaar Mein Garaq-E-Shafaq Hai Sahab
La'al-E-Badkhashan Ke Dhair Chor Gya Aftab
Clouds in the yonder valley are drenched in roseate twilight.
The parting sun has left behind mounds and mounds of rubies, the best from Badakhshan.

رار سادہ و ٹرسوزہے 'وخروعہت ں کالیت کشتی ول کے لیے سیل ہے عہد شباب

Sada-O-Pursoz Hai Dukhtar-E-Dehqan Ka Geet Kashti-E-Dil Ke Liye Sayl Hai Ehad-E-Shabab Simple and doleful is the song of the peasant's daughter: Tender feelings adrift in the tide of youth.

> ر ایس واکن شیراتیر کانات کوئی ولیمدر داسی کسی اور زمانے کا خواب

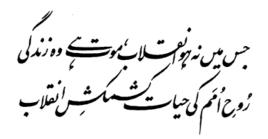
Aab-E-Rawan-E-Kabeer! Tere Kinare Koi
Dekh Raha Hai Kisi Aur Zamane Ka Khawab
O, the ever-flowing waters of Guadalquivir (1, see reference at end),
Someone on your banks is seeing a vision of some other period of time.

عب الم نُوہے ابھی بروہ تعت در میں میری نکا ہوں میں ہے اس کی سخر لے حجاب

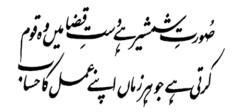
Alam-E-Nau Hai Abhi Parda'ay Taqdeer Mein Meri Nigahon Mein Hai Iss Ki Sehar Behijab Tomorrow is still in the curtain of intention, But its dawn is flashing before my mind's eye.

> پروه أممث وول الرحب رة افعارے لا زیکے کا فرنا ہے بیری نواؤں کی تاب

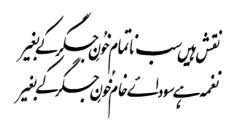
Parda Utha Doon Agar Chehra'ay Afkar Se La Na Sake Ga Farang Meri Nawa'on Ki Taab Were I to lift the veil from the profile of my reflections, The West would be dazzled by its brilliance.



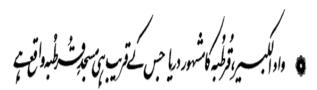
Jis Mein Na Ho Inqilab, Mout Hai Woh Zindagi Rooh-E-Ummam Ki Hayat Kashmakash-E-Inqilab Life without change is death. The tumult and turmoil of revolution, Keep the soul of a nation alive.



Soorat-E-Shamsheer Hai Dast-E-Qaza Mein Woh Qaum Karti Hai Jo Har Zaman Apne Amal Ka Hisaab Keen, as a sword in the hands of Destiny Is the nation that evaluates its actions at each step.



Nagsh Hain Sub Na-Tamam Khoon-E-Jigar Ke Begair Naghma Hai Soda'ay Kham Khoon-E-Jigar Ke Begair Incomplete are all creations without the lifeblood of the creator. Soulless is the melody without the lifeblood of the maestro.



Wada-Al-Kabeer, Qurtuba Ka Mashoor Darya Jis Ke Qareeb Hi Masjid-E-Qurtaba Waqiya Hai

(1) Guadalquivir—"The well-known river of Cordoba, near which the Mosque is located."

A Portrait of Anguish - Poem by Allama Iqbal

تصویر درد

Tasveer-e-Dard The Portrait Of Anguish (poem8)

نه ينَّتُ شِ آجُ نيك تاري خُرُيعتُ وبنه نِه الله عَ الري

Nahin Minnatkash-e-Taab-e-Shaneedan Dastan Meri Khamoshi Guftugu Hai, Be-Zubani Hai Zuban Meri My story is not indebted to the patience of being heard my silence is my talk, my speechlessness is my speech

يهتوز النبدي كيساتري فان سيات بات المركز ورش المرادي

Ye Dastoor-e-Zuban Bandi Hai Kaisa Teri Mehfil Mein Yahan To Baat Karne Ko Tarasti Hai Zuban Meri Why does this custom of silencing exist in your assembly? My tongue is tantalized to talk in this assembly

> ا میں کو اور کا اس کے بیار کر اور اس میں میں میں طرف بیمری کی ہوات رسری انتصابے بیات کے بیار کے بیار کے بیار کا اس میں میں ماری طرف بیمری کی ہوات رسری

Uthaye Kuch Waraq Lale Ne, Kuch Nargis Ne, Kuch Gul Ne Chaman Mein Har Taraf Bikhri Huwi Hai Dastan Meri Some leaves were picked up by the tulip, some by the narcissus, some by the rose

My story is scattered around everywhere in the garden

اُڑا فیروں طوطیوں عندیب بوائے میں میں اُلوٹ الرکوٹ الی طرز فغال میری

Urha Li Qumriyon Ne, Tootiyon Ne, Andleebon Ne Chaman Walon Ne Mil Kar Loot Li Tarz-e-Faghan Meri The turtle-doves, parrots, and nightingales pilfered away The garden's denizens jointly robbed away my plaintive way

Tapak Ae Shama Ansu Ban Ke Parwane Ki Ankhon Se Sarapa Darun Hun, Hasrat Bhari Hai Dastan Meri O Candle! Drip like tears from the eye of the moth Head to foot pathos I am, full of longing is my story

الني عير فراليات ميان نيامين سنے كا حياتِ جاودان ميزي ندمركِ الهام ميا

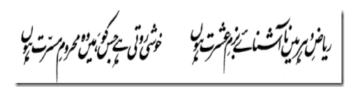
Elahi! Phir Maza Kiya Hai Yahan Dunya Mein Rehne Ka Hayat-e-Javidan Meri! Na Marg-e-Naghaan Meri! O God! What is the pleasure of living so in this world? Neither the eternal life, nor the sudden death is mine

مارونانهين ونائب يو يُقت ما كالله وهايم بيض الرابي كالمالي يوافعزان يو

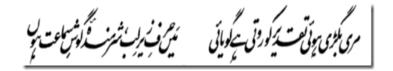
Mera Rona Nahi, Rona Hai Ye Sare Gulistan Ka Woh Gul Hon Main, Khazan Har Gul Ki Hai Goya Khazan Meri This is not only my wailing, but is that of the entire garden I am a rose, to me every rose' autumn is my autumn

> "دریر سرت سرا عرست نسور جرائن زفیفر نسب زیباخروش بینفشن ارم" زفیفر نبسید نیهاخروش بینفشن ارم"

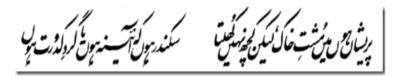
"Dareen Hasrat Sra Umarist Afsoon-e-Jaras Daram Za-Faiz-e-Dil Tapeedan Ha Kharosh-e-Be Nafas Daram" "In this grief-stricken land, in life-long spell of the caravan's bell I am From the palpitating heart's bounties the silent clamor I have"



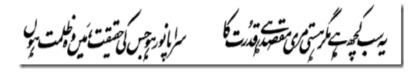
Riyadh-e-Dehr Mein Na-Ashnaye Bazm-e-Ishrat Hon Khushi Roti Hai Jis Ko, Main Woh Mehroom-e-Mussarat Hun In the world's garden unaware of pleasant company I am Whom happiness still mourns, that hapless person I am



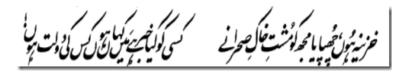
Meri Bigharti Huwi Taqdeer Ko Roti Hai Goyai Main Harf-e-Zair-e-Lab, Sharminda'ay Gosh-e-Sama'at Hun Speech itself sheds tears at my ill luck Silent word, longing for an eager ear I am



Preshan Hun Main Musht-e-Khaak, Lekin Kuch Nahin Khulta Sikandar Hun Ke Aaeena Hun Ya Gard-e-Kadoorat Hun I am a mere handful of scattered dust but I do not know Whether Alexander or a mirror or just dust and scum I am



Ye Sub Kuch Hai Magar Hasti Meri Maqsad Hai Qudrat Ka Sarapa Noor Ho Jis Ki Haqiqat, Main Woh Zulmat Hun Despite all this my existence is the Divine Purpose Embodiment of light is whose reality, that darkness I am



Khazeena Hun, Chupaya Mujh Ko Musht-e-Khak-e-Sehra Ne Kisi Ko Kya Khabar Hai Main Kahan Hun Kis Ki Doulat Hun! I am a treasure, concealed in the wilderness dust No one knows where I am, or whose wealth I am?

ر سے اس نظرمیری نہیں منون سیرِ عرص تیس میں میں چھوٹی سی نیا ہو کر اپنے لایت ہو نظر میری نہیں منون سیرِ عرص تیس میں میں میں اس میں اس

Nazar Meri Nahin Mamnoon-e-Sair-e-Arsa-e-Hasti Main Woh Chotti Si Dunya Hon Ke Ap Apni Walayat Hon My insight is not obligated to the stroll of existence That small world I am whose sovereign myself I am

نصهابيون ساقى وئندستى بون بيمانه مين سيخانيستى مين شيخ احقيت بو

Na Sehba Hun Na Saqi Hon, Na Masti Hon Na Pemana Main Iss Mai Khana-e-Hasti Mein Har Shay Ki Haqiqat Hun Neither wine, nor cup-bearer, nor ecstasy, nor goblet I am But the truth of everything in the existence' tavern I am

> محية ازووس المول كاتمينه وكهاني ر ر سرس دمي لها بموس و كويسان الحصول المديج مري لها بموس و كويسان الحصول المديج

Mujhe Raaz-e-Do Alam Dil Ka Aaeena Dikhata Hai Wohi Kehta Hun Jo Kuch Samne Aankhon Ke Ata Hai My heart's mirror shows me both world's secrets I relate exactly what I witness before my eyes

عطالیابیام محبرکوئیوازگی بانون پی کربام عرش کے طار میں پیم بانون پ

Atta Aesa Byan Mujh Ko Huwa Rangeen Byabanon Mein Ke Baam-e-Arsh Ke Taa'ir Hain Mere Hum Zubanon Mein I am bestowed with such speech among the elegant speakers That the birds of the 'Arsh's roof are concordant with me

اربيه بيالم مير في في المالك مراتبية ول مي فضاك داز دانون مي

Asar Ye Bhi Hai Ek Mere Junoon-e-Fitna Saman Ka Mera Aeena'ay Dil Hai Qaza Ke Raaz Danon Mein This also is an effect of my tumultuous love That my heart's mirrors are Destiny's confidante

رُلاتَا يَ الظَّاره ك يندوسان المجدَّلو المحارية النَّاسِين النَّالِين السَّالِين اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللّ

Rulata Hai Tera Nazara Ae Hinduston! Mujh Ko Ke Ibrat Khaiz Hai Tera Fasana Sub Fasanon Mein Your spectacle makes me shed tears, O India! Your tales are admonitory among all the tales

دیارونا مجھے ایساکر سب کچھ دے دیالویا کبلے ازل نے مجرکو تیر نوخوانوں

Diya Rona Mujhe Aesa Ke Sub Kuch De Diya Goya Likha Kalk-e-Azal Ne Mujh Ko Tere Noha Khawanon Mein Conferring the wailing on me is like conferring everything Since eternity Destiny's pen has put me where all your mourners are

> نْ الْرِيْلِ اللَّهِ مِنْ جِمُوا مِنْ عُلِيلٍ مِنْ مِنْ عَلَيْلٍ مِنْ عَلَيْلٍ مِنْ عَلَيْلِ مِنْ عِلَيْلِ مِن نَتْ إِنْ لِكُلُّ مِنْ جِمُوا مِنْ عَلَيْلٍ مِنْ مِنْ عِلَيْلِ مِنْ عِلَيْلِ مِنْ عِلَيْلِومِ مِنْ عِبَانُومِ

Nishan-e-Barg-e-Gul Tak Bhi Na Chorh Iss Bagh Mein Gul-Cheen!
Teri Qismat Se Razm Arayan Hain Baghbanon Mein
O gardener do not leave even the rose-petals' trace in this garden!
By your misfortune war preparations are afoot among the gardeners

میں ایک میں ایک ہور کے ایک میں ایک میں ایک ہور اس ایک ہے اور اس ایک ہور اس ایک ہور اس ایک ہور اس ایک ہور اس ای ایک میں ایک میں میں میں ایک ہور اس میں میں ایک ہور اس میں ایک ہور اس میں ایک ہور اس میں ایک ہور اس میں ایک ہو

Chupa Kar Asteen Mein Bijliyan Rakhi Hain Gardoon Ne Anadil Bagh Ke Ghafil Na Baithen Ashiyon Mein The sky has kept thunderbolts concealed up its sleeve Garden's nightingales should not slumber in their nests

مُن اغا فاصدار بن اله چیز چیب کو فطیفه جان کر پر ہے میں طائر وسانوں

Sun Ae Ghafil Sada Meri, Ye Aesi Cheez Hai Jis Ko Wazifa Jaan Kar Perhte Hain Taair Bostanon Mein Listen to my call, O imprudent one! This is something which The birds in gardens are reciting like the daily prayers

وطن فی فکر زیادال مصیبت نے الی م تری را دیول مشورے ہیں ہسانوں یہ

Watan Ki Fikar Kar Nadan! Musibat Ane Wali Hai Teri Barbadiyon Ke Mashware Hain Asmanon Mein Think of the homeland, O ignorant one! Hard times are coming Conspiracies for your destruction are afoot in the heavens

ر المرافع ولحديمور والبيئة موني الله من وهوالياسي بعبلاعه رئيس في سانون من وراكيا بي بعبلاعه رئيس في سانون من

Zara Dekh Uss Ko Jo Kuch Ho Raha Hai, Hone Wala Hai Dhara Kya Hai Bhala Ehd-e-Kuhan Ki Dastnon Mein Pay attention to what is happening and what is going to happen What good there is in repeating the tales of the old glories?

يەخاسوشىكە كەڭ كەتت فرادىياكە نىدىچ ئوپواورتىرى صدابىر سىمانون

Ye Khamoshi Kahan Tak? Lazzat-e-Faryad Paida Kar Zameen Par Tu Ho Aur Teri Sada Ho Asmanon Mein How long will you remain silent? Create taste for complaint! You should be on the earth, so your cries be in the heavens!

> نهمجبوگے تومر مصابر گرائے اور الله میں مصاری سات کم بنی ہو کی سانوں سے اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ مصاری سات کم اللہ میں اللہ می

Na Samjho Ge To Mit Jao Ge Ae Hindustanon Walo!
Tumhari Dastan Tak Bhi Na Ho Gi Daston Mein
You will be annihilated if you do not understand, O people of India!
Even your tales will disappear from the world's chronicles

سی اندن قدرہے ہیں ہو بطریع میں اندن قدرہے میں ہو بار فطریع جرمے اول میں مان محبوب قطرہے

Ye Aaeen-e-Qudrat Hai, Yehi Asloob-e-Fitrat Hai Jo Hai Rah-e-Amal Mein Gaamzan, Mehboob-e-Fitrat Hai This is the law of Nature, this is the order of Nature Those who tread dynamism's path, are the darlings of Nature

ر المراد الني رسن بنها رقع على والمورو المعمل والمسال معمورول الموروك على الموروك على الموروك المعمل والمسال كري حيورول كالم

Hawaida Aaj Apne Zakhm-e-Pinhan Kar Ke Chorun Ga Lahoo Ro Ro Ke Mehfil Ko Gulistan Kar Ke Chorun Ga I will surely exhibit all my hidden wounds today I will surely change assembly to a garden with blood-mixed tears

جاد ایم محصر شرع دل لوسوز نیبان تری دیک اتون میر جانوان کر مصور و اول

Jalana Hai Mujhe Har Shama-e-Dil Ko Souz-e-Pinhan Se Teri Tareek Raaton Mein Charaghan Kar Ke Chorun Ga I have to light every heart's candle with hidden pathos I will surely create bright illumination in your darkness

الرفخون المارية المار

Magar Ghunchon Ki Soorat Hon Dil-e-Dard Ashna Paida Chaman Mein Musht-e-Khak Apni Preshan Kar Ke Chorun Ga So that love-cognizant hearts be created like rose-buds I will surely scatter around my handful of dust in the garden

ر برایت تربیج میں نکور شانونو میں موسکا نے تواس کل کواسال کے شوال

Parona Aik Hi Tasbeeh Mein In Bikhare Danon Ko Jo Muskhil Hai, To Iss Mushkil Ki Asan Kar Ke Chorun Ga If stringing these scattered pearls in a single rosary Is difficult, I will surely make this difficult task easy

Mujhe Ae Hum Nasheen Rehne De Shughal-e-Seena Kawi Mein Ke Main Dagh-e-Mohabbat Ko Numayan Kar Ke Chorun Ga O Companion! Leave me alone in the soul-searching effort As I will surely exhibit this mark of the ardent Love

> ر مرکز المحاد و کاجهان عبری المحاد و کاجهان مینده میران کی المحاد و کاجهان مینده میران کی المحاد و کاجهان کا ا ولهاد و کاجهان عبری المحاد کا محاد کا محاد کا محاد کا محاد کا کا محاد کا کا محاد کا کا کا کا کا کا کا کا کا کا

Dikha Doon Ga Jahan Ko Jo Meri Ankhon Ne Dekha Hai Tujhe Bhi Soorat-e-Aaeena Hairan Kar Ke Chorun Ga I will show the world what my eyes have seen I will surely make you also bewildered like a mirror

> جے روں میں احتماد کو لدیسے جے بروں میں احتماد کو لدیسی م زانے کی طبیعیت کا تعاضاد کمیولدیں ہے

Jo Hai Pardon Mein Pinhan, Chashm-e-Beena Dekh Leti Hai Zamane Ki Tabiyat Ka Taqaza Dekh Leti Hai The discerning eye sees every thing covered in veils It does see the exigencies of the nature of times

ر بیارفت لی لنگ نه دُل کواشا تونے سے ازاری عرب میں میں اُن تقت ہا تونے ا

Kiya Riffat Ki Lazzat Se Na Dil Ko Ashna Tu Ne Guzri Umer Pasti Mein Misal-e-Naqsh-e-Pa Tu Ne You have not acquainted your heart with pleasure of dignity You have passed your entire life in humility like foot-prints

> ر اول بسته محفل مرانبی تکاروں او سے ایس و محب سے زھرت اُٹنا تونے رہا وال بستہ محفل مرانبی تکاروں او

Raha Dil Basta-e-Mehfil, Magar Apni Nigahon Ko Kiya Bairoon-e-Mehfil Se Na Hairat Ashna Tu Ne You always remained entangled inside the assembly, but Have not acquainted yourself with the world outside the assembly

ندالر تاریا ول لوئٹ بینوں کی داؤر پر مسلم مروندیسی ندہس کے بینے میں اپنی دا تونے

Fida Karta Raha Dil Ko Haseenon Ki Ada'on Par Magar Dekhi Na Iss Aaeene Mein Apni Ada Tu Ne You have continued loving the charm of material beauties But you have never seen your own elegance in this mirror

> رہے : ہیں ۔ تعضہ جمپوڑ مادال دہر کے نتینہ خانے یہ ۔ تیصوریں ہیں تیری جنبی مجائے اُرا تونے

Taassub Chorh Nadan! Dehr Ke Aaeena Khane Mein Ye Tasveerain Hain Teri Jin Ko Samjha Hai Bura Tu Ne Give up prejudice O imprudent one! In the world's glass house They are your own pictures which you have taken as evil ones

سرایا پالة بب دا دِس وزِرْنُدُل عِلَّا سینداساً ره میراند که کمی ہے صار تونے

Sarapa Nala-e-Baidad-e-Souz-e-Zindagi Ho Ja Sapand Aasa Girah Mein Bandh Rakhi Hai Sada Tu Ne Become embodiment of the wail of tyranny of life's pathos! You have concealed sound in your pocket like the rue seed

سفت کے لولیار اُس کر تبعیرے کے سندرباندھ ہے اوا وار جاتنے نے

Safa'ay Dil Ko Kiya Araish-e-Rang-e-Taaluq Se Kaf-e-Aaeena Par Baandhi Hai O Nadan Hina Tu Ne Clarity of heart has nothing to do with external decorations O imprudent one! You have applied myrtle to mirror's palm

> زمیں کیا 'اسمان بحق بری کجیبنی پہُوماء مخصب مطرقراں کوعیب پالڑیا تونے! میں کیا 'اسمان بحق بری کجیبنی پہُوماء م

Zameen Kya, Asman Bhi Teri Kaj Beeni Pe Rota Hai Ghazab Hai Satar-e-Quran Ko Chalipa Kar Diya Tu Ne! Not only the earth even the sky is bewailing your imprudence It is outrageous that you have twisted the Qur'an's lines!

زباں سے کولیا توصید دولی تولیا صال بنا ہے بُتِ پندار کو اپنا مندا تونے

Zuban Se Gar Kiya Touheed Ka Dawa To Kya Hasil! Banya Hai Butt-e-Pindar Ko Apna Khuda Tu Ne To what purpose is your claim to monotheism! You have made the idol of self conceit your deity

Kunwain Mein Tu Ne Yousaf Ko Jo Dekha Bhi To Kya Dejha Are Ghafil! Jo Mutliq Tha Muqayyad Kar Diya Tu Ne What did you see even if you saw Yusuf in the well? O imprudent one! You have made the Absolute confined

> ہوس اللئے سنبرہے تھے گھیتانی کی نصیت بمبری سے ال افسانہ وائی نصیت بمبری سے ال افسانہ وائی

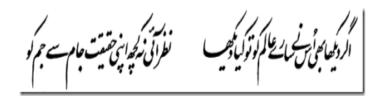
Hawas Bala'ay Manbar Hai Tujhe Rangeen Byani Ki Nasihat Bhi Teri Soorat Hai, Ek Afsana Khawani Ki You are greedy of flowery style even at the pulpit Your advice also is a form of story telling

> ر الماد وجربالم سوزانی حیث مرزم کو جرز پاتنے والے کورُلوا آئے شبنم کو اللہ اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ میں ولھاد وجربالم سوزانی حیث مرزم کو سے جرز پاتنے پر اللہ کا اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ میں اللہ می

Dikha Woh Husn-e-Alam Souz Apni Chashme-Purnam Ko Jo Tarpata Hai Parwane Ko, Rulata Hai Shabnam Ko Show that universally illuminating Beauty to your weeping eye Which renders the moth highly agitated, which makes the dew weep like eye

> برانطاره سی کے بوالہوس مقصد ماریکا بنایا ہے سی نے بیٹے جوارث ہے اوم کو برانطارہ سی کے بیٹے جوارث ہے اوم کو

Nira Nazara Hi Ae Bu-Al-Hos Maqsad Nahin Iss Ka Banaya Hai Kissi Ne Kuch Samajh Kar Chashme-e-Adam Ko Mere seeing is not its purpose! O greedy one Some One has made the human eye with some purpose



Agar Dekha Bhi Uss Ne Sare Alam Ko To Kya Dekha Nazar Ayi Na Kuch Apni Haqiqat Jaam Se Jam Ko Even if he viewed the whole world, what did he see? Jam could not see his own reality in the wine cup

ر را شجر ہے فرقہ ارائی تنصت بے تمراس کا یہ وہیل ہے ارجنے بنکلوا آہے دم کو

Shajar Hai Firqa Arayi, Taassuf Hai Samar Iss Ka Ye Woh Phal Hai Ke Jannat Se Nikalwata Hai Adam Ko Sectarianism is the tree, prejudice is its fruit This fruit caused expulsion of Adam from Paradise

نائقا جذبنة وسيك الراك كل كما بهى ليفت كَيْ مَنْ الْمُصْلِ أَنْ الْمُعْ الْمُعْ الْمُعْ الْمُعْ الْمُ

Na Utha Jazba-e-Khursheed Se Ek Barg-e-Gul Tak Bhi Ye Riffat Ki Tamana Hai Ke Le Urti Hai Shabnam Ko Not even a single rose-petal could rise by sun's attraction It is the longing for elegance which raises the dew

> پوالتے نہیں مجرفِح الفت فکرد ہا میں یہ نے خمی کے البیتے ہیں بیدا لینے مرسم کو پھرالے نہیں مجرفِح الفت فکرد ہا میں

Phira Karte Nahi Majrooh-e-Ulfat Fikar-e-Darman Mein Ye Zakhami Aap Kar Lete Hain Paida Apne Marham Ko Those wounded by Love do not wander in search of cure These wounded ones themselves create their own cure

> محبت کے شرک السل بانور ہوتا ہم ذراسے بیج سے پیداریاض طُور ہوتا ہم

Mohabbat Ke Sharar Se Dil Sarapa Noor Hota Hai Zara Se Beej Se Paida Riyaaz-e-Toor Hota Hai The heart gets complete illumination by the spark of Love The Tur's flower bed is raised from the Love's small seed

> ر را دوا بردُله لی مجب روح نیغِ ارزورمِنا علاجِ زحن ہے زادِ احسانِ فورمِنا

Dawa Har Dukh Ki Hai Majrooh-e-Taegh-e-Arzoo Rehna Elaj-e-Zakham Hai Azad-e-Ehsaan-e-Rafoo Rehna Every malady's cure is to remain wounded with Longing's sword Wound's remedy is to remain free from obligation to stitching

شرابِ خودی سے فلک پر وازیے ری شکستی سے میں بنے کے بُور بنیا

Sharab-e-Bekhudi Se Ta Falak Parwaz Ha Meri Shikast-e-Rang Se Sikha Hai Main Ne Ban Ke Boo Rehna With the Bekhudi's wine up to the celestial world is my flight From disappearance of color I have learnt to remain fragrance

مر الرادية لريار وطن لى نوخواني ويراني ميانت خير شاعر لى بيروم باوضور بيا

Thame Kya Dida'ay Giryan Watan Ki Noha Khawani Mein Ibadat Chashm-e-Shayar Ki Hai Har Dam Ba-Wazoo Rehna How can the weeping eye refrain from homeland's lamentation? The 'ibadah for the poet's eye is to remain constantly with ablution

بنائير لياسم ارتباغ كُل التِثمال بِيا مِن مِن اللهِ إليار بِين و مِلِي الرور بِها

Banayen Kya Samajh Kar Shakh-e-Gul Par Ashiyan Apna Chaman Mein Aah! Kya Rehna Jo Ho Be Abroo Rehna To what purpose should we make our nest in the rose-branch Ah! How can we live with constant disgrace in the garden

جُرُوسِجِمِے توازادی ہے دوشہ محتب میں فلامی ہے اسپرزِت یازِ ما و تورہا

Jo Tu Samjhe To Azadi Hai Poshida Mohabat Mein Ghulami Hai Aseer-e-Imtiaz-e-Mawatu Rehna If you understand, independence is veiled in Love Slavery is to remain imprisoned in the net of schism

يەت خانئى يىن گول كىمائىچ غراپ ئىلىرى ئىلىنىڭ ئىرى ئىلىنىڭ ئىرى ئىلىنىڭ ئىرى ئىلىنىڭ ئىرى ئىلىنىڭ ئىرى ئىلىنىڭ ئىلىنى

Ye Astagna Hai, Pani Mein Nigun Rakhta Hai Saghar Ko Tujhe Bhi Chahye Misl-e-Habab-e-Aabju Rehna Contentment is what keeps the cup submerged in water You should also remain like the bubble in the stream

ندره اینوں سے بے روا ،اسی نیے ہے ہے کا استفور ہے ونب میل سی اور میا انتخار میا

Na Reh Apnon Se Beparwa, Issi Mein Khair Hai Teri Agar Manzoor Hai Dunya Mein Ao Begana Khor! Rehna It is best for you not to remain indifferent to yours own O apathetic person! If you want to remain alive in the world

شرابُوح روب معتت نوع انسال کی سکھایاس نے مجد کوست جام وسبور میا

Sharab-e-Rooh Parwar Hai Mohabbat Nu-e-Insan Ki Shikaya Iss Ne Mujh Ko Mast Bejaam-o-Saboo Rehna Soul-invigorating wine is the Love of the human race It has taught me to remain ecstatic without the wine cup and the pitcher

> محت ہی پائی ہے شفا بیار قوموں نے ر ریا ہے اپنے بختِ شفتہ لوبیدار قوموں نے ریا ہے اپنے بختِ شفتہ لوبیدار قوموں نے

Mohabbat Hi Se Payi Hai Shafa Bimaar Qoumon Ne Kiya Hai Apne Bakht-e-Khufta Ko Baidar Qoumon Ne Sick nations have been cured only through Love Nations have warded off their adversity through Love

بيابار بحت وثبت غرب على وطن هجيء مير ورا نوفس هي اشيانه هي هم ن هجيء بيابار محت وثبت غرب على وطن هجيء

Byaban-e-Mohabbat Dasht-e-Ghurbat Bhi, Watan Bhi Hai Ye Wairana Qafas Bhi, Ashiyana Bhi, Chaman Bhi Hai The expanse of Love is at once foreign land and homeland This wilderness is the cage, the nest, as well as the garden

محت می منزل ہے اومنزل بھی ہے محراب جرک میں کا دواں میں امیر بھی امیر امیر کا اور اس میں امیر بھی امیر امیر کا

Mohabbat Hi Woh Manzil Hai Ke Manzil Bhi Hai, Sehra Bhi Jaras Bhi, Karwan Bhi, Rahbar Bhi, Rahzan Bhi Hai Love is the only stage which is the stage as well as the wilderness It is the bell, the caravan, the leader as well as the robber

مِن لَتِي مِينِ لِبِنْ مِينِ لِيكِ مِنْ عَلَى الْمِيالِ الْمُنْ مِينَ الْمُنْ الْمِينَ الْمُنْ الْمِينَ الْمُن

Marz Kehte Hain Sub Iss Ko, Ye Hai Lekin Marz Aesa Chupa Jis Mein Ilaj-e-Gardish-e-Charakh-e-Kuhan Bhi Hai Everybody calls it an illness, but it is such an illness In which the cure for all ills and misfortunes is concealed

Jalana Dil Ka Hai Goya Sarapa Noor Ho Jana Ye Parwana Jo Souzan Ho To Shama-e-Anjuman Bhi Hai The heart's pathos in a way is to become embodiment of Light If this moth burns it is also the assembly's candle

و بي ك عن بي كيد نظرامات برشي يشير سي يشير سي كي المبيتُون مي الوم رسي

Wohi Ek Husn Hai, Lekin Nazar Ata Hai Har Shay Mein Ye Sheerin Bhi Hai Goya, Bestoon Bhi, Kohkan Bhi Hai The Beauty is just one but appears in everything It is Shirin, the sky, as well as the mountain digger ا نادائے میز منست آئیں نے قومولو مطابق طن کے لیس کیے فکر وطن ہی ا

Ujaarha Hai Tameez-e-Millat-o-Aaeen Ne Qoumon Ko Mere Ahl-e-Watan Ke Dil Mein Kuch Fikar-e-Watan Bhi Hai? Distinction of sects and governments has destroyed nations Is there any concern for the homeland in my compatriot's hearts?

> رو سه سکوت اموز طوان سه تارخ روید و نیست زباری به سیمار منه برای را سخن می م

Sakoot Aamoz Tool-e-Dastan-e-Dard Hai Warna Zuban Bhi Hai Humare Munh Mein Aur Taab-e-Sukhan Bhi Hai Prolonging the tale of my woes calls for silence, otherwise The tongue in my mouth as well as the ability to speak is

> "نمیکردیدلوته رث تیامعنی روا کردم در مایت بودب پایان مخارش اداره م"

"Nameegar Deed Ko The Rishta'ay Ma'ani Raha Kardam Hikayat-e-Bood Be Payan, Bakhamoshi Ada Kardam" "Take not this meaningful tale as related by me is The story was endless, but related with silence is."

> Zamana Time (poem 9)

ج تعانهیں ہے جہے نہ ہوکائیں ہے لے حفر ہانہ قریب ترہے نمؤجب کی اُسی کا شتاق ہے نا

Jo Tha Nahin Hai, Jo Hai Na Ho Ga, Yehi Hai Ek Harf-e-Mehrmana Qareeb Tar Hai Namood Jis Ki Ussi Ka Mushtaq Hai Zamana What was, has faded: what is, is fading: but of these words few can tell the worth;

Time still is gaping with expectation of what is nearest its hour of birth.

مری صراحی سے قطرہ قطرہ نئے واوٹ ٹیک رہے ہیں ئیر اپنی سیسے روز وثب کا ششمار کر تا ہوں اندوان

Meri Soorahi Se Qatra Qatra Naye Hawadis Tapak Rahe Hain Main Apni Tasbeeh-e-Roz-o-Shab Ka Shumar Karta Hon Dana Dana New tidings slowly come drop by drop from my pitcher gurgling of time's new sights,

As I count over the beads strung out on my threaded rosary of days and nights.

ر رایک سے شناچون کین مُدامُدار سے رامیری سی کاراک کسی کا مرکب کسی کوعرب کے تازیخ

Har Aik Se Ashna Hun, Lekin Juda Juda Rasme-o-Rah Meri Kisi Ka Raakab, Kisi Ka Markab, Kisi Ko Ibrat Ka Taziyana With each man friendly, with each I vary, and have a new part at my command: To one the rider, to one the courser, to one the whiplash of reprimand.

> ر نەتھاالەر ئوتىرائىڭ ئەسۇرىپ لۇپ يالەتىرا مراطرىقىت نهىس كەركە لون كسى كى عاطرە يىث با

Na Tha Agar Tu Shareek-e-Mehfil, Qasoor Mera Hai Ya Ke Tera Mera Tareeka Nahin Ke Rakh Loon Kisi Ki Khatar Mai'ay Shabana If in the circle you were not numbered, was it your own fault or mine? To humor no-one am I accustomed to keep untasted the midnight wine!

> مرجن و پیچا و نبومی کی آنتگریب نتی نه یہ ہے رفت سیکا نہ تیرائس کا نظر نہ یہ جس کی عاومت ن

Mere Kham-o-Paich Ko Najoomi Ki Ankh Pehchanti Nahin Hai Hadaf Se Baigana Teer Uss Ka, Nazar Nahin Jis Ki Arfana No planet-gazer can ever see through my winding mazes; for when the eve

That aims it sees by no lights from Heaven, the arrow wavers and glances by.

شفَق نه يرب راُ فق رُبه يُحِبُ ول جَي يُحِبُ ول طلوع ف إلى المنتظره كه دوش امروز ب فسا

Shafaq Nahin Maghrabi Ufaq Par, Ye Jooye Khoon Hai, Ye Jooye Khoon Hai! Tulu-e-Farda Ka Muntazir Reh Ke Dosh-o-Amroz Hai Fasana That is no dawn at the Western skyline—it is a bloodbath, that ruddy glow! Await to-morrow; our yesterday and to-day are legends of long ago.

و پہنگرُت خیس نے مُواں کھیا ہے خطرت کی طاقتوں کو اُسی کی بیت اب مجلیوں سے خطر میں ہے اُس کا ہشتیا

Woh Fikar-e-Ghustakh Ji Ne Uryaan Kiya Hai Fitrat Ki Taqaton Ko Ussi Ki Betab Bijliyon Se Khatr Mein Hai Uss Ka Ashiyana From Nature's forces their reckless science has stripped the garments away, until

At last its own nesting-place is scorched by the restless lightning it cannot still:

جوائیں اُن کی فضائیں اُن کی ہمندر اُن کے جہاز اُن کے کرہ جنور کھٹے توکیؤنکر بھنور ہے قت دیر کا بہنا

Hawaen Un Ki, Fazaen Un Ki, Sumundar Un Ke, Jahaz Un Ke Girah Bhanwar Ki Khule To Kyunkar, Bhanwar Hai Taqeer Ka Bahana To them the trade-wind belongs, the sky-way, to them the ocean, to them the ship—

It shall not serve them to calm the whirlpool by which their fate holds them in its grip!

جهان نوچور پایپ یا، وه عالم پی مرر بایپ محان نوچور پایپ در باید جین زائم ت بروں نے بن دیلے قمار خا

Jahan-e-Nau Ho Raha Hai Paida, Woh Alam-e-Peer Mar Raha Hai Jise Farangi Muqamiron Ne Bana Diya Hai Qimar Khana But now a new world is being born, while this old one sinks out of sight of men,

This world the gamblers of Europe turned into nothing else than a gambling-den.

ر رُواہے کوئٹ قریر کندج پ اغ اینا عبلارہاہے وہ مرو درویش جس کوحتی نے دیے ہیں نداز خسوا

Hawa Hai Go Tund-o-Taiz Lekin Charagh Apna Jala Raha Hai Woh Mard-e-Darvesh Jis Ko Haq Ne Diye Hain Andaz-e-Khusarwana That man will still keep his lantern burning, however tempests blow strong and cold,

Whose soul is centred on high, whose temper the Lord has cast in the royal mould.

Dua
Prayer (poem10)

یارب دار سلم لوه وه زنده سند می می می می می این اور می اور این در اور سالم اور در اور سالم اور می اور می اور سالم اور می اور می

Ya Rab! Dil-e-Muslim Ko Woh Zinda Tamana De Jo Qalb Ko Garma De, Jo Rooh Ko Tarpa De Lord, fill the Muslim's heart with a desire so fervent That it will set his heart aflame and stir his soul.

میرادی فارال کے برفت کوچیائے سے پیشوق ماشائے بیرو قاضائے

Phir Wadi-e-Faran Ke Har Zarre Ko Chamka De Phir Shauq-e-Tamasha De, Phir Zauq-e-Taqaza Light up again every speck of dust in the Valley of Faran. Make us long again for beautiful sights, and create in us the urge to make demands.

محروم ما الويوردية وسيناك ويلطب ولجيس أورو فوي في كهلاك

Mehroom-e-Tamasha Ko Phir Dida-e-Beena De Dekha Hai Jo Kuch Mein Ne Auron Ko Bhi Dikhla De Give piercing vision to those deprived of sight, and show to others what I have seen.

ریر مشد و اَبُولو بیرُوسے حرم لے بیل اش رکے خوار لو بھرور عب صحرا و سے

Bhatke Huway Aahu Ko Phir Soo'ay Haram Le Chal Iss Sheher Ke Khugar Ko Phir Wusaat-e-Sehra De Lead the stray gazelle back to the Sanctuary. It has grown used to the city - Give it back the vastness of the desert.

پیا وال را میرس شورش محشر که محم اطالی کو میرش را بیلادے

Paida Dil-e-Weeran Mein Phir Shaurish-e-Mehshar Kar Iss Mehmil-e-Khali Ko Phir Shahid-e-Laila De Stir up again the ruins of the heart with a commotion like judgment Day. Let this empty litter once again seat a sweetheart - a Layla!

اس دور اغدت میں تولیب شاں کو مواغ محت میں تولیب شاں کو

Iss Dour Ki Zulmat Mein Har Qalb-e-Preshan Ko Woh Dagh-e-Mohabbat De Jo Chand Ko Sharma De In the darkness of this age give to every troubled heart Scars of love that would shame the moon.

رفت میقاصد کو بهدو شربر آگر می خود داری صل می ازادی دریا ہے

Riffat Mein Maqasid Ko Humdosh-e-Surraya Kar Khuddari-e-Sahil De, Azadi-e-Darya De Let the goals be as high as the Pleiades. Give us the calm and poise of the shore, But the freedom of the sea.

بِلُوثُ محبّ بؤبِ بال صداقت ع مينوں ميلُ عالالزُ ول صورتِ ميا ك

Be Lous Mohabbat Ho, Bebak Sadaqat Ho Seenon Mein Ujala Kar, Dil Soorat-e-Meena De Let love be selfless and truth fearless; Let our breasts be flooded with light-Make our hearts clear as crystal.

Ehsas Anayat Kar Asaar-e-Mosibat Ka Amroz Ki Shuarish Mein Andesha-e-Farda De Enable us to foresee the calamity that is coming; In the midst of today's upheaval give us a vision of tomorrow.

> ُمْنِيلِ إِلَّالِ مِنْ اللَّهِ اللَّ

Main Bulbul-e-Nalan Hun Ek Ujre Gulistan Ka Taseer Ka Saa'il Hun, Mauhtaj Ko, Data De! I am a nightingale making my lament, I am from a garden which has been ravaged.

I wish that my prayer would have effect—Give to a beggar, bounteous Lord!

(Bang-e-Dra-092) March 1907 (۱۹۰۷ جالے)

مارچ تحف م

March 1907 (poem11)

زمانه آیاہے بے جب بی کا ، عام دیدار پارسو کا سکوت تھا پروہ دارجس کا، وہ رازاب اشکار ہوگا

Zamana Aya Hai Behijabi Ka, Aam Didar-e-Yar Ho Ga Sakoot Tha Parda Dar Jis Ka, Woh Raaz Ab Ashkar Ho Ga Era has come for openness, so Beloved's Sight will be common. The secret which silence had concealed will be unveiled now.

> ر گزرگیاب وه دُورسانی لُرُک پیتے تھے پینے وا بنے گاساراجہان بیٹ نہ ، سرِکوئی بان خوارہوگا

Guzar Gya Ab Woh Dor Saqi Ke Chup Ke Peete The Peene Wale Bane Ga Sara Jahan Maikhana, Har Koi Bada Khwar Ho Ga

O Cup-bearer! Time has gone when wine was taken secretly.

The whole world will become a wine-seller shop, everyone will be drinking

ر سے اوار وُجنوں تھے اوبستیوں میں تھے البیائے کسجی جو آوار وُجنوں تھے اوبستیوں میں تھے البیائے برسم نے ایک وہی رہے گی ، مگر نیاحت رزار مہوکا

Kabhi Jo Awara'ay Junoon The, Woh Bastiyon Mein Phir Aa Basain Ge Barhna Payi Wohi Rahe Gi, Magar Naya Khar Zaar Ho Ga Those who once wandered insane, will return to habitations Lovers' wandering will be the same but deserts will be new

> ٹ مادیا کوش منظر کو حجب زل خامشی نے اخر جوعہد کے اسوں سے باندھاکیا تھا ، بھرائٹ موار ہوگا

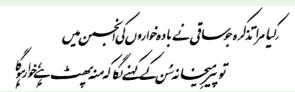
Suna Diya Gosh-e-Muntazir Ko Hijaz Ki Khamshi Ne Akhir Jo Ehad Sehraiyon Se Bandha Gya Tha, Phir Ustawar Ho Ga The Hijaz' silence has proclaimed to the waiting ear at last The agreements(promises) established with desert's inhabitants will be reaffirmed



Nikl Ke Sehra Se Jis Ne Roma Ki Saltanat Ko Ulat Diya Tha Suna Hai Ye Qudsiyon Se Main Ne, Woh Sher Phir Hoshyar Ho Ga

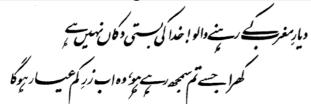
Which coming out of deserts had overturned the Roman Empire

I have heard from the Qudsis (Angels) that the same 'Lion' will be reawakened



Kiya Mera Tazkara Jo Saqi Ne Badah Khawaron Ki Anjuman Mein To Peer-e-Maikhana Sun Ke Kehne Laga Ke Munh Phat Hai, Khuwar Ho Ga

As the cup-bearer mentioned me in the wine-drinkers' assembly The tavern's sage said, "He is insolent, he will be disgraced"



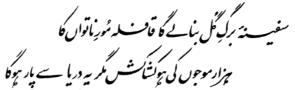
Diyar-e-Maghrib Ke Rehne

Walo ! Khuda Ki Basti Dukan Nahin Hai Khara Jise Tum Samajh Rahe Ho, Woh Ab Zr-e-Kam Ayaar Ho Ga

O Western world's inhabitants, God's world is not a shop! What you are considering genuine, will be regarded counterfeit(fake)

> ر 'ر ر 'ر تھاری ہمذیب لینے خنجب رسے آپ بنجی ونشی کے کی جنش نے نازک بیاث یانہ سنے گا ، نا یا مُدار ہوگا

Tumhari Tehzeeb Apne Khanjar Se Ap Hi Khudkushi Kare Gi Jo Shakh-e-Nazuk Pe Ashiyana Bane Ga, Na Paidar Ho Ga Your civilization will commit suicide with its own dagger(knife) The nest built on the weak branch will not be permanent, stable



Safina'ay Barg-e-Gul Bana Le Ga Qafla Moor-e-Natawan Ka Hazar Moujon Ki Ho Kashakash Magar Ye Darya Se Paar Ho Ga

The caravan of the feeble ants will make fleet of rose petals

However strong the ocean waves' tumult(uprising) be, it will cross the ocean

چین میں لالہ وکھا آئچہ آئے ہے واغ ہیں کھی کو یہ جانتا ہے کہ اس وکھا وے سے ل جان میں تاریخ

Chaman Mein Lala Dikhata Phirta Hai Dagh Apna Kali Kali Ko Ye Janta Hai Ke Iss Dikhawe Se Dil Jalon Mein Shumar Ho Ga

The Lala (a bird), shows its spots to every flower-bud in the garden. Knowing that by doing this it will be among the Love haters

> جایک تھالے گاہ تُونے ہزار کرئے ہیں دکھایا ریمی الرئیفت ہے ہے ہی تو پھر کیے ہتبار ہوگا

Jo Aik Tha Ae Nigah Tu Ne Hazar Kar Ke Humain Dikhaya Yehi Agar Kaifiyat Hai Teri To Phir Kise Itibaar Ho Ga

O Sight! That was the One you showed us as a thousand

If this is your state what will be your credibility?

ر سے میں نے اک ن بیاں کے آزاد پائیل ہیں کہا ج قمری سے میں نے اک ن بیاں کے آزاد پائیل ہیں تو غُنے کہنے لگئے ہمارے جیسسن کا یہ راز دار ہوگا

Kaha Jo Qumri Se Main Ne Ek Din, Yahan Ke Azad Pa Ba Gil Hain To Ghunche Kehne Lage, Humare Chaman Ka Ye Raazdaar Ho Ga

As I told the turtledove one day the free of here are treading on dust! The buds started saying that I must be the knower of the garden's secrets!

خدا کے عاشق تو ہیں نزاروں نبوں میں بھرتے ہیں اسے مار میرئیس کا ہٹ ڈبنوں کا حس او<u>ضلا ک</u>بندوں سے پیار ہوگا

Khuda Ke Ashiq To Hain Hazaron, Bannu Mein Phirte Hain Mare Mare Mein Uss Ka Banda Bano Ga Jis Ko Khuda Ke Bandon Se Pyar Ho Ga

There are thousands of God's Lovers, who are roaming in the wilderness I shall adore the one who will be the lover of God's people

یەرب بزم فاسے اے ل البن مینے بیٹ نظریمی سر سے سر سے ل دیا ابر وسے اری جو تُو بہاں بے قرار ہوکا

Ye Rasm-e-Bazm-e-Fana Hai Ae Dil! Gunah Hai Junbish-e-Nazar Bhi Rahe Gi Kya Abru Humari Jo Tu Yahan Be-Qarar Ho Ga

This is the world's custom, O Heart! Even winking is a sin What will our respect be if you will be restless here?

من طُرتِ شب میں لے کئے کاوں کا اپنے درماند گارواں کو سنے رفتاں ہولی آ میں ہے۔ سنے رفتاں ہولی آ میں ہے۔

Mein Zulmat-e-Shab Mein Le Ke Niklun Ga Apne Darmandah Karwan Ko Sharar Fishan Ho Gi Aah Meri, Nafas Mera Shaola Bar Ho Ga

In the darkness of the night I shall take out my tired caravan My sigh will be shedding sparks my breath will be throwing flames

> نهیں نیجیب از نمو د کچہ تھی جو متعا تیری ندلی کا تو النفس میں جہاں سے مبنا تجھے مثالِ شرار مو کا

Nahin Hai Ghair Az Namood Kuch Bhi Jo Maddaa Teri Zindagi Ka Tu Ek Nafas Mein Jahan Se Mitna Tujhe Misl-e-Sharaar Ho Ga

If there is nothing but show in the aim of your life Your destruction from the world will be in a breath like spark

> نە ئۇچچە ئىسال قائھ قانا ئەجى سى ئىفىت ئىلىس كى كىلىرىس برگەزارىم ئىساستىم ئىسىن ئىلىلىن رىپۇ قا

Na Pooch Iqbal Ka Thikana, Abhi Wohi Kaifiyat Hai Uss Ki Kahin Sar-e-Rah Guzar Baitha Sitam Kash-e-Intizar Ho Ga Do not ask about the condition of Iqbal, he is in the same state Sitting somewhere by the wayside he must be waiting for oppression!

(Bang-e-Dra-117) Muslim
(メリン・)

Muslim
(June 1912) (poem12)

بِرْفُراقْتِ لِبِرَاهُ مِی تُوسِیِ بِرُفُراقْتِ لِبِرَاهُ مِی تُوسِیِ Har Nafas Ighal Tera Aah Mein Mastoor Hai

Har Nafas Iqbal Tera Aah Mein Mastoor Hai Seena'ay Sozaan Tera Faryad Se Maamoor Hai Every breath you draw, Iqbal, is laden (loaded) with sighs; Your flaming chest is filled with lament.

نغمة أتب تبرى بربط ول مينه سي مستحق ويوليلى تميي كال مينه سي

Naghama'ay Umeed Teri Barbat-e-Dil Mein Nahin Hum Samajhte Hain Ye Laila Tere Mahmil Mein Nahin The lute(a stringed instrument) of your heart has no song of hope: Your litter (curtained couch), we believe, has not his Layla.

ار دارد الریک از سروفیرت کا جویا ترا اور داریک کامتر عاض بے بیروا ترا

Gosh Awaz-e-Surood-e-Rafta Ka Joya (Talash) Tera Aur Dil Hungama'ay Hazir Se Be Parwa Tera

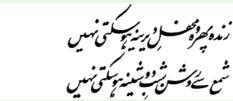
Your ears seek the sound of a song that has been sung and is no more, Your heart is unconcerned with the commotion of the present.

تَصَدُّ فُل مِمْ نُواما بِ مِن سُنتِنْهُ مِن الْمُحِنِّ لِيَامِينِ مِهُن سُنتِيَ مِن اللَّهِ مِنْ اللَّهِ مِن الللِّهِ مِن اللَّهِ مِن الللِّهِ مِن اللَّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللَّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللَّهِ مِن اللَّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن الللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن الللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن الللِّهِ مِن اللِّهِ مِن اللِ

Qissa'ay Gul Hum Nawayan-e-Chaman Sunte Nahin Ahl-e-Mehfil Tera Pegham-e-Kuhan Sunte Nahin Your fellow-singers of the garden would not hear the tale of the rose: The assembly would not listen to your message of old.

الحِرائے کاروار جُنفتہ یا بنا موش کے مست میں نظریتے رہے مداخاموش ہ

Ae Dara'ay Karwan-e-Khufta Pa! Khamosh Reh Hai Bohat Yaas Afreen Teri Sada Khamosh Reh Quiet, O bell of the numb-footed caravan! Your voice causes much despair—quiet!



Zinda Phir Woh Mehfil-e-Dairina Ho Sakti Nahin Shama Se Roshan Shab-e-Dosheena Ho Sakti Nahin It cannot be brought back to life, The assembly of olden times; Yester-night cannot be lit up with candles.

برشايس مورئ توحيد كاحاليون مي اصداقت لإزل شي بياولون مي

Hum Nasheen! Muslim Hun Mein, Touheed Ka Hamil Hun Main Iss Sadaqat Par Azal Se Shahid-e-Adil Hun Main I am a Muslim, my friend a bearer of the message of tawhid And a witness since eternity to that truth!

نبضره وات مین احرات سے اور کم کے تی جیات سے ب

Nabz-e-Moujudat Main Paida Hararat Iss Se Hai Aur Muslim Ke Takhiyyul Main Jasarat Iss Se Hai To tawhid is due the warm beat of the pulse of the existents; From it, too, the boldness in the Muslim's thought.

حق نے علم اصلاقت سے پیالی اور مجھ س کے فاطنے سے بیالیا

Haq Ne Alam Iss Sadaqat Ke Liye Paida Kiya Aur Mujhe Is Ski Hifazat Ke Liye Paida Kiya It is for the sake of this truth that God created the world, And to guard that truth He created me.

وبروغ بيت لرجل بيت مُديع الله من توسيح افطِ الموسس من مَديعُ ا

Dehr Mein Gharat Gar-e-Batil Prasti Main Huwa Haq To Ye Hai Hafiz-e-Namoos-e-Hasti Main Huwa It was I who abolished the worship of falsehood— I, indeed, who proved to be the protector of the laws of existence.

مين ۽ سي بيرغ يازعالم کئے ميں ميں مين نے سائے وائي بناوم کئے ہے۔

Meri Hasti Pairhan Uryani-e-Alam Ki Hai Mere Mit Jane Se Ruswayi Bani Adam Ki Hai My existence is a robe that covers the nakedness of the world: To destroy me would be a disgrace to mankind!

قىمت عالم كاسكم كوكت بنديسے جس كى بابى سے فون كوشرمند شي

Qismat-e-Alam Ka Muslim Koukab-e-Tabinda Hai Jis Ki Tabani Se Afsoon-e-Sehar Sharminda Hai Of the fate of the world, The Muslim is the shining star— One whose brilliance puts to shame the spell cast by dawn.

اشكارا ميري المحصول السياسي المنها ال

Ashkara Hain Meri Ankhon Pe Asrar-e-Hayat Keh Nahi Sakte Mujhe Naumeed-e-Paikaar-e-Hayat The secrets of life are exposed to my view: I cannot be said to have despaired of waging the struggle of life.

ر المراب الماعين من المعلى الم

Kab Dra Sakta Hai Gham Ka Arzi Manzar Mujhe Hai Bharosa Apni Millat Ke Muqaddar Par Mujhe

How can I be frightened by the transient scene of sorrow? I believe in the destiny of my Millat (My Community)!

Yaas Ke Unsar Se Hai Azad Mera Rozgaar Fateh-e-Kamil Ki Khabar Deta Hai Josh-e-Karzaar Of the element of despair my life is free: The heat of the battle gives notice of complete victory.

بال مدينج شيختيم مزمد لهُن تها يبوأمن المحفل من إنى استال لهما ببوائي

Haan Ye Sach Hai Chashme Bar Ehd-e-Kuhan Rehta Hun Main Ahl-e-Mehfil Se Purani Dastan Kehta Hun Mein Yes, my eyes are fixed on the age gone by, And to the assembly I tell the same old story. ا وَعِمد وُرِت بِرِيْ اللَّهِ اللّ

Yad-e-Ehd-e-Rafta Meri Khak Ko Ikseer Hai Mera Mazi Mere Istaqbal Ki Tafseer Hai To the dust of my being is elixir the memory of the bygone age. My past is the exegesis (interpretation) of my future;

> ر سلف گھتاہوں ُن کٹا طافزالو میں ریست دیھتاہوں ش کے آینے میں فردا کومیں

Samne Rakhta Hun Uss Dour-e-Nishat Afza Ko Main Dekhta Hun Dosh Ke Aaeene Mein Farda Ko Main I keep in view that exciting age— In the mirror of the past I see the future.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-017) Touheed (توحيد) Oneness Of God

توبيسار

Touheed ONENESS OF GOD (poem13)

زنده توت تمی جهان میں بی توحی کبھی آج کیا ہے فہت قط السب بله علم کلام

Zinda Quwwat Thi Jahan Mein Yehi Touheed Kabhi Aaj Kya Hai, Faqat Ek Masla-e-Ilm-e-Kalaam Tauhid has been a living force in the days bygone; What is it these days? Merely a topic of theology.

> روشن اس خُوسے الزطکمتِ کروار نہ ہو موسلساں سے ہے پوشیدہ سلماں کامقام خود سلماں سے ہے پوشیدہ سلماں کامقام

Roshan Iss Zou Se Agar Zulmat-e-Kirdar Na Ho Khud Musalman Se Hai Poshida Musalman Ka Maqam If its glory doesn't make the darkness of character radiant, Muslim cannot judge his elevated position. ئیں نے لے میرِ پاتیری ب پولی ہے 'فُول ُ ہُوالند کی شیر سے طالی ہیں نیا کم

Main Ne Ae Meer-e-Sipah! Teri Sipah Dekhi Hai
'QUL HU WALLAH' Ki Shamsheer Se Khali Hain Nayam
Chief of warriors, I have witnessed your array;
Their sheaths are devoid of the sword of Say: 'He is Allah'

آه! بسر رازسے اقف ہے نه مّلاً فیقی ۔ وحدت افتار کی بے وحد تب کزائے خام

Aah, Iss Raaz Se Waqif Hai Na Mullah, Na Faqeeh Wahdat Afkar Ki Be-Wahdat-e-Kirdar Hai Kham Ah! Neither mullah nor faqih envisages the fact that Unity of thought without unity of action is imperfect.

> ر قوم کیاچیزیئے قوموں کی امامت کیائے اس کو کیا تمجیس یہ بیچارے دورکوشنے امام!

Qoum Kya Cheez Hai, Qoumon Ki Imamat Kya Hai Iss Ko Kya Samjhain Ye Bechare Do Rakat Ke Imam! What is a nation, or how to lead it?— What clue these leaders of prayers could have of that!

(Bang-e-Dra-163) Tulu-e-Islam (طلوع اسلام) (The Rise of Islam)

Tulu-e-Islam
THE RISE OF ISLAM (poem15)

ر ر دلیل ضبح روشن ہے ساروں لی تنک ابی اُن ہے۔ افق سے افتاب اُمبرا، لیا دورِ کران خوابی

Daleel-E-Subah-E-Roshan Hai Sitaron Ki Tunak Tabi
Ufaq Se Aftab Ubhra, Gya Dour-E-Garan Khawabi
The dimness of the stars is evidence of the bright morning.
The sun has risen over the horizon; the time of deep slumber has passed.

عُنِ رُوقِ مُردَة مشرق مین خُونِ زندلی وڑا سمجھ سکتے نہیں اسس از لوسینا ون البی

Urooq-E-Murda'ay Mashriq Mein Khoon-E-Zindagi Dora Samajh Sakte Nahin Iss Raaz Ko Seena-O-Farabi The blood of life runs in the veins of the dead East: Avicenna and Farabi cannot understand this secret.

> مسلماں نوسلماں کردیا طون اِن خرابے مسلماں کوسلماں کردیا ہو تلاظم ہائے دریا ہی سے ہے کو ہرلی سیرانی

Musalman Ko Musalman Kar Diya Toofan-E-Maghrib Ne Talatum Haye Darya Hi Se Hai Gohar Ki Seerabi The storm in the West made Muslims Muslims. Pearls are produced in abundance from the very buffetings of the sea.

> عطاموس لو بير در کاو حق سے بیونے والاہے ر شکوو ترکمانی، دہن سنیدی بُطرِق اعساریی

Atta Momin Ko Phir Dargah-E-Haq Se Hone Wala Hai Shikoh-E-Turkamani, Zehan-E-Hindi, Nutq-E-Arabi The true believers are once more to receive from the court of God The glory of the Turkamans, the intellect of the Indians and the eloquence of the Arabs. ار کچه خواب فاغنچوں میں باقی ہے تو لے بلبل! "نوا را ملخ تر می زن چ ذوق نعت میہ کم یا بی،

Asar Kuch Khawab Ka Ghunchon Mein Baqi Hai To Ae Bulbul! "Nawa Ra Talakh Tar Mee Zan Choo Zauq-E-Nagma Kmyabi" If there is still some trace of sleep left in the buds, my nightingale, Then make your songs more plaintive, for you found their desire to hear your melody too little.

Note: The italicized line is translated from the poet Urfi Shirazi. Iqbal also

تۇپ سى مىن يىن ئىلىن يال مەن شاخداداش ئىدا ياك سى بىرسىكىتى نىمايى تىست دىرسىما بى

used it in his poem 'Urfi'.

Tarap Sehan-E-Chaman Mein, Ashiyan Mein, Shakhsaron Mein Juda Pare Se Ho Sakti Nahin Taqdeer-E-Seemabi Whether your agitation be in the courtyard of the garden, in the nest, in the leafy branches—

This quicksilver-destiny cannot be separated from mercury.

وه پیشر بال بین لیون زمنت برستوار دیکھے نظر آتی ہے جس کو مردعت زی لیجب کرابی

Woh Chashm-E-Paak Been Kyun Zeenat-E-Bargistawan Dekhe Nazar Ati Hai Jis Ko Mard-E-Ghazi Ki Jigar Tabi Why should that pure-seeing eye look at the glitter of armour on the horse When it sees the valour of the holy warrior?

> ر میں روش خراغ ارزوکر نے خرمی ہے۔ خمن نے ذریعے ذریعے کوشہ پیر بھی کروے

Zameer-E-Lala Mein Roshan Charagh-E-Arzoo Kar De Chaman Ke Zarre Zarre Ko Shaheed-E-Justujoo Kar De Make the lamp of desire bright in the heart of the tulip! Make every particle of the garden a martyr to search! سرتاجیم میں ہے بیبار کا تربیدا خلیل اللہ ہے دریا میں ہوں کے بیمرکہر سیدا

Sar Shak-E-Chashm-E-Muslim Mein Hai Neesan Ka Asar Paida **Khalil-Allah (A.S.)** Ke Darya Mein Hon Ge Phir Guhar Paida The effect of the spring-rain is born in the tears of the Muslims. Pearls will be born again in the sea of the Friend of God.

کتاب متت بینها کی پیرٹ پراز ہبندی ہے بیشاخ ہاشسی کرنے کو ہے بھر رک وبر پیدا

Kitab-E-Millat-E-Baiza Ki Phir Sheeraza Bandi Hai Ye Shakh-E-Hashmi Karne Ko Hai Phir Barg-E-Bar Paida This book of the Radiant Community is receiving a new binding; The Hashimite branch is once more ready to bring forth new leaves and

ربود آن تُركِ شيرازی دارشبريز و کابل ا صبالرتی ہے بُرے گل سے اپنائیم نسپیلا

fruit.

Rubood Aan Turk Sheerazi Dil-E-Tabraiz-O-Kabil Ra Saba Karti Hai Buay Gul Se Apna Hamsafar Paida The Turk of Shiraz has ravished the heart of Tabriz and Kabul; The morning breeze makes the scent of the rose its companion on the road.

> الرعثانيوں پر لوقب ٹوٹا تولیاعن کے الرعثانیوں پر لوقب کے اللے میں ہوتی ہے سے ہوتی ہے سے کرپیدا

Agar Usmaniyon Par Koh-E-Gham Toota To Kya Gham Hai Ke Khoon-E-Sad Hazar Anjum Se Hoti Hai Sahar Paida If a mountain of grief collapsed upon the Ottomans, then why lament? For the dawn arises from the blood of a hundred thousand stars.

> جہاں بانی سے ہے ُوشوار تر کارجہاں بنی حکر خُوں ہو تو پہنے کم ل میں ہوتی ہے نظر پیدا

Jahan Baani Se Hai Dushwar Tar Kar-E-Jahan Beeni Jigar Khoon Ho To Chashm-E-Dil Mein Hoti Hai Nazar Paida More difficult than the conquest of the world is the task of seeing the world:

When the heart is reduced to blood, only then does the eye of the heart

ہزاروں سال نرنس اپنی بے نوُری پاُ وتی ہے بڑی شکل سے ہو آہے جہن میں دیدہ وُرپیدا

receive its sight.

Hazaron Saal Nargis Apni Benoori Pe Roti Hai Bari Mushkil Se Hota Hai Chaman Mein Didahwar Paida For a thousand years the narcissus has been lamenting its blindness; With great difficulty the one with true vision is born in the garden.

> نواپیرا ہو ائیجب کہ دہ قِیرے ترقم سے کبوتر کے تِن مازک میں شہر کا جب پیدا

Nawa Pera Ho Ae Bulbul Ke Ho Tere Taranum Se Kabootar Ke Tan-E-Nazuk Mein Shaheen Ka Jigar Paida Burst into song, oh nightingale! so that from your melody The spirit of the royal falcon may arise in the delicate body of the dove!

> ترے سینے میں ہے بوشیدہ داز زندگی کہدیے مسلماں سے حدیثِ سوز وس اِز زندگی کہدیے

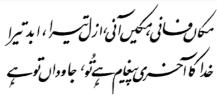
Tere Seene Mein Hai Poshida Raaz-E-Zindagi Keh De Musalman Se Hadees-E-Soz-O-Saaz-E-Zindagi Keh De The secret of life is hidden in your breast—then tell it; Tell the Muslims the account of the burning and re-making of life.

> خدائے لم یزل کا دستِ تُدرت تُو ، زباں توہے یقیں سیدالرائے غافل کو منعاوب کماں توہے

Khuda'ay Lam Yazil Ka Dast-E-Qudrat Tu, Zuban Tu Hai Yaqeen Paida Kar Ae Ghafil Ke Maghloob-E-Guman Tu Hai You are the ever-powerful hand and the tongue of the eternal God; Give birth to certainty, of negligent one, for your are laid low by doubt.

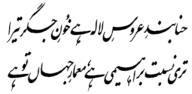
> پرے ہے چرخ نین فام سے سزائ سال کی سامے جس کی کردراہ ہوں ، وہ کارواں توہے

Pare Hai Charakh-E-Neeli Faam Se Manzil Musalman Ki Sitare Jis Ki Gard-E-Rah Hon, Woh Karwan Tu Hai The goal of the Muslim lies beyond the blue sky; You are the caravan, which the stars follow as dust on the road.



Makan Fani, Makeen Ani, Azal, Tera, Abad Tera Khuda Ka Akhiri Pegham Hai Tu, Javidan Tu Hai Space is transient; its inhabitants are transitory, but the beginning of time is yours; its end is yours.

You are the final message of God; you are eternal.



Hina Band-E-Uroos-E-Lala Hai Khoon-E-Jigar Tera Teri Nisbat Baraheemi Hai, Mamaar-E-Jahan Tu Hai The blood of your heart is the henna, which decorates the tulip-bride. You belong to Abraham; you are the builder of the world.

> تری فطرت میں میں نیا تب ندگانی کی جہاں کے جومیر مسلم کا کویا استحال توہے

Teri Fitrat Ameen Hai Mumkanat-E-Zindagani Ki Jahan Ke Johar-E-Muzmar Ka Goya Imtihan Tu Hai

Your nature is the trustee of all the possibilities of life; You are like the touchstone of the hidden essence of the world.

> جهانِ البِ مُحلِّ سِعِ الْمِحبِ ويد كَي ظَلَّمَ اللهِ عَلَيْ الْمُحبِ ويد كَي ظَلَّمَ اللهِ عَلَيْهِ اللهِ عَل نبوت سِياتِ حبس كوكِ لِنْ في ه ارمغال توبٍ

Jahan-E-Aab-O-Gil Se Alam-E-Javed Ki Khatir Nabuwat Sath Jis Ko Le Gyi Woh Armgahan Tu Hai The One who left this world of water and clay for eternal life— The one whom the prophethood took with it—you are that gift. ئىيىت بركزنت بىت بىنداسىيدا كدا قوام زمىن ايت يا كاپسسان توہے

Ye Nukta Sargazhat-E-Millat-E-Baiza Se Hai Paida Ke Aqwam-E-Zameen-E-Asia Ka Pasban Tu Hai This principle rises from the story of the Radiant Community— You are the guardian of the nations of the land of Asia.

> سئِق بچر ہڑھ صداقت کا ، عدالت کا ، شجاعت کا لیا جائے گا تجھ سے کام ونسپ الی امات کا

Sabaq Phir Parh Sadaqat Ka, Adalat Ka, Shujaat Ka Liya Jaye Ga Tujh Se Kaam Dunya Ki Imamat Ka Read again the lesson of truth, of justice and valour! You will be asked to do the work of taking on responsibility for the world.

> یهی مقصو و فطر رت ہے 'یہی رمز سلمانی افر ت کی جہاں کیری محبت کی فراوانی

Yehi Maqsood-E-Fitrat Hai, Yehi Ramz-E-Muslamani Akhuwat Ki Jahangeeri, Mohabat Ki Farawani This is the destiny of nature; this is the secret of Islam— World-wide brotherhood, an abundance of love!

> ئان کا گئی کا میں جاتا ہے اور اللہ میں کا میں کا میں کا میں کا میں ا میں نورانی رہے اقل نامی اللہ اللہ اللہ میں اللہ

Butan-E-Rang-O-Khoon Ko Torh Kar Millat Mein Gum Ho Ja Na Toorani Rahe Baqi, Na Irani Na Afghani Break the idols of colour and blood and become lost in the community. Let neither Turanians, Iranians nor Afghan remain.

> سيارېت خسارا صحبتېم غ حمين لب مك ترب بازومين سے برواز شاورتېستانی

Miyan-E-Shakhsaran Sohbat-E-Murgh-E-Chaman Kab Talak!
Tere Bazu Mein Hai Parwaz-E-Shaheen-E-Kehsatani
How long will you keep company in the branches with the birds of the garden;

In your arms is the flight of the royal hawk of Quhistan.

Guman Abad-E-Hasti Mein Yaqeen Mard-E-Musalman Ka Byaban Ki Shab-E-Tareek Mein Qindeel-E-Rahbani In the abode of doubts of existence is the certainty of the Muslim hero; In the darkness of the desert night is the candle of the monks.

> رمایقصب رونساری کے استبدا ولوجس نے وہ لیاتھا، زورِحیڈر ؓ، فقرِ بُوزرٌ، جیدقِ سَلّمانی

Mitaya Qaisar-E-Kasra Ke Istabdad Ko Jis Ne Woh Kya Tha, Zor-E-**Haider (R.A.)**, Faqr-E-**Bu Zar (R.A.)**, Sidq-E-**Salmani** (**R.A.**)

What was it that erased the tyranny of Caesar and Cyrus?
The power of **Hyder (R.A.)**, the asceticism of **Bu Dharr (R.A.)**, the truth of **Salman (R.A.)**!

ئوئے احرار ملت جادہ پیماکس تحبّل سے تماشائی شکاف درسے میں صدیوں نے زندانی

Huway Ahrar-E-Millat Jadah Pema Kis Tajamul Se Tamashayi Shagaaf-E-Dar Se Hain Sadiyon Ke Zindani How magnificently the heroes of the community have blazed the trail, And those who have been prisoners for centuries peer at them through a crack in the door.

> تباتِ ندکی ایمائی کم سے ہے ونیامیں کہ المسانی سے بھی پائندہ تر نکواہے تورانی

Sabat-E-Zindagi Aeeman-E-Muhkam Se Hai Dunya Mein Kah Almani Se Bhi Paenda Tar Nikla Hai Toorani The stability of life in the world comes from the strength of faith, For the Turanians have emerged firmer than even the Germans. جب اسس لنڪارهٔ خالي مين ٻو آھي تي پيا تو کرنسي آھي بيا ال و پر رُوح الامين پيدا

Jab Iss Angara'ay Khaki Mein Hota Hai Yaqeen Paida To Kar Leta Hai Ye Bal-O-Par-E-Rooh-ul-Ameen Paida When certainty is born in these embers of ashes, Then it gives birth to the wings of Gabriel.

> ر غلامی میں نہ کام اتی ہیں شیرین تدبیری جو ہرو زوق بھت یں پیا توکٹ جاتی ہیں رنجیری

Ghulami Mein Na Kaam Ati Hain Shamsheerain Na Tadbeerain Jo Ho Zauq-E-Yaqeen Paida To Kat Jati Hain Zanjeerain In slavery, neither swords or plans are effective, But when the taste for certainty is created, then the chains are cut.

> کوئی اندازہ کرسے تباہے کس کے وربازو کا 'نکاہِ مردِمومن سے بداجب تی بین تقدیریں

Koi Andaza Kar Sakta Hai Uss Ke Zor-E-Bazu Ka!
Nigah-E-Mard-E-Momin Se Badal Jati Hain Taqdeerain
Can anyone even guess at the strength of his arm?
By the glance of the man who is a true believer even destiny is changed.

ولات باوٹ ہی،عمر شیالی جہاں کیری سر را میرب کیا ہیں' فقط النجت ایماں تی فسیریں

Walayat, Padshahi, Ilm-E-Ashiya Ki Jahangeeri Ye Sub Kya Hain, Faqat Ek Nukta-E-Aeeman Ki Tafseerain Empire, sainthood, the knowledge of things which holds the world in its sway—

What are they all? Only commentaries on one small point of faith.

برائې يىن نظرىپ دا مۇرىپ كىستان يې يې يې چۇسۇھىپ ئىچىپ كىستان مىں بنالىتى يېتې ھەدرىي

Baraheemi Nazar Paida Magar Mushkil Se Hoti Hai Hawas Chup Chup Ke Seenon Mein Bana Leti Hai Tasweerain But it is difficult to create the insight of **Abraham (A.S.)**; Desire insidiously paints pictures in our breasts. تر بنده و اقت فعاد ادمیت ع مذر کے چیروستان سخت مین فطرت آنعت بر

Tameez-E-Banda-O-Aaqa Fasad-E-Admiyat Hai Hazar Ae Cheerah Dastan! Sakht Hain Fitrat Ki Taazirain The distinction of servant and lord has put mankind into turmoil; Beware, oh powerful ones; the penalties of nature are harsh.

> حقیق ایک بین کا حت کی بولڈ اُور جامع اروز ورشید کا شیار ارفت کا دل سیسی ا

Haqiqat Aik Hai Har Shay Ki, Khaki Ho Ke Noori Ho Lahoo Khursheed Ka Tapake Agar Zarre Ka Dil Cheerain There is one reality for everything, be it of earth or fire; The blood of the sun will drip, of we split the heart of an atom.

> یقدم عب رپیم محتب فاتی عالم جب و زند کانی میں ہیں بیرمردوں لی تشیریں

Yaqeen Mohkam, Amal Peham, Mohabbat Faateh-E-Alam Jahad-E-Zindagani Mein Hain Ye Mardon Ki Shamsheerain Firm certainty, eternal action, the love that conquers the world— These are the swords of men in the holy war of life.

> حیہ باید مرد را طبع لبندے مشرب ناب ول گرمے ، تکاہ پاک بینے ، جان بیت اب

Cha Bayad Mard Ra Tabaa-E-Bulanday, Mashrab-E-Naabay Dil-E-Garmee, Nigah-E-Pak Beenay, Jaan-E-Betabay What else does man need but a lofty spirit and pure character, A warm heart, a pure-sighted eye and a restless soul?

> عقابی شان سے جھیٹے تھے جو بے بال و پر تکلے تاریے شام کے ٹھون شفق میں ڈو وب کر نکلے

Auqabi Shan Se Jhapte The Jo, Bebaal-O-Par Nikle Sitare Sham Ke Khoon-E-Shafaq Mein Doob Kar Nikle Those who rushed forward with the splendor of the eagle emerged plucked of their wings and plumage; The stars of evening sank in the blood of the sunset but rose again. ہُوئے مدفون دریا زیر دریا تسیب نے والے طمانے موج کے لھاتے تھے جو بن کر لمرسکے

Huway Madfoon-E-Darya Zair-E-Darya Tairne Wale
Tamanche Mouj Ke Khate The Jo, Ban Kar Guhar Nikle
Those who swam under the sea were buried by the ocean,
But those who suffered the buffeting of the wave arose, and became
pearls.

غب دره کزر مین بمیب بر نازتها جن کو جبیت خال برر گفته تصح و، اک کرنسکے

Ghabar-Ereh Guzar Hain, Keemiya Par Naaz Tha Jin Ko Jibeenain Khak Par Rakhte The Jo, Ikseer Gar Nikle Those who prided themselves on their alchemy are the dust of the wayside;

Those who kept their forehead upon the dust emerged as the makers of

ېپ ادا نرم َروت صديب م زند کالايا خبر ويتي تعين حن تو محب ليان وه بي خبر نسک

elixir.

Hamara Naram Ro Qasid Peyam-E-Zindagi Laya Khabar Deti Theen Jin Ko Bijliyan Woh Be-Khabar Nikle Our slow-running messenger brought the tidings of life; Those to whom the lightning gave news emerged unknowing.

حب رم 'رسوا رُبوا پرجِب رم کی کم کائی ہے جوا نارتیت اری سرمت رصاحب نظر سکلے

Haram Ruswa Huwa Peer-E-Haram Ki Kam Nigahi Se Jawanan-E-Tatari Kis Qadar Sahib-E-Nazar Nikle The Shrine was disgraced by the lack of foresight of the old keeper of the shrine;

But how our Tartar heroes emerged as young men of vision!

زمیں سے نُوریانِ آسساں برواز کتھے تھے بین خالی زندہ تر کا پائٹ دہ تر ، مابٹ دہ تر نکلے Zameen Se Nooriyan-E-Asman Parwaz Kehte The Ye Khaki Zinda Tar, Paenda Tar, Tabinda Tar Nikle Those who soar aloft and light the sky say this to the earth, 'These earth-bound creatures emerged more lively, more stable and more shining.'

> جهان میں الم ایمان صورتِ خورشید جیتے ہیں اوھرڈو بے اُدھر بکلے اُدھرڈو بے اِدھر نکلے

Jahan Mein Ahl-E-Aeeman Soorat-E-Khursheed Jeete Hain Idhar Doobe Udhar Nikle, Udhar Doobe Idhar Nikle In the world, the people of faith live like the sun; Here they sink, there they arise, there they sink, here they arise!

> یقیں ہے۔ او کا سے دائیعمیب بِلّت ہے یہی قوت ہے جوصورت کرتیعت ریکت ہے

Yaqeen Afrad Ka Sarmaya-E-Tameer-E-Millat Hai Yehi Quwwat Hai Jo Soorat Gar-E-Taqdeer-E-Millat Hai The certainty of individuals is the capital for building the community; This is the power which draws the portrait of the fate of the community.

> ر تُورازِ کُن فعل ہے اپنی آنکھوں برعیاں ہوجا خودی کا راز داں جو جاجت دا کا ترجماں ہوجا

Tu Raaz-E-Kun Fakan Hai, Apni Ankhon Par Ayan Ho Ja Khudi Ka Raazdan Ho Ja, Khuda Ka Tarjuman Ho Ja You are the secret of creation, see yourself in your eyes; Share the secret of your own self, become the spokesman of God.

> ہوس نے کر دیائے کڑئے لڑنے والے انسان و اُڈت کاب اس ہوجامجتت کی زباں ہوجا

Hawas Ne Kar Diya Tukre Tukre Nu-E-Insan Ko Akhuwat Ka Byan Ho Ja, Mohabbat Ki Zuban Ho Ja Greed has split mankind into little pieces; Become the statement of brotherhood, become the language of love.

> يېپندى وچن راسانى بدافعن نى دە تورانى تۇلىي رىندة ساحل! اھيل كرك كران بوجا

Ye Hindi, Who Khurasani, Ye Afghani, Who Toorani Tu Ae Sharminda-E-Sahil! Uchal Kar Be-Karan Ho Ja Here are Indians, there people of Khurasan, here Afghans, there Turanians

You, who despise the shore, rise up and make yourself boundless.

مر الرفض بربال تربیب غبارالودهٔ رنگ فسک بین ال تربیب تُول مُرغ حسرم!اُرنے سے بین رُفشال جا

Ghubar Aludah'ay Rang-O-Nasb Hain Baal-O-Par Tere
Tu Ae Murgh-E-Hara! Urne Se Pehle Par-Fishan Ho Ja
Your wings and your plumage are soiled with the dust of colour and race;
You, my bird of the holy shrine, shake your wings before you start to fly.

خودی میں ڈوب جا غافل کیسِترزندگانیہے نکل کرصلفت بشام وحسٹ رسیطاوداں ہوجا

Khudi Mein Doob Ja Ghafil! Ye Sir-E-Zindagani Hai Nikl Kar Halqa-E-Shaam-O-Sahar Se Javidan Ho Ja Immerse yourself in your self, my forgetful one, this is the secret of life; Come out from the fetters of evening and morning, become immortal.

> ر ئىصاف زندلى مىن سىيەت فولانىپ لۇر ئىشب ئارىمىت مەجەب رۇرنىيان بوجا

Masaf-E-Zindagi Mein Seerat-E-Foulad Paida Kar Shabistan-E-Mohabbat Mein Harair-O-Parniyan Ho Ja On the battle-field of life adopt the nature of steel; In the bed-chamber of love become as soft as silk and painted brocade.

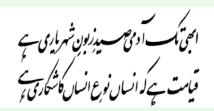
> گزرجا بن کے بیٹ ندائوکوہ وہب بال گزرجا بن کے بیٹ ندائوکوہ وہب بال گاکستاں اہ میں کئے توجُوئے نغمہ خوال ہوجا

Guzar Ja Ban Ke Seel-E-Tund Ro Koh-E-Byaban Se Gulistan Rah Mein Aye To Joo'ay Naghma Khawan Ho Ja Pass like a river in full spate through the mountains and the deserts; If the garden should come your way, then become a melodiously singing

> ترے علم محتب کی نہیں ہے ہت کوئی نہیں ہے تجے سے بڑھ کر سازِ فطرت میں نواکوئی

sticaiii.

Tere Ilm-O-Mohabbat Ki Nahin Hai Intaha Koi Nahin Hai Tujh Se Barh Kar Saaz-E-Fitrat Mein Nawa Koi There is no limit to your knowledge and love; In the instrument of nature there is no sweeter song than you.



Abhi Tak Admi Sayd-E-Zaboon-E-Sheher Yari Hai Qayamat Hai Ke Insan Nu-E-Insan Ka Shikari Hai Even now, mankind if the miserable prey to imperialism; How distressing that man is hunted by man!

> نظر لونچیروکرتی ہے جیات تہذیب عاضر کی چیستناعی مکر حُبوٹے کوں کی ریزہ کاری ہے

Nazar Ko Kheerah Karti Hai Chamak Tehzeeb-E-Hazir Ki Ye Sanaee Magar Jhoote Nagon Ki Rezakari Hai The glitter of modern civilization dazzles the sight; But this clever craftsmanship is a mosaic of false jewels.

> وه عکمت نازتهاجس رخردمندان نعرب کو پیوسس کینجب ٔ نُونیس میں تبنی کارزاری کم

Woh Hikmat Naz Tha Jis Par Khiradmandan-E-Maghrib Ko Hawas Ke Panja'ay Khoonin Mein Taegh-E-Karzari Hai That science, in which the scholars of the West took pride, Is the sword of warfare held in the bloody grip of greed.

> تد تر کی فسوں کاری میج کے میزیس سے تا جہاں میرج س تمدّن کی بنام طرید ارسی م

Tadabur Ki Fasoon Kari Se Mohkam Ho Nahin Sakta Jahan Mein Jis Tamaddan Ki Bina Sarmayadari Hai That civilization of the world, which is founded on capitalism, Can never be become strong by spellbinding schemes. عمل سے زندگی منتی ہے جنت بیٹی جہتم ہی بین خالی اپنی فطرت میں نہ توری ہے نہ ناری ہے

Amal Se Zindagi Banti Hai Jannat Bhi, Jahanum Bhi Ye Khaki Apni Fitrat Mein Na Noori Hai Na Naari Hai By action life may become both paradise and hell; This creature of dust in its nature is neither of light nor of fire.

ر 'برب 'برب لیو'کرہ غنچے لی واکر و کے اگر و اگر ہے کہ اگر ہے کہ واکر و کے کہ اگر ہے کہ اللہ کا میں کے اور میں کا کر میں کا میں

Kharosh Amoz-E-Bulbul Ho, Girah Ghunche Ki Wa Kar De Ke Tu Iss Gulistan Ke Waste Baad-E-Bahari Hai Teach the nightingale to send forth its clamour; Open the knot of the bud, for you are the spring breeze for this garden.

> ئىرائىشى ايشىياك كەلسىچىنىكارىمىت كى زمىن جولار كەلسىك سى بايارتىت رىپ

Phir Uthi Asia Ke Dil Se Chankari Mohabbat Ki Zameen Joulan Geh-E-Atlas Qabayan-E-Tatari Hai Once more the spark of love has arisen from the heart of Asia; The earth is the coursing-ground for the stain-cloaked Tartars.

> سیا پیدا حن ریارست حب بن ناتوانے را "پیس از مدّت گذار افتا د برما کاروانے را

Baya Paida Khareedarst Jaan-E-Natoowane Ra "Pas Az Muddat Gudaz Aftaad Barma Karwame Ra" Arise! A buyer has come to our hapless life; After an age, the time has come for our caravan's departure.

> بیاس تی نواے مرغ داراز شاخبار کر بہار آمد بھار آمد ، بھارا مدت ارامہ

Baya Saqi Nawaye Murgh-E-Zaar Az Shakhsar Amad Bahar Amad Nigar Amad, Nigar Amad Qirar Amad Come, Saki! The song of the bird of the garden has come from the branches;

The spring has come; the beloved has come; peace has come!

کشید اربب رخهید اندر واوضح سرا صدای ایش ران از من راز کومهارام

Kasheed Abar-E-Bahari Khemah Andar Wai-O-Sehra Sada'ay Absharan Az Faraz-E-Kohsar Amad The spring cloud has pitched its tent in the valley and the desert; The sound of the waterfall has come from the summit of the mountains.

> سرت گروم توسم قانون شیس ازده ساقی کرخیانیون مدیروازاقطب را نقرطب آرمد

Sarat Gardam To Ham Qanoon-E-Paisheen Saazdah Saqi Ke Kheel-E-Naghma Pardazan Qitar Andar Qitar Amad I implore you; renew the law of the past! For the army of singers has come drove upon drove.

> كناراز زامدال كريب وب كافانه الحرث ميل زيةت ازيث خ لهن بأناب يزاراً م

Kanar Az Zahadan Bargeer-O-Bebakana Saghar Kash Pas Az Muddar Azeen Shakh-E-Kuhan Bang-E-Hazar Amad Turn away from the ascetics and fearlessly drink wine from the jar; After an age the song of the nightingale has rung out from this old branch.

> ب نیت قال حدیث خواجت بر دون آور تصرف ہے پہنانش بحث آم شارامہ

Ba Mushtaqan Hadees-E-**Khawajah (S.A.W.)**-E-Badar-O-Hunain Awar Tasarraf Haye Pinhanash Ba-Chashm Ashkar Amad Bring the account of the **Master of Badr and Hunain (PBUH)** to those who yearn;

Its hidden mystic powers have been revealed to the eye.

وگر تاخ لسپ از از نُونِ ما نم الب می ک^{رد}و سب ازارِ محبت نقد ما کال^عیب را مد

Dgar Shakh-E-**Khalil (A.S.)** Az Khoon-E-Ma Namnaak Mee Gardad Babazaar-E-Mohabbat Nagad-E-Maa Kamil Ayar Amad Again the branch of Khalil has been watered by the sap of our blood; In the marketplace of love our cash has proved to be perfect.

Sir-E-Khak Shaheeday Barg Haye Lala Mee Pasham Ke Khawinsh Banihal-E-Millat Ma Saazgar Amad I scatter the pearls of tulips upon the dust of the martyrs, For their blood has proved to be effective for the saplings of the community.

"Baya Ta Gul Bifasha-Neeyam Wa May Dar Saghar Andazyam Falak Ra Sagaf Bashagafiyam Wa Tarah-E-Deegar Andazyam" Come, so that we may strew roses and pour a measure of wine in the cup! Let us split open the roof of the heavens and think upon new ways.

(Bal-e-Jibril-132) Zauq-o-Shauq (Ecstasy)

Zauq-o-Shauq (In Asha'ar Mein Se Aksar Palestine Mein Likhe Gaye) **Ecstasy**

(Most of these verses were written in Palestine) (poem16)

وريغ آمرم زال بهر بوستان تهي وست رفتن سوئے وسال

'Daraig Amdam Zaan Hama Bostan Tahi Dast Raftan Suay Dostan'

—Saadi

I could not go to my friends empty handed From an orchard!

—Saadi

(2)

قلب نوطن کی زندگی وثبت میش سرح کاسما سرت میران آن ایسان دوان چشسته افتاب سے نورکی تدیاں روان

Qalb-o-Nazar Ki Zindagi Dast Mein Subah Ka Saman Chasma'ay Aftab Se Noor Ki Nadiyan Rawan Life to passion and ecstasy—sunrise in the desert: Luminous brooks are flowing from the fountain of the rising sun

> نھن ازُل کی ہے نمود، چاکس ہے ریُرہ وجود ول کے لیے ہزار سُوو ایک نکاہ کا زمایں

Husn-e-Azal Ki Hai Namood, Chaak Hai Parda'ay Wajood Dil Ke Liye Hazar Sood, Aik Nigah Ka Ziyan The veil of being is torn, Eternal Beauty reveals itself: The eye is dazzled but the soul is richly endowed.

> (4) ئىرخ ولىود بەلىپ رەھپۇرگىياسحاب شب كوفىلىس كودىك كىيا رنگ برنگ طىلسان

Surkh-o-Kabood Badaliyan Chor (Chodh) Gaya Sihab-e-Shab Koh-e-Idm Ko De Gaya Rand Barang Teelsiyan The heavy night-cloud has left behind it red and blue cloud-lets: It has given a head-dress of various hues to the Mount Idam to wear.

> روسے بال ہے ہوا، برکنخیل وصل کئے ریاب نواح کاطن مدزم سیے شب ل رنیاں

Gard Se Pak Hai Hawa, Barg-e-Nakheel Dhul Gaye Raig-e-Nawah-e-Kazimah Naram Hai Misl-e-Parniyan Air is clean of dust particles; leaves of datepalms have been washed; The sand around Kazimah is soft like velvet.

(6)

ر الرنجبي نيونى اوس رئونى نيونى طناب أوهر كي خبر اس مقام سے كزرے ہيں كتنے قادواں

Aag Bujhi Hui Idhar, Tooti Hui Tanab Udhar Kya Khabar Iss Maqam Se Guzaray Hain Kitne Karwan The remains of burnt-out fire are observable here and a piece of tent-rope there:

Who knows how many caravans have passed through this tract.

(7) انی صدائے تبر ل تیرانت م ہے یہی اہلِ نسراق کے لئے یشس دوام ہے یہی

Ayi Sada'ay Jibreel, Tera Maqam Hai Yehi
Ahl-e-Faraak Ke Liye Ayesh-e-Dawam Hai Yehi
I heard the angel Gabriel saying to me: This indeed is your station—
For those acquainted with the pleasure of separation, this is the
everlasting comfort.

(6) کسے کہوں کہ زہرہے میں لیے سے حیات کہنے ہے بزم کا نبات، آزہ ہیں میرے وارد آ

Kis Se Kahon Ke Zehar Hai Mere Liye May'ay Hiyat Kuhna HAi Bazm-e-Kainat, Taza Hain Mere Wardaat To whom should I say that the wine of life is poison to me: I have new experiences while the universe is decadent entire.

> (9) کینهب یراؤر نه نوی کارگر حیات میں بیٹھے ہیں کب سے منتظر الرج سے مے سومنا

Kiya Nahin Aur Ghaznavi Kargah-e-Hiyat Mein Baithe Hain Kab Se Muntazir Ahl-e-Harm Ke Soumanaat Is there not another Ghaznavi in the factory of Life?— The Somnaths of the People of the Harem have been awaiting a blow for long.

(10)

ز کرعرب کے سوز میں فٹ برعم کے سازمیں نے عربی مشاہدات نے عمری تحضیت لا

Zikr-e-Arab Ke Souz Mein, Fikr-e-Ajam Ke Saaz Mein Nay Arabi Mushahidaat, Nay Arbi Takhayyulaat The Arabian fervour and the Persian comfort Have both lost the Arabian acuteness and the Persian imagination.

> (11) قاف لهٔ حجاز میں ایکٹی جسٹین بھی نہمیں رائیں کرچہ ہے باب دار ابھی کمیسوئے دحلہ و فرا

Kafla'ay Hijaz Mein Aik Hussain(R.A.) Bhi Nahin Garcha Hai Tabdaar Abhi Gaisu'ay Dajla-o-Firat The Caravan of Hijaz has not another Husain amongst it— Although the tresses of the Tigris and the Euphrates are still as bright as ever.

> (12) عقل و دل و نکاه کا مُرث به اوّلین بیخشق عشق نه ردو توث رع و دین بت کدهٔ تصورا

Aqal-o-Dil-o-Nigah Ka Murshid-e-Awaleen Hai Ishq Ishq Na Ho Tou Sharaa-o-Deen, Bott Khudda'ay Tasawwarat Intellect, heart and vision, all must take their first lessons from Love— Religion and the religious law breed idols of illusion if there is no Love.

> (13) صدقِ خليل بھی ہے عشق صبرِ سین بھی ہے عشق معم رکۂ ونجو میں بدر وسٹ ین بھی ہے عشق

Sidq-e-Khalil(A.S.) Bhi Hai Ishq, Sabr-e-Hussain(R.A.) Bhi Hai Ishq Maarka'ay Wajood Mein Badar-o-Hunain Bhi Hai Ishq The truthfulness of Abraham is but a form of Love, and so is the patience of Husain—

And so are Badr and Hunayn in the battle of existence.

(14)

سر ایهٔ کائٹ ت کامسنی دریاب تُو نکے تری ماشس میں قافلہ ہے زنگ وہُو

Aaya'ay Kainat Ka Ma'ani-e-Deeryaab tu Nikle Teri Talash Mein Kafla Ha'ay Rang-o-Bu The universe is a verse of God and you are the meaning to be grasped at last:

Colour and scent are the caravans that set forth to seek you.

(15) جلوتت بن مریب کورنهاه و نمرده ذوق خلوتت بن مے لدہ کم طلب تهی کڈو

Jalwatiyan-e-Madrasah Kour Nigah-o-Murda Zauq Khalwatiyan May Kuda Kam Talab-o-Tahi Kadu The disciples in the schools are insipid and purblind; The esoteric of the monastery have low aims with empty bowls;

> (16) سر که مری غزل میں ہے اسٹ پر فقہ کا نراغ میرتی ہے مسرکزشت کھوئے نیوؤں کی جشبو

Main Ke Meri Ghazal Mein Hain Aatish-e-Rafta Ka Suragh Meri Tamam Sarguzhast, Khuay Huwon Ki Justajoo I—whose ghazal reflects the flame that has been lost, All my life I pined after the type of men that exists no more.

> ر (17) باچسب اکی موج سے نشو و نمائے خار ذص میرنے نفس کی موج سے نشو و نمائے ارزو

Baad-e-Saba Ki Mouj Se Nashonuma'ay Khar-o-Khs Mere Nafs Ki Mouj Se Nashonuma'ay Arzoo The zephyr nurtures thorn and straw, While my breath nurtures passion in hearts;

(18)

ئون دل وب کرسے ہیری نوالی بروش ہے رکیب زمیں واں صاحب ز کالمؤ

Khoon-e-Dil-o-Jigar Se Hai Meri Nawa Ki Parwarish Hai Rag-e-Saaz Mein Rawan Sahib-e-Saaz Ka Lahoo My song thrives upon my lifeblood:

The strings of the instrument become alive with the blood of the musician.

(19)

' فُرصتِ کُش بکش مدہ ایں دل بے تسرار را کیک دوش من زیادہ کُن کسیوے تا بدار را'

'Fursat-e-Kashmakash Madah Ayen Dil-e-Beqarar Ra Yak Do Shikan Ziada Kun Ghaisu'ay Tabdaar Ra' Give not occasion for conturbation to this restless heart; Bright are your tresses, brighten them even more.

(20)

نوح مبی تو، سلم مبی تُو، سیا وجود الکتاب رو سیار گنبدانجسب ندنک سیر محیط میں صاب

Loh Bhi Tu Qalam Bhi Tu, Tera Wajood Al-Kitab Gunbad-e-Abgina Rang tere Muheet Mein Habab You are the Sacred Tablet, You are the Pen and the Book; This blue-colored dome is a bubble in the sea that you are.

(21)

عالم آب وخال میں سے خلورے فروغ فرز کریک کو دیا تُونے طلب وع افت ب

Alim-e-Aab-o-Khak Mein Tere Zahoor Se Faroug Zarra'ay Raig Ko Diya Tu Ne Tulu-e-Aftab You are the lifeblood of the universe:

You bestowed the illumination of a sun upon the particles of desert dust.

(22)

تولت شرك ليم سي حب لال لي نموه فقر خب تيدو بايز تيب إجال بي نعاب Shoukat-e-Sanjar-o-Saleem Tere Jalal Ki Namood Faqr-e-Junaid(R.A.)-o-Bayazeed(R.A.), Tera Jamal-e-Be-Naqab The splendour of Sanjar and Selim: a mere hint of your majesty; The faqr of Junaid and Bayazid: your beauty unveiled.

(23) شوق ترا الرنه چومسیب ری نماز کا امام میراقسیام بھی حجاب میراسجود تھی حجاب

Shauq Tera Agar Na Ho Meri Namaz Ka Imam Mera Qiyam Bhi Hijab, Mera Sajood Bhi Hijab If my prayers are not led by my passion for you, My ovation as well as my prostrations would be nothing but veils upon my soul.

> (24) تسیسری نه کاو نازسے دونوں مراد با کئے عقل غیاب وجستج ،عثق ھنور وضطراب

Teri Nigah-e-Naaz Se Dono Murad Pa Gaye Aqal Ghiyab-o-Justajoo, Ishq Huzoor-o-Iztarab A meaningful glance from you redeemed both of them: Reason—the seeker in separation; and Love—the restless one in Presence.

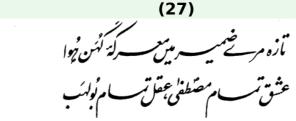
> (25) تبسیرہ و تارہے جہاں کروشس افتاہیے طسبع زمانہ تازہ کرجب وہ ہے حجاجیے

Teerah-o-Taar Hai Jahan Gardish-e-Aftab Se Taba-e-Zamana Taza Kar Jalwa'ay Behijab Se The world has become dark since the sun has set down; Unveil your beauty to dawn upon this age.

> (26) تیری نظر میں ہیں تمام میرے لزشتہ روزوشب مجھ لوحب رنہ تھی کہ ہے علم نحیل بے رطئب

Teri Nazar Mein Hain Tamam Mere Guzishta Roz-o-Shab

Mujh Ko Khabar Na Thi Ke Hai Ilm-e-Nakheel-e-Be-Rutab You are a witness on my life so far: I did not know that Knowledge is a tree that bears no fruit.



Taza Mere Zameer Mein Ma'arka'ay Kuhan Huwa Ishq Tamam Mustafavi(S.A.W.), Aqal Tamam Bu-Lahab The old battle was then revived in my conscience: Love, all Mustafa; Reason, all Abu Lahab.

(28) گاه محی سرد ، کاه بزور می کث عشق کی ابتداعجب ،عشق کی انتها عجب

Gah Bahila Mee Burad, Gah Bazor Mee Kusah Ishq Ki Ibtada Ajab, Ishq Ki Intaha Ajab It persuaded me with art, it pulled me by force: Strange is Love at the beginning, strange in its perfection!

> (29) عالم سوز وساز میں صل سے بڑھ کے ہے فراق مصل میں مرکب ارز وہمجیب میرلنڈ تبطلب

Alim-e-Souz-o-Saaz Mein Wasal Se Barh Ke Hai Firaaq Wasal Mein Marg-e-Arzoo, Hijar Mein Lazzat-e-Talab Separation is greater than union in the state of ecstasy; For union is death to desire while separation brings the pleasure of longing.

> (30) عین وس ل میں مجھے توسس کۂ نظر نہ تھا کرچپ بہانہ نجو رہی سیسسہ بن کاف یا دب

Ayen-e-Wisal Mein Mujhay Hosla'ay Nazar Na Tha Gharcha Bahana Joo Rahi Meri Nigah-e-BeAdab In the midst of the union I dared not cast a glance; Though my audacious eye was looking for a pretence (pretend). Garmi-e-Arzoo Firaaq, Shorish-e-Ha'ay-o-Hu Firaaq Mouj Ki Justajoo Firaaq, Qatre Ki Abroo Firaaq! Separation is the warmth of hot-pursuit; it is at the heart of fond lamentation—

It is why the wave is in search; it is why the pearl is precious.

(Bang-e-Dra-161) Khizar-e-Rah (خضر را ه) Khizr The Guide

خضر راه بر

Khizar-e-Rah

KHIZR THE GUIDE(poem17)

ست عر

Shayar THE POET

Stanza (1)

ر سامل دیا یهٔ میں ال راست تھا مخطِطن ر ر کومٹ نہ ول میں مجھیاہتے ال جہان ضطراب

Sahil-E-Darya Pe Main Ek Raat Tha Mehv-E-Nazar Gosha-E-Dil Mein Chupaye Ek Jahan-E-Iztaraab By the river's brink I stood one evening, lost in the scene, Yet hiding a world of fretting thoughts in my heart's cell. س سنوت اسنرا، ہُوا اسُودہ ، دریا نرم سر شب سکوت اسنرا، ہُوا اسُودہ ، دریا نرم سر ترین طلب حیراں کہ یہ دریا ہے یا تصوریاب

Shab Sakoot Afza, Hawa Asoodah, Darya Naram Sair Thi Nazar Heeran Ke Ye Darya Hai Ya Tasveer-E-Aab Night deepened silence: calm the air, languid the current, River or painted water the eye could scarcely tell.

> گر جیسے لہوارے میں سوجا ہاہے طفل شبیروار موج مضطرتھی لہیں کہرائیوں میں مستِ خواب

Jaise Gehware Mein So Jata Hai Tifle-E-Sheer Khawaar Mouj-E-Muztar Thi Kahin Gehraiyon Mein Mast-E-Khawab As the sucking infant laid in the cradle falls asleep The restless wave lay slumberously in its deep well,

ے رات کے افٹوں سے طائر اکشیانوں میں اسیر انجب کم طہو کوفت اِطلس ماہتاب انجب کم طہو کوفت اِطلاب ماہتاب

Raat Ke Ufsoon Se Tair Ashiyanon Mein Aseer Anjum-E-Kam Zou Giraftar-E-Tilism-E-Mahtab The birds held captive by night's gramarye (magic) in their nests, And the faint-gleaming stars fast bound by the bright moon's spell.

> ر پر دنیصا لیا ہوں کہ وہ پیاب جہاں میپ اخطر جس کی بیری میں ہے مانٹ بیخرزنک نباب جس کی بیری میں ہے مانٹ بیخرزنک نباب

Dekhta Kya Hun Ke Woh Paik-E-Jahan Peyma Khizar Jis Ki Peeri Mein Hai Manind-E-Sahar Rang-E-Shabab There that would-measuring courier I had sight of—Khizr, That ancient in whom youth's colours fresh as the daybreak dwell.

> کہ رہائے مجھے سے کے جولئے اسسارازل چشم دل وا ہو تو ہے تھت درِ عالم بے جاب چشم دل وا ہو تو ہے تھے۔

Keh Raha Mujh Se, Ae Joya'ay Asrar-E-Azal!
Chashm-E-Dil Wa Ho To Hai Taqdeer-E-Alam Behijab
'Seeker,' said he, 'of eternal secrets!
When the heart sees clear vision, the fates that rule earth wear no veil.'

دل میں بیٹن کر بیا ہمسٹ کامر محشر ہُوا ئیں شہیب رُستجو تھا' یوں سخن سستر ہُوا

Dil Mein Ye Sun Kar Bapa Hangama'ay Mehshar Huwa Main Shaheed-E-Justujoo Tha, Yun Sukhan-E-Gastar Huwa At these words in my soul doomed to long search awoke A tumult as of Judgment Day; and thus I spoke.

Stanza (2)

برر اے ری بیٹ جہاں ہیں پر وہ طوفاں انتحار من کے میں کے ایمی دریا میں سوتے دین حموش جن کے میں کا بھی دریا میں سوتے دین حموش

Ae Teri Chashme-E-Jahan Been Par Woh Toofan Ashkar Jin Ke Hangame Abhi Darya Mein Sote Hain Khamosh 'To your world-ranging eye is visible the storm Whose fury yet lies in tranquil sleep under the sea:

'Kashti-E-Miskeen'-O-'Jaan-E-Paak'-O-'Diwar-E-Yateem' Ilm-E-**Musa (A.S.)** Bhi Hai Tere Samne Hairat Farosh That innocent life, that poor man's boat, that wall of the orphan, Taught **Moses'** wisdom to stand before yours wonderingly!

> ر سه حیور کر ابادیاں رسٹ ہے توصحب اُنورو سر رندلی سیری ہے بے روز وشب و فرداو دوش

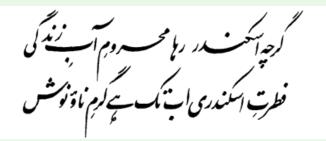
Chorh Kar Abadiyan Rehta Hai Tu Sehra Naward Zindagi Teri Hai Be Roz-O-Shab-O-Farda-O-Dosh You shun abodes, for desert-roaming, for ways that know No day or night, from yesterdays and tomorrows free.

> ر زندلی کا داز لیا ہے، سلطنت کیا ہیے۔ زندلی کا داز لیا ہے، سلطنت کیا ہیے۔ اور بیک رمایہ ومحنت میں ہے کیسا خروش

Zindagi Ka Raaz Kya Hai, Saltanat Kya Cheez Hai Aur Ye Sarmaya-O-Mehnat Mein Hai Kaisa Kharosh What is the riddle of life? What thing is the State Or why must labour and capital so bloodily disagree?

> ہور ہاہے اکث یا کا حن قدرین حاک نوجواں اقوام نُو دولت کے ہیں ئیرا یہ توشس

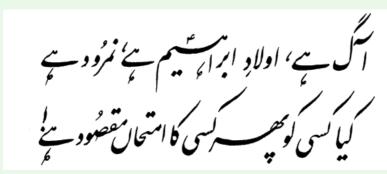
Ho Rahah Hai Asia Ka Kharqa-E-Dairina Chaak Naujawan Aqwam-E-Nau Doulat Ke Hain Peraya Posh Asia's time-honoured cloak grows ragged and wears out, From upstart lands her young men borrow their finery;



Garcha Iskandar Raha Mehroom-E-Aab-E-Zindagi Fitrat-E-Iskandari Ab Tak Hai Garam-E-Nao'ay Nosh Though Alexander could never find the elixir of life, His robber spirit still revels here in drunken glee;



Baichta Hai Hashmi Namoos-E-Deen-E-**Mustafa (S.A.W.)**Khak-O-Khoon Mein Mil Raha Hai Turkaman-E-Sakht Kosh
The lord of Makkah barters the honour of Makkah's faith
That the stubborn Turk, late convert, guards through war's agony.



Aag Hai, Aulad-E-**Ibraheem (A.S.)** Hai, Namrood Hai Kya Kisi Ko Phir Kisi Ka Imtihaan Maqsood Hai! Tyrants and flames once more on Abraham's race have glared: For whom this new ordeal, or by whose hand prepared?

(Bang-e-Dra-162) Jawab-e-Khizar (خضر را ه - جواب خضر) Khizr's Reply

2. Jawab-e-Khizar (This post)



Jawab-e-Khizar

KHIZR'S REPLY(poem18)

Stanza (3)

صحرا نؤردي

Sehra Nawardi Desert-roaming

کر تیون تعجب ہے مرض حسب انور دی برتھے کر کر انسان کے درا دم زندلی لی ہے دہیں میر تھا پوتے دا دم زندلی لی ہے دہیں

Kyun Taajub Hai Meri Sehra Nawardi Par Tujhe Ye Taga Pooye Dama Dam Zindagi Ki Hai Daleel What is it to make you wonder, if I roam the desert waste? Witness of enduring life is this unending toil and haste!

ے رہ پرجن نہ تُونے وہ سماں دکھانہیں '' ''فرنجتی ہے جب فضائے دشت میں بانک ریل

Ae Raheen-E-Khana Tu Ne Woh Saman Dekha Nahin Goonjti Hai Jab Faza'ay Dasht Mein Bang-E-Raheel You, shut in by walls, have never known that moment when shrill Bugle-call that sounds the march goes echoing over wood and hill,

برت کے بیادہ دائھو کا بے پرواحت ام ریت کئے بیادہ دائھو کا بے پرواحت ام وہ حضر بے برل وسامان وہ سفر بے رنگ زمیل

Rait Ke Teele Pe Woh Aaho Ka Be Parwa Kharaam Woh Hazar Be Barg-O-Saman, Woh Safar Be Sang-O-Meel Never known the wild deer's careless walk across its sandy plain, Never halt unroofed, uncumbered, on the trail no milestones chain,

> وه نعودِ اخت رسیاب پایمب گائم سبح یامب مای بام کروُوں سے بسین جنراتی است مای بام کروُوں سے بسین جنراتی

Woh Namood-E-Akhtar-E-Simab Pa Hangam-E-Subah Ya Numayan Baam-E-Gardoon Se Jibeen-E-**Jibraeel (A.S.)** Never fleeting vision of that star that crowns the daybreak hour, Never Gabriel's radiant brow effulgent from heaven's topmost tower,

> ر ورب افتاب ووس ورب افتاب جس سے روشن ر مُروئی شیم جهاں بین سیال

Woh Sakoot-E-Sham-E-Sehra Mein Gharoob-E-Aftab
Jis Se Roshan Tar Huwi Chashm-E-Jahan Been-E-**Khalil (A.S.)**Nor the going-down of suns in stillness of desert ways,
Twilight splendour such as brightened **Abraham**'s world-beholding gaze,

اور وہ بانی کے حیث پیست م کارواں اہل ایس ال حیس طرح حت میں کر وسلسیل اہل ایس ال حیس طرح حت میں کر دوسلیل

Aur Woh Pani Ke Chashme Par Maqam-E-Karwan Ahl-E-Aeeman Jis Tarah Jannat Mein Gird-E-Salsabeel Nor those springs of running water where the caravans take rest As in heaven bright spirits cluster round the Fountain of the Blest!

> ر مازہ وبرانے لیسودائے محبت کو ملاشس سے اور آبادی میں تو رنحب ری رشت وسیل اور آبادی میں تو رنحب ری رشت وسیل

Taza Weerane Ki Soda'ay Mohabbat Ko Talash Aur Abadi Mein Tu Zanjeeri Kisht-O-Nakheel Wildernesses ever now love's fever seeks and thirsts to roams— You the furrowed field and palm-groves fetter to one poor home;

> شختہ ترہے گروش بہم سے جام زندگی ہے یہی اے بے خبر رازِ دوارم زندگی

Pukhta Tar Hai Gardish-E-Peham Se Jaam-E-Zindagi Hai Yehi Ae Be-Khabar Raaz-E-Dawam-E-Zindagi Mellow grows the wine of life when hand to hand the cup goes round Foolish one! In this alone is life's eternal secret found.

Stanza (4)

ر زند لی

Zindagi LIFE

برتر از اندلیت مُنوه و زیاں ہے زندلی میں اور کبھی سیم جاں ہے زندلی ہے کبھی جاں اور کبھی سیم جاں ہے زندلی Bartar Az Andesha'ay Sood-O-Ziyan Hai Zindagi Hai Kabhi Jaan Aur Kabhi Tasleem-E-Jaan Hai Zindagi Life is higher than the calculation of profit and loss; Life is sometimes living and sometimes forfeiting living.

تُواسے پیمیانۂ امروز وقت ٹراسے نہ کاپ سرا جاودان پیمیسے موان میردم جواں ہے زندلی جاودان پیمیسے موان میردم جواں ہے زندلی

Tu Isse Pemana'ay Amroz-O-Farda Se Na Naap Javidan, Peham Dawan, Har Dam Jawan Hai Zindagi Do not measure it by the scale of today and tomorrow; Life is eternal, constantly moving, at every moment youthful.

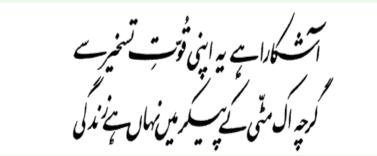
> ر اپنی وُنیا آپ سیدالراکر زندوں میں ہے اپنی وُنیا آپ سیدالراکر زندوں میں ہے سے میں میں ہے۔ رستر اوم ہے جمعیک برگن فیکاں ہے زندکی

Apni Dunya Ap Paida Kar Agar Zindon Mein Hai Sirr-E-Adam Hai, Zameer-E-Kun Fikan Hai Zindagi If you are among the living, fashion your own world; Life is the secret of Adam, the essence of the words Be and it was!

> زیدگانی ای قفت لومین کے ول سے پُوچھِ مُرک شِیر توبیث روسنائے اسے زند کی مُرک شِیر توبیث روسنائے اسے زند کی

Zindagani Ki Haqiqat Kohkan Ke Dil Se Pooch Jooye Sheer-O-Teesha-O-Sang-E-Garan Hai Zindagi Ask the reality of life form the heart of the mountain-digger; Life is the milky stream, the axe and the hard stone.

Bandagi Mein Ghat Ke Reh Jati Hai Ek Jooay Kam Aab Aur Azadi Mein Beher-E-Bekaran Hai Zindagi In servitude the stream diminishes and almost runs dry, And in freedom life is an ocean which knows no bounds.



Ashkara Hai Ye Apni Quwwat-E-Taskheer Se Gharche Ek Mitti Ke Paikar Mein Nihan Hai Zindagi It knows well its power of domination, Although life is hidden in a frame of clay.

> قُدُرْم ہے۔ تو انجرائے مانندحاب اس زیاں خانے میں سرا امتحال ہے زندلی

Qulzam-E-Hasti Se Tu Ubhra Hai Manind-E-Habab Iss Ziyan Khane Mein Tera Imtihan Hai Zindagi From the sea of existence you arose like a bubble; In this dwelling of loss, life your test.

خام ہے جب اک توہے مٹی کا اک انبار تو نیختہ ہو جائے توہے شمسیر بے زنہار تو نیختہ ہو جائے توہے

Kham Hai Jab Tak To Hai Mitti Ka Ek Anbar Tu Pukhta Ho Jaye To Hai Shamsheer-E-Bezanhar Tu While you are still immature, you are a heap of dust; When you ripen, you will become an irresistible sword.

Stanza (5)

ہوصداقت کے لیے جس دل میں نے لی روب پہلے اپنے پیٹ رخالی میرجب ں پدائے

Ho Sadaqat Ke Liye Jis Dil Mein Marne Ki Tarap Pehle Apne Paikar-E-Khaki Mein Jaan Paida Kare

The heart which is impatient to die for the truth— First of all let it create life in its form of clay.

ر ٹیونک ڈالے یہ زمین و اسسمان ستعار ر اورخاکت سے اب اپنا جہاں پیدالرے اورخاکت سے اب اپنا جہاں پیدالرے

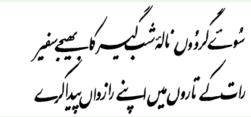
Phoonk Dale Ye Zameen-O-Asman-E-Mastaar Aur Khakstar Se Ap Apna Jahan Paida Kare Let it set fire to this earth and this sky, which are borrowed, And from the embers, let it give birth itself to its own world.

> رر زندلی کی قوتت پنهاں لوکر دے اسٹ کار تا یہ جنگاری ٹے فرغ جاوداں سپ داکرے

Zindagi Ki Quwwat-E-Pinhan Ko Kar De Ashakar Ta Ye Chingari Furogh-E-Javidan Paida Kare Make the hidden strength of life manifest, Until its spark engenders the eternal light.

> ر خالہ شترق پر جیاس جائے مثال افتاب آبخشاں تھیروئی سے لران بیسیدالرہے آبخشاں تھیروئی سے لران بیسیدالرہے

Khak-E-Mashriq Par Chamak Jaye Misal-E-Aftab Ta Badkhishan Phir Wohi Laal-E-Giran Paida Kare Let it shine over the soil f the East like the sun, Until Badakhshan once more throws up the same priceless ruby.



Suay Gardoon Nala-E-Shabgeer Ka Bheje Safeer Raat Ke Taron Mein Apne Raazdan Paida Kare

Let it send the ambassador of its night-encompassing lament to the heavens:

Let it share its secrets with the stars of the night.



Ye Ghari Mehshar Ki Hai, Tu Arsa'ay Mehshar Mein Hai Paish Kar Ghafil, Amal Koi Agar Daftar Mein Hai! This moment is the Day of Judgment; you are in the field of Judgments' Day!

My forgetful one, put forward something you have accomplished, if you have anything written on your scroll.

Stanza (6)

تسلطنت

Saltanat The State

ر روس المراق الماؤك المراق الماؤك المراق الماؤك المراق ال

Aa Bataon Tujh Ko Ramz-E-Aaya-E-**INNAL MULOOK**Saltanat Aqwam-E-Ghalib Ki Hai Ek Jadoogari
What scripture sets forth riddlingly of Kings, let me impart:
In towering empires sovereignty is all a conjuror's art—

خواب سے بیدار ہو تاہے ذرامحت و مالر بھرٹ لا دہتی ہے اُس لو صکراں کی ساحری

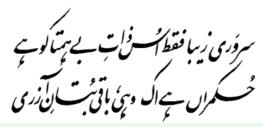
Khawab Se Baidar Hota Hai Zara Mehkoom Agar
Phir Sula Deti Hai Uss Ko Hukamran Ki Sahiri
If ever subjects from their sleep half rouse themselves,
The sure enchantments of their rulers steep their wits in dreams once
more;

ر جادوئے سودلی آنبرسے بیٹ ہرایاز رمیصتی ہے حلعت کردن میں ساز دلسری

Jadoo-E-Mehmood Ki Taseer Se Chashm-E-Ayaz Dekhti Hai Halqa-E-Gardan Mein Saaz-E-Dilbari When Mahmood's blandishments begin Ayaz slave-eyes dote, And find a fine love-token in The halter round his throat.

> ئون اسے آیل آجا ہے آخٹ رجش میں توڑ دہیت ہے لوئی مُولئی طلسب سامری

Khoon-E-Israel Aa Jata Hai Akhir Josh Mein
Torh Deta Hai Koi **Musa (A.S.)** Tilism-E-Samri
But now the blood of Israel boils up in rage at last,
And some new Moses breaks the spell that wizard Samri cast!



Sarwari Zaiba Faqat Uss Zaat-E-Be Hamta Ko Hai Hukamran Hai Ek Wohi, Baqi Bootan-E-Azri None with diamond's orb invest but the Most High alone: He is the sovereign, all the rest are idols carved from stone;

> ر ازعن لامی فطریب آزاد را مرسوا مکن تا تراشی خوجب لے از برئیمن کافٹ ترری

Az Ghulami Fitrat-E-Azad Ra Ruswa Makun Ta Tarashi Khawajah Ae Az Barhaman Kafir Teri Stain with no slavery you free-souled estate,—worse pagan than The Brahmin, if your chisel mould a king out of a man.

> ے وہی از کہن مغرب قاجمہوری نظام عربی کے بردوں میں نہائی سے از نوائے قیصری

Hai Wohi Saaz-E-Kuhan Maghrib Ka Jamhoori Nazam Jis Ke Pardon Mein Nahin Ghair Az Nawa'ay Qaisari In the West the people rule, they say: and what is this new reign? The same harp still, the same strings play the despots' old refrain;

> دیوب تبداد جمہوری قب میں پلے لوب میں سے سرار نوک مجھامیے میرازادی لی ہے تیم ری

Deo Istabdad Jamhoori Qba Mein Paye Koob Tu Samjhta Hai Ye Azadi Ki Hai Neelam Pari In Demos-dress let tyranny's old demon-dance be seen, Your fancy calls up Liberty's blue-mantled fairy queen! رب ملس بل مین واسس الاح ورعایات وحقوق ملی محاسب بل مین واسس الله و مقاوق مین مرسے بیٹھے اثر خواب اوری

Majlis-E-Aaeen-O-Islah-O-Ra'ayaat-O-Haqooq Tib-E-Maghrib Mein Maze Mithe, Asar Khawab Awri Those Parliaments and their reforms, Charters and Bills of Rights— The Western pharmacopoeia swarms with opiate delights;

> ار مورُ کرمیِ نفت اِر اعضائے مجالس 'الا مال! روس پریمبی ال سے مایہ داروں کی ہے جنابِ رکری

Garmi-E-Ghuftar-E-Aza'ay Majaalis, Al-Aman!
Ye Bhi Ek Sarmaya Daron Ki Hai Jang-E-Zargari
That rhetoric of the Senator, flowing in fiery stream— God save the mark!
The brokers' war of gold is its true theme.

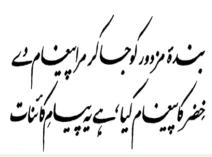
اس سراب المراب الموادة الموادة المراب المرا

Iss Sarab-E-Rang-O-Bu Ko Gulistan Samjha Hai Tu Aah Ae Nadad! Qafas Ko Ashiyan Samjha Hai Tu This paint and perfume, this mirage, a garden's blooming face You thought, simpleton, and your cage a downy nesting-place.

Stanza (7)

سرمايه ومحنت

Sarmaya-O-Mehnat Capital and Labour



Banda'ay Mazdoor Ko Ja Kar Mera Pegham De Khizar Ka Pegham Kya, Hai Ye Peyam-E-Kainat To the workman go, the toiler, and to him this message tell: Words not mine alone, a message that the world's four corners swell—

> ر تر ر ر الراس المالیا سے رہایہ دارِحیک کر کے کہ تمجھ کو کھاکیا سے رہایہ دارِحیک کر ناخ انہو پر رہی صدیوں ملاست تیری برات شاخ انہو پر رہی صدیوں ملاست تیری برات

Ae Ke Tujh Ko Kha Gya Sarmayadar-E-Heela Gar Shakh-E-Aahu Par Rahi Sadiyon Talak Teri Barat Oh, the crafty man of capital has devoured you flesh and fell: On the wild deer's horns for ages your reward has run astray!

> ر سټ دولت اصنبرین کو مُزولوں مِلتی رسې وسټ دولت اصنبرین کو مُزولوں کو زکات امل تروت جیسے دیتے ہیں غریبوں کو زکات

Dast-E-Doulat Afreen Ko Muzd Yun Milti Rahi Ehl-E-Sarwat Jaise Dete Hain Gharibon Ko Zakat In the hand that forges all wealth he has dropped a grudging pay, As the poor receive in charity what their betters throw away.

> رائب رالمُوط نے تجد کو دیا برگرشیش اور تُو اے بے خبر سمجھا اسے شاخ نبات

Sahir-E-Muut Ne Tujh Ko Diya Barg-E-Hasheesh Aur Tu Ae Bekhabar Samjha Isse Shakh-E-Nabat Like an Old Man of the Mountain he has fed you with hashish, And poor innocent! you took it for the sweetest-flavored dish; نسل، قرست، ملیسا ہلطنت بہذیب زمات خواصلی نے وب مین میں کے بنٹ ٹے ہرات

Nasal, Qoumiat, Kalisa, Saltanat, Tehzeeb, Rang Khawajgi Ne Khoob Chun Chun Ke Banaye Muskirat For the bourgeoisie is cunning, and from country and from creed, Colour, culture, caste and kingdom, has brewed drugs to serve its need;

> ر کٹ مُرا ناوان حیب الی دیوباؤں کے لیے ربر منگر کی لڈت میں تُولٹوالیانفٹ جیات منگر کی لڈت میں تُولٹوالیانفٹ جیات

Kat Mara Nadan Khiyali Deota'on Ke Liye Sukr Ki Lazzat Mein Tu Lutwa Gya Naqd-E-Hayat For these false gods, witless victim, you have rushed upon your doom And been robbed of life's bright treasure for the taste of its mad fume.

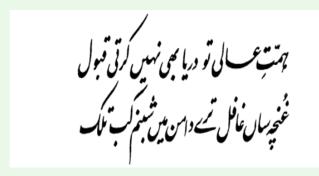
> ر سر مر لی حپ اوں سے مازی نے کیا سرمایہ دار ر سر اس انتہائے سے اول سے کھا کیا مزد ور مات

Makr Ki Chalon Se Bazi Le Gya Sarmayadar Intaha'ay Sadgi Se Kha Gya Mazdoor Maat Your sharp paymasters have swept the board, they cheat and know no shame:

You, forever unsuspecting, have forever lost the game.

اُٹھ کہ اب بزم جب ان کا اور چی اندازہے مشرق ومغرب میں تیرے دُور کا آغازہے

Uth Ke Ab Bazm-E-Jahan Ka Aur Hi Andaz Hai Mashriq-O-Maghrib Mein Tere Dour Ka Aghaz Hai But now come! for ways are changing in assembly of the earth, And in Orient and in Occident your own age comes to birth!



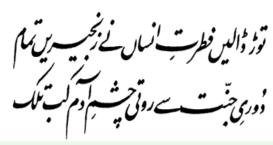
Himat-E-Aali To Darya Bhi Nahin Karti Qabool Ghuncha Saan Ghafil Tere Daman Mein Shabnam Kab Talak or the lofty soul all ocean is too mean a gift: will you, Like the careless bud, much longer be content with drops of dew?

> نغمر بسيداري مبهور ہے سامان شس سر سر قصر خواب اور سندر ومم لب لا

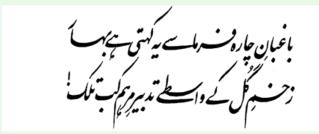
Naghma'ay Baidari-E-Jamhoor Hai Saman-E-Aysh Qissa'ay Khawab Awar-E-Iskandar-O-Jim Kab Talak To those drowsy tales of Jamshid and Sikander for how long Will you listen, now men's joy is in democracy's new song?

> ے۔ افعاب نازہ پیدا بطن لیتی سے ڈپوا پ سے اسمال!ڈویے ہوئے آروں کا مام لب لاک

Aftab-E-Taza Paida Batan-E-Geeti Se Huwa Asman! Doobe Huay Taron Ka Matam Kab Talak From the womb of this old universe a new red sun is born— For extinguished stars, of heaven, how much longer will you mourn?



Torh Dalain Fitrat-E-Insan Ne Zanjeerain Tamam
Doori Jannat Se Roti Chasm-E-Adam Kab Talak
Now the human mind has made of all its chains a broken heap,
For his banishment from Eden how much longer must Man weep?



Baghban-E-Chara Farma Se Ye Kehti Hai Bahar Zakhm-E-Gul Ke Waste Tadbeer-E-Marham Kab Talak! How much longer, of the garden's old attendant asks the Spring, For the red wounds of the rose your idle ointments will you bring?

> ر کرماب ناواں اطوافب شمع سے آزاد ہو اپنی فطرت کے جب تی زار میں آباد ہو

Karmak-E-Nadan! Tawaf-E-Shama Se Azad Ho
Apni Fitrat Ke Tajalli Zaar Mein Abad Ho
Silly firefly, so long fluttering round the candle, now be free!
Where the lamp of your own spirit shines, there let your dwelling be.

Stanza (8)

' ونیائے اِسلام

> Dunya-e-Islam The World of Islam

ر کیاٹ ماہے مجھے رک وعرب کی ستاں مجھ سے مجھے پنہاں نہیں سسلامیوں کا سوز وسا

Kya Sunata Hai Mujhe Turk-O-Arabki Dastan Mujh Se Kuch Pinhan Nahin Islamiyon Ka Souz-O-Saaz Why do you tell me the story of the Arab and the Turk? Nothing of the burning and making of the Muslims is hidden from me.

> ے کئے تثیث کے فرزندمیارٹ کے لئے تثیث کے فرزندمیارٹ خشتِ بن یا ہو کلیسا بن لئی خالرججب از

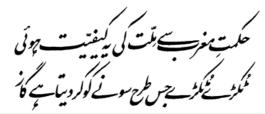
Le Gye Taslees Ke Farzand Meeras-E-**Khalil (A.S.)**Khisht-E-Bunyad-E-Kalisa Ban Gyi Khak-E-Hijaz
The sons of the Trinity have taken away the heritage of Khalil;
The sand of Hijaz has been made into the foundation stone of the Church!

ر الله رئاست میں گلاہ لالد رئاس مولئی رُسوا زمانے میں گلاہ لالد رئاس عبر رایا نازیجے ہیں آئج سبونیس ز

Ho Gyi Ruswa Zamane Mein Kulah-E-Lala Rang Jo Sarapa Naz The, Hain Aaj Majboor-E-Niaz The red-capped one has been dishonored in the world; Those who were pride from head to foot, today are compelled to submission.

> کے رہاہے ہے فروشان فرنستاں سے پائےس وہ مے ریش حرارجیس کی ہے بیٹ الدا

Le Raha Hai Mai Faroshaan-E-Farangistan Se Paras Woh Mai'ay Sarkash Hararat Jis Ki Hai Meena Gudaz Persia is buying from the vintners of the West that heady wine Whose heat is enough to melt the jar.



Hikmat-E-Maghrib Se Millat Ki Ye Kaifiyat Huwi Tukre Tukre Jis Tarah Sone Ko Kar Deta Hai Gaaz By the wisdom of the West the state of the Community has become thus: As scissors cut gold into tiny pieces.

> ر بولیا مانٹ داجب اردائی مال قاله و مُضطرے تُولتب اول نہیں افکے آ

Ho Gya Manind-E-Aab Arzaan Musalman Ka Lahoo Muztarib Hai Tu Ke Tera Dil Nahin Dana'ay Raaz The blood of the Muslim has become cheap as water; And you are fretting because your heart does not know the secret.

> گفت رومی بر بناے کہند کا باوال کنند" می ندانی " اوّل ال بنیاد را ورال کنند"

Guft Rumi "Har Banaye Kuhna Ka Badaan Kunand"
Mee Nadani "Awal Aan Bunyad Ra Weeran Kunand"
Said Rumi: Before they can repopulate any ancient ruin,
Do you not know that first of all they must destroy the foundation?

"مُلک ہاتھوں گیا بلت کی انکھیں گھا گئیں" "مُلک ہاتھوں گیا بلت کی انکھیں گھا گئیں" حق تراچشے عطالر دست عالی درنکر

Mulk Haathon Se Gya Millat Ki Aankhain Khul Gayin Haq Tera Chashme Atta Kar Dast Ghafil Dar Nagar The country slipped from its hands, and the eyes of the community were opened;

God has blessed you with sight; look forward, my negligent one!

رار موسیائی لی لدائی سے توہتر ہے ست مُورِ بے برا حاجتے بیشے م سیانے مبر

Moumiyai Ki Gadai Se To Behter Hai Shikast Moor-e-Be Par! Hajatay Paish-e-Sulimanay Mabar Defeat is better than begging for balm; Wingless ant! Do not bring your request before Solomon.

> ر ربط وضبطِ مٽتِ بضب ہے شرق کی نجات ایٹ یا والے ہیل س کمتے سے اب کسے نجے

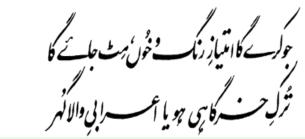
Rabt-o-Zabt-e-Millat-e-Baiza Hai Mashriq Ki Nijaat Asia Wale Hain Iss Nukte Se Ab Tak Be-Khabar The cohesion of the Radiant Community is the salvation of the East, But the people of Asia are so far ignorant of this principle.

> مچرب است حمیوژلر وخاصب دس برج میکرب است حمیوژلر وخاصب مُلک فی و ولت بنے فقط حفظ حرم فاال ثمر

Phir Siasat Chorh Kar Dakhil Hisar-e-Deen Mein Ho Mulk-o-Doulat Hai Faqat Hifz-e-Haram Ka Ek Samar Again abandon politics and enter the ramparts of the faith; Polity and dominion are only a fruit of the protection of the Shrine.

> ایک ہوں ماحب می ایب بانی شحیلے نبیل کے سال سے لے ارتابخاکِ گاشنخر

Aik Hon Muslim Haram Ki Pasbani Ke Liye Neel Ke Sahil Se Le Kar Ta Bakhak-e-Kashghar May the Muslims unite in watching over the Shrine, From the banks of the Nile to the deserts of Kashghar.



Jo Kare Ga Imtiaz-e-Rang-o-Khoon, Mit Jaye Ga Turk-e-Khargahi Ho Ya Araabi Wala Guhar Whoever practises discrimination of color and blood will be erased, Whether he be a tent-dwelling Turk or an Arab of noble family!

> نسل الرسلم كى مذهب برِ مقدّم بولنى م اوليب ونياسے تُو مانٹ دِ خاكِ رو كور

Nasal Agar Muslim Ki Mazhab Par Muqadam Ho Gyi Urh Gya Dunya Se Tu Manind-E-Khak-E-Reh Guzar If race takes precedence over the religion of the Muslim, You have flown from the world like the dust of the highway.

> تاحث لا فت لى بنا دُنيا ميں ہو بھر ُاستوار لاله ميں سے ُوھونڈ کر اسسلاف کا فلو مجکر

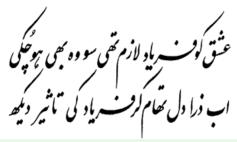
Ta Khilafat Ki Bina Dunya Mein Ho Phir Ustawar
La Kahin Se Dhoond Kar Aslaaf Ka Qalb-O-Jigar
So that the foundation of the Caliphate may be once again firm in the world,

Search for and bring from somewhere the heart and spirit of your ancestors.

ر لے کہ نشناسی حفی را از حلی ٹمٹ بیار باش کے کرفت اِر ابُو بکر ؓ و علیؓ ٹمٹ بیار باش

Ae Ke Nashna See Khafi Ra Az Jali Hushyar Bash Ae Giraftar-E-**Abubakr (R.A.)-O-Ali (R.A.)** Hushyar Bash Ah you who cannot distinguish the hidden from the revealed, become aware!

You, caught up in Abu Bakr and Ali, become aware!



Ishq Ko Faryad Lazim Thi So Woh Bhi Ho Chuki
Ab Zara Dil Thaam Kar Faryad Ki Taseer Dekh
Lamentation was necessary, but now that is over.
Now control your heart a little and see the effect of the lament.

ئونے دکھاسلؤتِ رفتارِ دریا کا عروج مونج ضطب رس طرح نبتی ہے اب نجیر دکھیر مونج ضطب رس طرح نبتی ہے اب نجیر دکھیر

Tu Ne Dekha Satwat-E-Raftar-E-Darya Ka Urooj Mouj-E-Muztar Kis Tarah Banti Hai Ab Zanjeer Dekh You have seen the heights of the power of the river's current; Now see how the agitated wave forms a chain.

> عام حُرِّت کا جو کھیسا تھا خواب اسلام نے اس میں اس کے اس کے اس کا اس کے اس کی سے دیکھیے

Aam Huriyat Ka Jo Dekha Tha Khawab Islam Ne Ae Musalman Aaj Tu Uss Khawab Ki Tabeer Dekh The dream which Islam saw of general freedom— Oh Muslim, see the interpretation of that dream.

> اپنی حث نسترسسسندرلوہے سامان وجود مرکے بھیر جو آہے پیدا بیجہ سان پیر' وہلیھ

Apni Khakstar Samundar Ko Hai Saman-E-Wujood Mar Ke Phir Hota Hai Ye Jahan-E-Peer, Dekh Its own bed of ashes is the means of existence for the salamander; See this old world dies and is born again.

Khol Kar Ankhain Mere Ayna-E-Guftar Mein Ane Wale Dour Ki Dhundli Si Ek Tasveer Dekh Open your eyes and look at the mirror of my words; See a hazy picture of the age to come.

> ر از مود فهت نه ہے کیا ورتھی کرؤوں کے اپس سامنے تعت در کے رسوائی تدہیں رو کمھ

Azmudah Fitna Hai Ek Aur Bhi Gardoon Ke Pas Samne Taqdeer Ke Ruswayi-E-Tadbeer Dekh The sky has another well-tried plague to bring; See the disgrace of scheming before fate.

مسلم استی سینه را از ارزو آباو دار هرزمان میش نظر کانتخلِف ٔ الْمِیْعَاد دار

Muslim Asti Seena Ra Az Arzoo Abad Dar Har Zaman Paish-E-Nazar '**La Yukhalif Ul Meead**' Dar You are a Muslim; fill your heart with desire; At every time keep before your eyes the words My promise is never broken.

(Bal-e-Jibril-149) Mohabbat



Mohabbat Love

شهیدمحت نه کامن نیزمازی محت کیرسین ترکی نه مازی

Shaheed-e-Mohabbat Na Kafir Na Ghazi Mohabbat Ki Rasmain Na Turki Na Tazi The martyrs of Love are not Muslim nor Paynim, The manners of Love are not Arab nor Turk!

ر وہ جیاور شے بئے محبت نہیں ہے ہوان کی ایازی

Woh Kuch Aur Shay Hai, Mohabbat Nahin Hai Sikhati Hai Jo Ghaznavi Ko Ayazi Some passion far other than Love was the power That taught Ghazni's high ruler to dote on his slave.

يه وبرار کارنسه مانه سي تو پي علم وکمت فقط شيشه بازی

Ye Johar Agar Kar Farma Nahin Hai To Hain Ilm-o-Hikmat Faqat Sheesha Bazi When the spirit of Love has no place on the throne, All wisdom and learning vain tricks and pretence!

نەمخابى كىلىپ ئەرىمۇر بىلىل مىختىت ئىلادى ئىسىنى ئادى ئىلىپ ئىلانىي ئىلىپ ئىلانىي ئىلىنىڭ ئىلانىڭ ئىلانىڭ ئىلانىڭ ئىلانىڭ ئىلىنىڭ ئىلانىڭ ئىلىنىڭ ئىل

Na Mohtaj-e-Sultan, Na Maroob-e-Sultan Mohabbat Hai Azadi-o-Be-Niazi

Paying court to no king, by no king held in awe, Love is freedom and honor, whose scorn of the world

> ر مرافعت بہترہے اخداس ر ر بیرادم کری ہے وہ آتیے ندساز^ی بیدادم کری ہے وہ آتیے ندساز^ی

Mera Faqr Behtar Hai Iskandari Se Ye Adam Gari Hai, Woh Aaeena Sazi Holds more than the magic that made Alexander His fabulous mirror—its magic makes man

(Bal-e-Jibril-152) Falsafa-o-Mazhab

فلنفهو مذبيب

Falsafa-o-Mazhab
Philosophy And Religion

ر يەافت ب كيا، ئىپ پىرىرىي ئىچاكيا! سىجھانه يى سىل شام توجت ركوئىي

Ye Aftab Kya, Ye Sepehr-e-Bareen Hai Kya! Samjha Nahin Tasalsul-e-Sham-o-Sehar Ko Main Wherefore this succession of day and night? And what are the sun and the starry heavens?

> ا پنے وطن میں نہوں اعتبریٹ الدیار نہو ڈر آ ہوں دلیھ دکھھ کے اسٹ شت و در کو میں

Apne Watan Mein Hun Ke Ghareeb-Ud-Diyar Hun Darta Hun Dekh Dekh Ke Iss Dast-o-Dar Ko Main Am I in my land or in banishment? The vastness of this desert fills me with fright. ار گھنت نہیں مرسے عثرزندلی فاراز لاؤں کہاں سے بندۂ صاحب کوئیں

Khulta Nahin Mere Safar-e-Zindagi Ka Raaz Laun Kahan Se Banda-e-Sahib Nazar Ko Main I know not the enigma of this life of mine; I know not where to find one who knows.

> و کر کے کہ ایاں کے میں ایاں سے ہوں کے میں ایاں کے ہاں کے میں ایاں کے میں ایاں کی میں ایاں کی میں کا میں کا میں رومی میں میں میں کے میں کے میں کا میں کا

Heeran Hai Bu Ali Ke Main Aya Kahan Se Hun Rumi Ye Sochta Hai Ke Jaun Kidhar Ko Main Avicenna wonders where he came from; And Rumi wonders where he should go.

> "جانا رپون تھوڑی دُور ہراک رامرو کے ساتھ پہنچانتا نہیں ہوں ابھی راہر سرکوئیں"

"Jata Hun Thori Door Har Ek Rahroo Ke Sath Pehchanta Nahin Hun Abhi Rahbar Ko Main" With every wayfarer I pace a little; I know not yet who my leader is.

(Bal-e-Jibril-157) Sawal

Sawal
A Question

ر ال غلس خود داريه له اتفاغداس مير كزنه يك تما كلة وروسي يي

Ek Muflas-e-Khud-Dar Ye Kehta Tha Khuda Se Main Kar Nahin Sakta Gila-e-Dard-e-Faqeeri A self-respecting tramp was saying to the Almighty: I dare not complain for my woes of poverty; ر لین بیتا تیری جازت نے فرشتے کرتے ہیں عطام فرفرو ماید کومیسے وُٹ

Lekin Ye Bata, Teri Ijazat Se Farishte Karte Hain Atta Mard-e-Firomaya Ko Meeri? But pray tell me if it is by your permission That the angels bestow riches upon the worthless ones?

(Bal-e-libril-156) Mussolini

مسولتني

Mussolini

ئىرىت فىحروس كىياتسے سے ذوق انقلاب ئىرىت فىحروس كىياتسے سے بقت كاشباب

Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Kya Shay Hai, Zauq-e-Inqilab Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Kya Shay Hai, Millat Ka Shabab What is the originality of thought and action?—a taste for revolution. What is the originality of thought and action?—the age of youth for a nation.

> ئەرت فېرۇمل سے معجزات زندلى ئەرت فىرۇل سے ئاب خارات ناب ئەرىت فىرۇل سے ئاب خارات ناب

Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Se Maujazat-e-Zindagi Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Se Sang-e-Khar-Ul-Amal Naab Originality of thought and action creates miracles of life: It turns pebbles into ruby stones.

> رومة النب لي أوكر أول بولي تيراضمير اينكه مي بينم يبب ارست يارب يا به خواب

Roma-Tul-Kubra! Digargoon Ho Gya Tera Zameer Aynke Mee Beenam Ba Baidarist A Rab Ya Ba Khawab! O Great Rome! Your conscience has changed altogether: Is this a dream I see or is this for real! ر چشبہ پیدان گئن میں زندگانی کا فروغ نوجوان سرے ہیں سوزِ ارزو سے بنہ آب

Chashme-e-Peeran-e-Kuhan Mein Zindagaani Ka Farough Naujawan Tere Hain Souz-e-Arzoo Se Sina Taab Your old have the gleam of life in their eyes; The flame of desire warms up the hearts of your young.

> میمت کی حرارت تیمت، به نمود فصل کُل میں مُنْول روستے نہیں زرججاب

Ye Mohabbat Ki Hararat, Ye Tamanna, Ye Namood Fasl-e-Gul Mein Phool Reh Sakte Nain Zair-e- Hijab This warmth of love, this longing and this self-expression: Flowers cannot hide themselves in the season of Spring.

> نغمه المئے شوق ہے سری فضائب موری زخمہ ور کانتطن رتھا تیری فطت رکارباب

Naghma-e-Haye Shuaq Se Teri Faza Maamoor Hai Zakhmawar Ka Muntazir Tha Teri Fitrat Ka Rubab Songs of passion fill your air now— The instrument of your nature was awaiting someone to play on it!

Faiz Ye Kis Ki Nazar Ka Hai, Karamat Kis Ki Hai? Who Ke Hai Jis Ki Nigah Misl-e-Shua-e-Aftab! Whose benevolent eye has graced this miracle upon you? He whose vision is like the light of the Sun!

(Small Poems of Dr.Allama Iqbal)

(Bal-e-Jibril-166) Siasat

ريانت

Siasat Politics

ر ارکھیل مرتعب رمزائب شروری شاطراع نمایت نے فرزیوس باد^و

Iss Khail Mein Taeyayeen-e-Maratib Hai Zaroori
Shatir Ki Anayat Se Tu Farzeen, Mein Piyada
Ranks must be determined for this game;
Let you be the firzine and I the pawn by the grace of the chess-player.

بيجاره بياده نوڀےاك مُهرَة جابين فريسے مبي يوشيد ميں شاطر کا اراد

Bechara Piyada To Hai Ek Mohra-e-Na-Cheez Farzeen Se Bhi Poshida Hai Shatir Ka Irada! The pawn, indeed, is an insignificant token, Even the farzine is not privy to the chess-player's strategy.

(Bal-e-Jibril-167) Faqar

نتر

Fagr

ر ال من قر ملحا المبي صلب آولون في يرى المرى المرى المين المرى ال

Ek Faqr Sikhata Hai Sayyad Ko Nakhcheeri Ek Faqr Se Khulte Hain Asrar-e-Jahangeeri There is a faqr that teaches the hunter to be a prey; There is another that opens the secrets of mastery over the world. ر ال نقرے قوموں پیٹ بینی دلاری ال نقر سے مٹی میں ضاصیت إلسیری

Ek Faqr Se Qoumon Mein Maskeeni-o-Dilgeeri
Ek Faqr Se Mitti Mein Khasiyat-e-Ikseeri
There is a faqr that is the root of needfulness and misery among nations;
There is another that turns mere dust into elixir.

ر الەنتىقىرىچىتىيىزئاسىقىرىپ ئېيىرى مىراپ ئىسىسىنى سىرىيەت تېيىرى

Ek Faqr Hai Shabiri, Is Faqr Se Hai Meeri Meeras-e-Musalmani, Sarmaya-e-Shabiri! One faqr is Shabiri, and it has qualities of emperor Which is Muslim heritage and real wealth of Shabir.

(Bal-e-Jibril-168) Khudi

فودى

Khudi The Self

خود وی ندیج را کے عوض نهیں شعلہ میتے شرکے عوض

Khudi Ko Na De Seem-o-Zar Ke Ewaz Nahin Shaola Dete Sharar Ke Ewaz Barter not thy selfhood for silver and gold; Sell not a burning flame for a spark half-cold;

ر يەلىتاب مەنسەردوسى دىي^دۇر عېم بىر كىئىرى سے روش بىجىر

Ye Kehta Hai Firdousi-e-Didahwar Ajam Jis Ke Surme Se Roshan Basar So says **Firdowsi**, the poet of vision and grace, Who brought to the East the dawn of brighter days: "زبهر درهٔ نب دو بزوربانس زر تو باید که باشی درم کو مباشس"

"Zabar-e-Daram Tund-o-Bad Kho Mabash Tu Bayad Ke Bashi, Daram Go Mabash" Be not a churl for filthy lucre's sake, Count not thy coppers, whatever they may make.

(Bal-e-Jibril-169) Judai

جبُ رائي

Judai Separation

سُورج مُنبت ہے آرزرسے ونیائے لیے روائے نوری

Suraj Bunta Hai Tar-e-Zar Se Dunya Ke Liye Rida-e-Noori The sun is weaving with golden thread A mantle of light about earth's head;

عالم ہے خموت وست کویا ہے جنوری

Alam Hai Khamosh-o-Mast Goya Har Shay Ko Naseeb Hai Huzoori Creation hushed in ecstasy, As in the presence of the Most High.

وریا، نہار، جب ندہ تارے کیا جانیں بنداق و ماصبوری

Darya, Kuhsar, Chand, Tare Kya Janain Faraaq-o-Nasaboori What can these know—stream, hill, moon, star— Of separation's torturing scar? شایاں ہے مجھے بھرائی رین ک ہے جسے مرمجداتی

Shayaan Hai Mujhe Gham-e-Judai Ye Khak Hai Mehram-e-Judai Mine is this golden grief alone, To this dust only is this grief known.

(Bal-e-Jibril-172) Lahoo

لهو

Lahoo Blood

الرلهُونِ بدن میں توخوف ہے نہ ہراس الرلهُونے بدن میں توول ہے بے وسواس

Agar Lahoo Hai Badan Mein To Khof Hai Na Haraas Agar Lahoo Hai Badan Mein To Dil Hai Be Waswaas If blood is warm in the body, there is no fear nor anxiety, And the heart is free of tribulations.

> جے بلا یہ ست ع کراں ہب اہنس کو نہ سیم وزر سے محتب ہے شنے عنب افلاس نہ سیم وزر سے محتب ہے شنے عنب افلاس

Jise Mila Ye Mataa-e-Garan Baha, Uss Ko Na Seem-o-Zar Se Mohabbat Hai, Ne Gham-e-Aflaas The one who has received this bounty Is neither greedy for wealth nor miserable in poverty.

(Bal-e-Jibril-173) Parwaz

پرواز

Parwaz Flight

کہا درخت نے الب وز مُرغِ صحرات بستم بیجن کدۃ رنگ وبولی ہے جنسیاد

Kaha Darkht Ne Ek Roz Murgh-e-Sehra Sitam Pe Gham Kada-e-Rang-o-Bu Ki Hai Bunyad The tree said to a bird of the desert one day: "Creation is founded on the principle of injustice;

> حن المجھے بھی اگر بال و برعط کرا سنگفته اور بھی ہوتا بیس الم انجیب د

Khuda Mujhe Bhi Agar Baal-o-Par Atta Karta Shugufta Aur Bhi Hota Ye Alam-e-Aejad For the Creation could have been so much more pleasant If I had also been granted the gift of flight."

> دیا حِابِ اُسے نوب مُرغِ صحرانے غضرب ہے داد کوسمجس اُرُواسے تُو بیداد!

Diya Jawab Use Khoob Murgh-e-Sehra Ne Ghazab Hai, Dad Ko Samjha Huwa Hai Tu Bedad! The bird gave him a good reply: "Woe! You regard justice to be injustice;

> جهال میں لذّت برواز حق نهیں اُس کا وجودجب کا نہیں جذب خاک سے ازاد

Jahan Mein Lazzat-e-Parwaz Haq Nahin Uss Ka Wujood Jis Ka Nahin Jazb-e-Khak Se Azad

(Bang-e-Dra-002) Gul-e-Rangeen (The Colorful Rose)

ر برار کل زندین گل زندین

Gul-e-Rangeen
The Colorful Rose

(1) رو الر من الے ل زملین تربے پہلومد شاردول نہیں

e auqda mushkil nahin ehlu mein shaid dil nahin

tu shanasa e kharash e auqda mushkil nahin ae gul e rangeen tere pehlu mein shaid dil nahin You are not familiar with the hardships of solving enigmas O Beautiful Rose! Perhaps you do not have sublime feelings in your heart

zaib e mehfil hai, shareek e shorish e mehfil nahin ye faraghat bazm e hasti mein mujhe hasil nahin Though you adorn the assembly yet do not participate in its struggles In life's assembly I am not endowed with this comfort

> (3) اس حمین میں میں سراپا سوزوساز ارزو '' '' ورب ری زند کانی سے لدازارزو

iss chaman mein mein sarapa souz o saaz e aarzu aur teri zindagani be gudaz e aarzu In this garden I am the complete orchestra of Longing And your life is devoid of the warmth of that Longing

(4)

تورلینا تاخ سے تجھ کو مرا ابئین نہیں مین طرخیراز گاوٹ ہے ہوئت بین نہیں

torh lena shakh se tujh ko mera aaeen nahin ye nazar ghair az nagah e chasm e surat been nahin To pluck you from the branch is not my custom This sight is not different from the sight of the eye which can only see the appearances

> رة) ريد درت جفائر السير نهيس منظم المراكز الم

ah! ye dast e jafa ju ae gul e rangeen nahin kis tarah tujh ko ye samjhaun ke main gulcheen nahin Ah! O colourful rose this hand is not one of a tormentor How can I explain to you that I am not a flower picker

(6) ر مرحمدلودیدهٔ جنگ الجمعیروں سے لیا دیمی سے میں کر ماہرُوں نظار درا

kam mujh ko didah e hikmat ke uljhairon se kya didah e bulbul se main karta hun nazara tera I am not concerned with intricacies of the philosophic eye Like a lover I see you through the nightingale's eye

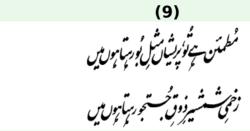
(7) ر ئوزبانوں رېمبى غاموشى تىخىنى غۇرىي رازوەلياپتى ئىرىكىيىنى دېتىرىپ سىنادىرىي

so zubanon par bhi khamoshi tuhje manzoor hai raaz woh kya hai tere sine mein jo mastoor hai In spite of innumerable tongues you have chosen silence What is the secret which is concealed in your bosom (heart)?

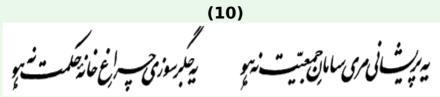
روزی سورت نوبھی ال برگ ریاض کھوئے ہے۔ میرج بن سٹے در بیون تُوبھی جین سٹے ور سے

meri soorat tu bhi ek berg e riyaz e toor hai

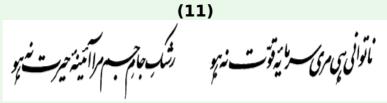
main chaman se door hun, tu bhi chaman se door hai Like me you are also a leaf from the garden of Tur Far from the garden I am, far from the garden you are



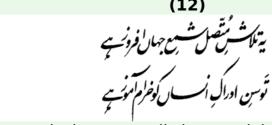
matmaen hai tu, preshan misl e bu rehta hun main zakhmi e shamsheer e zauq justuju rehta hun main You are content but scattered like fragrance I am Wounded by the sword of love for search I am



ye preshani meri saman e jamiat na ho ye jigar sauzi charagh e khana e hikmat na ho This perturbation of mine a means for fulfillment could be This torment a source of my intellectual illumination could be

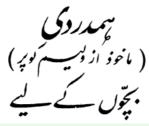


natawani hi meri sarmaya e quwwat na ho rashk e jam e jim mera aaeena e hairat na ho This very frailty of mine the means of strength could be This mirror of mine envy of the cup of Jam could be



ye talash e muttasil shama e jahan afroz hai tosin e idraak e insan ko kharam aamuz hai This constant search is a world-illuminating candle And teaches to the steed of human intellect its gait

(Bang-e-Dra-010) Hamdardi



Hamdardi (Makhooz Az William Cowper) Bachon Ke Liye

Sympathy (Adapted for Children from William Cowper)

ٹہنی یہ کستی جب رکی نہا میں منبطیا

Tehni Pe Kisi Shajar Ki Tanha Bulbul Tha Koi Udas Baitha Perched on the branch of a tree Was a nightingale sad and lonely

ر بر رسی سے اس میں اور است سر بیرائی اُڑنے چینے میں دن کزارا

Kehta Tha Ke Raat Ser Pe Aayi Urne Chugne Mein Din Guzra "The night has drawn near", He was thinking "I passed the day in flying around and feeding

ر ر ر پنچور سرطرح استیان که سرچرپیز رچھپ لیا اندھیرا

> Pohenchun Kis Tarah Aashiyan Tak Her Cheez Pe Cha Gya Andhera How can I reach up to the nest Darkness has enveloped everything"?

سر ، مرب کر سے بولا سُن کر مبب ل کی اہ وزاری مجلنو کوئی پاسس ہی سے بولا

Sun Kar Bulbul Ki Aah-O-Zari
Jugnu Koi Pas Hi Se Bola
Hearing the nightingale wailing thus
A glow-worm lurking nearby spoke thus

حاضر پُوں مدد کو جان وول سے سیسٹرا ہوں کرچیہ میں فراسا

Hazir Hun Madad Ko Jaan O Dil Se Keera Hun Agarche Mein Zara Sa "With my heart and soul ready to help I am Though only an insignificant insect I am

کیاغم ہے جورات ہے اندھیری کمیں راہ میں روشنی کروں کا

Kya Gham Hai Jo Raat Hai Andheri Main Rah Mein Roshani Karon Ga Never mind if the night is dark I shall shed light if the way is dark

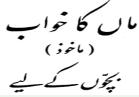
اللّٰہ نے دی ہے مجھ کوشعل جمعاکے مجھے دیا بنایا

Allah Ne Di Hai Mujh Ko Mishal Chamka Ke Mujhay Diya Banaya God has bestowed a torch on me He has given a shining lamp to me

> ہیں لوک وہی جہاں میں اتھے سے ہیں جو کام دوسروں کے اتبے ہیں جو کام دوسروں کے

Hain Log Wohi Jahan Mein Ache Aate Hain Jo Kaam Dusron Ke The good in the world only those are Ready to be useful to others who are

(Bang-e-Dra-011) Maan Ka Khawab



Maan Ka Khawab (Makhooz - Bachon Ke Liye)

A Mother's Dream (Adopted For Children From William Cowper)

میں سوئی جوال شب تو دیکھا یہ خواب برصا اور بس سے مرا اطلب ارب

Mein Soyi Jo Ek Shab To Dekha Ye Khawab Barha Aur Jis Se Mera Iztarab As I slept one night I saw this dream Which further increased my vexation

ر ر به دکیجا که ئیں حب رہی ہواکہ میں اندھیرا ہے اور راہ مبتی نہیں

Ye Dekha Ke Mein Ja Rahi Hun Kahin Andhera Hai Aur Rah Milti Nahin I dreamt I was going somewhere on the way Dark it was and impossible to find the way

لرز ما تحت ورسے مرابال إلى مار مار مار مار میست اٹھنامحال

Larazta Tha Der Se Mera Baal Baal Qadam Ka Tha Dehshat Se Uthna Mahal Trembling all over with fear I was Difficult to take even a step with fear was

Jo Kuch Hosla Pa Ke Aagay Berhi To Dekha Qitar Aik Larkon Ki Thi With some courage as I forward moved I saw some boys as lined in nice array

زُمِرٌوسی پوٹ ک پہنے ہوئے ویا جی ایھوں میں جاتے ہوئے

Zumurad Si Poshak Pehne Huay Diye Sub Ke Hathon Mein Jalte Huay Dressed in emerald-like raiment they were Carrying lighted lamps in their hands they were

وہ چُپ جائے ہے۔ وہ چُپ پی سے النے ہے ہوا معاان کو کہاں

Woh Chup Chap Thay Agay Peche Rawan Khuda Jane Jana Tha Un Ko Kahan They were going quietly behind each other No one knew where they were to go

ر میں تھی کرمیب اربیر مجھے اُک میں جماعت میں ایانظر است میں ایانظر

Iss Soch Mein Thi Ke Mera Pisar Mujhe Uss Jamat Mein Aya Nazar Involved in this thought was I When in this troupe my son saw I

وہ پیچھے تھا اور سے زیانہ تھا ہے دیا اُس نے ہاتھوں میں جانہ تھا

Woh Peche Tha Aur Taez Chalta Na Tha Diya Uss Ke Hathon Mein Jalta Na Tha He was walking at the back, and was not walking fast The lamp he had in his hand was not lighted ر المائين ني يحب الأميري عال المستعم على المستعم المستان المستوي المستعمل المستعمل

Kaha Mein Ne Pehchan Ker, Meri Jaan! Mujhe Chor Ker Aa Gye Tum Kahan? Recognizing him I said "O My dear! Where have you come leaving me there?

عُبِدائی میں رستی ہوں میں بے قرار بروتی ہوں ہرروز ایک موں کے ہا

Judai Mein Rehti Hun Main Be-Qarar Paroti Hun Her Rouz Ashkon Ke Haar Restless due to separation I am Weeping every day for ever I am

نه برواسم اری ذراتم نے کی گئے حیور' احیمی وفاتم نے کی ا

Na Perwa Humari Zara Tum Ne Ki Gye Chor, Achi Wafa Tum Ne Ki! You did not care even a little for me What loyalty you showed, you left me"!

ر جوبتے نے دبھی مراہیج ہ ہ ۔ ریائے سے مُندیھیرکر ہوں جاب

> Jo Bache Ne Dekha Mera Peach O Taab Diya Uss Ne Munh Phair Ker Yun Jawab As the child saw the distress in me He replied thus, turning around to me

رُلاتی ہے تیجہ لوحبُ دائی مری نہیں اس میں کھیے تھجی سائی ری رُلاتی ہے تیجہ لوحبُ دائی مری

> Rulati Hai Tujh Ko Juddai Meri Nahin Uss Mein Kuch Bhi Bhalai Meri "The separation from me makes you cry Not least little good does this to me"

Ye Keh Ker Vo Kuch Dair Tak Chup Raha Diya Phir Dikha Ker Ye Kehne Laga He remained quiet for a while after talking Showing me the lamp then he started talking

> میمتی ہے تو برکیب کیا اسے سمجھتی ہے تو برکیب کیا اسے ترسے انب و وں نے مجھایا اسے!

Samajhti Hai Tu Ho Gaya Kya Issay? Tere Aanasuon Ne Bhujaya Issay!

"Do you understand what happened to this? Your tears have extinguished this"!

(Bang-e-Dra-012) Parinde Ki Faryad (The Bird's Complaint)

برندے کی نسبار برندے کی سبار برخرں سے لیے

Prinde Ki Faryad Bachon Ke Liye

THE BIRD'S COMPLAINT (For Children)

این ہے یاد مجھ کو کزراہوا زمانا وہ باغ کی بہارین وہ سب کا چھپانا

Ata Hai Yaad Mujh Ko Guzra Huwa Zamana Woh Bagh Ki Baharain, Woh Sub Ka Chehchana I am constantly reminded of the bygone times Those garden's springs, those chorus of chimes

Azadiyan Kahan Woh Ab Apne Ghonsle Ki Apni Khushi Se Ana, Apni Khushi Se Jana Gone are the freedoms of our own nests Where we could come and go at our own pleasure

اللتى ہے چوٹ ل رئائے جا دھبر م اللتى ہے چوٹ ل رئائے جا دھبر م اللتى ہے چوٹ ل رئائے جا دھبر م

Lagti Hai Chot Dil Per, Ata Hai Yad Jis Dam Shabnaam Ke Ansuon Per Kaliyon Ka Muskarana My heart aches the moment I think Of the buds' smile at the dew's tears

وہ پیاری پیاری کی وہ کامنی سی ور ابادجس کے دم سے تصامیل آشیا نا

Vo Payari Payari Soorat, Vo Kamni Si Moorat Abad Jis Ke Dam Se Tha Mera Ashiyana

That beautiful figure, that Kamini's form Which source of happiness in my nest did form

ے اق نہیں آمداُس کی محضر میں ہوتی مری ہائی اے کاش میر بے میں یا

Ati Nahin Sadaen Uss Ki Mere Qafas Mein Hoti Meri Rehai Ae Kash Mere Bus Mein! I do not hear those lovely sounds in my cage now May it happen that my freedom be in my own hands now!

ر نیا بصیر بنون میں کھرکو ترس ہاہوں ساتھی تو ہیں طن میں تصدیعی اہوں

Kya Badnaseeb Hun Mein Ghar Ko Taras Raha Hun Sathi To Hain Watan Mein, Main Qaid Mein Para Hun How unfortunate I am, tantalized for my abode I am My companions are in the home-land, in the prison I am

Ayi Bahar, Kaliyan Phoolon Ki Hans Rahi Hain Mein Iss Andhere Ghar Mein Kismat Ko Ro Raha Hun Spring has arrived, the flower buds are laughing On my misfortune in this dark house I am wailing

اس قید کا الٰهیٰ وُکھٹڑا کیے سُناؤں ڈریے بہدر قیفس میں میٹ سے مرنہ جا و ڈریے بہدر قیفس میں میٹ سے مرنہ جا و

Iss Qaid Ka Elahi! Dukhra Kise Sunaun Der Hai Yahin Qafas Mein Main Gham Se Mer Na Jaun O God, To whom should I relate my tale of woe? I fear lest I die in this cage with this woe (grief)!

جب سے بر و شاہ ہے میال ہوگیا ہے ۔ واغم کو کھار ہائے عم ول کو کھار ہے

Jab Se Chaman Chuta Hai, Ye Haal Ho Gya Hai Dil Gham Ko Kha Raha Hai, Gham Dil Ko Kha Raha Hai

Since separation from the garden the condition of my heart is such My heart is waxing the grief, my grief is waxing the heart

ر مرار المراد ا

Gana Issay Samajh Ker Khush Hon Na Sunne Wale Dukhe Huwe Dilon Ki Faryad Ye Sada Hai O Listeners, considering this music do not be happy This call is the wailing of my wounded heart

ں رار ازادمجھ کولردئے وقید کرنے والے! میں بے زبان قصدی توصور کردھانے میں بے زبان قصدی توصور کردھانے

Azad Mujh Ko Ker De, O Qaid Kerne Wale! Main Bezuban Hun Qaidi, Tu Chor Ker Dua Le O the one who confined me make me free A silent prisoner I am, earn my blessings free

(Bang-e-Dra-014) Shama-o-Parwana

شمع و پروانه

Shama-o-Parwana Moth And Candle

Parwana Tujh Se Karta Hai Ae Shama! Pyar Kyun Ye Jaan-e-Be-Qarar Hai Tujh Par Nisar Kyun Why is the moth your lover, O flame, Giving life in a yielding move?

Seemabwaar Rakhti Hai Teri Ada Isse Adab-e-Ishq Tu Ne Sikhaye Hain Kya Isse?

You make its ways the quicksilver's ways. You taught it, what rites of love?

ر آئے۔ بیلواف تری جب دہ کا ہ کا سینے نہائے اور کا میں اس کی اور کا میں اس کی اس کی اس کی میں اس کا میں اس کا م

Karta Hai Ye Tawaf-e-Teri Jalwagah Ka Phoonka Huwa Hai Kya Teri Barq-e-Nigah Ka? The creature circles around your flare. How burnt in your flash of sight!

ر . ازارِموت میں اسے ارام جانے کیا تعلیمیں سے نیز کر کی جاوواں ہے لیا؟ ان ارموت میں اسے ارام جانے کیا تعلیمیں سے نیز کی جاوواں ہے لیا؟

Azaar-e-Mout Mein Isse Aram-e-Jaan Hai Kya? Shaole Mein Tere Zindagi-e-Javidan Hai Kya? Does it know life's peace in the throes of death? Life endures in your ardour bright? غرمت نهٔ جهال میں جرتبری ضیانی ہو استفت کرل فانح آیت ہرانی ہو

Ghumkhana-e-Jahan Mein Jo Teri Zia Na Ho Iss Tafta Dil Ka Nakhle-e-Tamana Hara Na Ho Had your lustre not been in the world's house of woe The tree of hot love had not been green.

Girna Tere Huzoor Mein Iss Ki Namaz Hai Nanhe Se Dil Mein Lazzat-e-Souz-o-Gudaz Hai Moth sinks before you making its prayer, Frail heart to feel scorching keen.

کیچهاس میں چشوعاشق صُن قدیم ہے میٹوماسا طُور تو، یہ ذراب اقلیم ہے

Kuch Iss Mein Josh-e-Ashiq-e-Husn-e-Qadeem Hai Chota Sa Toor Tu, Ye Zara Sa Kaleem Hai It must throb like one loving the beauty of old: Small prophet! small mountain of fire!

> پروانهٔ اور ذوقِ تماشائے روشنی ر کیڑا ذراب اور منائے روشنی

Parwana, Aur Zauq-e-Tamashaye Roshni Keera Zara Sa, Aur Tamanaye Roshni! The moth with its urge to envisage the flame! Poor worm, with its light's desire!

(Bang-e-Dra-015) Aqal-o-Dil

عقا و إ عقال دِل

Aqal-o-Dil Reason And Heart عت نے ایک ن پڑل سے ہا کھو لے مصف کی رہنما مُوں میں

Aqal Ne Aik Din Ye Dil Se Kaha Bhoole Bhatke Ki Rahnuma Hun Main One day reason said to the heart: 'I am a guide for those who are lost.

يون زمين رياكزر فلاك پيرا ديليد توكس قدر رسا بيون مين

Hun Zameen Par, Guzr Falak Pe Mera Dekh To Kis Qadar Rasa Hun Main I live on earth, but I roam the skies just see the vastness of my reach.

کام دنب میں رسب ہی ہے اسٹر خصر خصبتہ یا ہوں میں

Kaam Dunya Mein Rahbari Hai Mera Misl-e-Khizr-e-Khajasta Pa Hun Main My task in the world is to guide and lead, I am like Khizr of blessed steps.

ېوں مفترکت بېرېتى كى سىملېرث زېب ريا يوں ميں

Hun Mufassir-e-Kitab-e-Hasti Ki Mazhar-e-Shan-e-Kibriya Hun Main I interpret the book of life, And through me Divine Glory shines forth.

ر بوندال خون کی ہے تو سی ن عیرتِ تعلِ بے بہا ہوں میں

Boond Ek Khoon Ki Hai Tu Lekin Ghairat-e-Laal-e-Be Baha Hun Main You are no more than a drop of blood, While I am the envy of the priceless pearl! ر را دل نے سن کر لہا یہ سب سبج ہے ۔ یہ مجھے بھی بود کھی کہا ہوں میں

Dil Ne Sun Kar Kaha Ye Sub Sach Hai Par Mujhe Bhi To Dekh, Kya Hun Main The heart listened, and then said: 'This is all true, But now look at me, And see what I am.

رازِستی کو توسیجسی ہے ۔ اور آنکھوں سے دیکھاہوں میں!

Raaz-e-Hasti Ko Ti Samajhti Hai Aur Ankhon Se Dekhta Hun Main! You penetrate the secret of existence, But 1 see it with my eyes.

ہے تجھے واسلمہ منطا ہرسے اور باطن سے اشتنا ہول میں

Hai Tujhe Wasta Mazahir Se Aur Batin Se Ashna Hun Main You deal With the outward aspect of things, I know what lies within.

علم تجدی تومعرفت مجدی توحن دائج حن اناموں میں

Ilm Tujh Se To Maarifat Mujh Se Tu Khuda Joo, Khuda Numa Hun Main

Knowledge comes from you, gnosis from me; You seek God, I reveal Him.

علم نی ہت ہے ہے آبی اسس مرض کی مکر دوا ہوں میں

Ilm Ki Intiha Hai Betaabi
Iss Marz Ki Magar Dawa Hun Main
Attaining the ultimate in knowledge only makes one restless—
I am the cure for that malady.

ت می مون میں است کے میں اور میں است کے میں اور کا بوں میں ا

Shama Tu Mehfil-e-Sadaqat Ki Husn Ki Bazm Ka Diya Hun Main You are the candle of the Assembly of Truth; 1 am the lamp of the Assembly of Beauty.

تُوزمان ومكال سے رِشتہ بیا مسل ئر سدرہ است ایوں میں

Tu Zaman-o-Makan Se Rishta Bapa Taeer-e-Sidra Se Ashna Hun Main You are hobbled by space and time, While I am the bird in the Lotus Tree.

> کس بیب میں پہنچ مت مرا عرث رئے بیب کا ہوں میں! عرث رئے بیب کا ہوں میں!

Kis Bulandi Pe Hai Maqam Mera Arsh Rab-e-Jaleel Ka Hun Main! My status is so high— I am the throne of the God of Majesty!

(Bang-e-Dra-016) Sada'ay Dard

Sadaye Dard

The Painful Wail

عل ہوں کا نہیں ٹریں نسی ہلو مجھ مان بوٹ اے محیطاب کنکا تو مجھے علایہ ہوں کا نہیں ٹریں نسی ہلو مجھے

Jal Raha Hun Kal Nahin Parti Kisi Pehlu Mujhe Haan Dabo De Ae Muheet-e-Aab-e-Ganga Tu Mujhe Consumed with grief I am, I get relief in no way O circumambient waters of the Ganges drown me

ئرمىي نى قىيامت كى نفاق لى نميزې جول كىيىا ياتوال قُربِ فراق الميزې

Sarzameen Apni Qayamat Ki Nafaq-Angaiz Hai Wasl Kaisa, Yaan To Ek Qurb-e-Firaq Angaiz Hai Our land foments excessive mutual enmity What unity! Our closeness harbors separation

برائے کے الزائی کے خصنب ایک بی من دانوں میں اُلی خصنب

Badle Yak Rangi Ke Ye Nashnayi Hai Ghazab Aik Hi Khirman Ke Danon Mein Judai Hai Ghazab Enmity instead of sincerity is outrageous Enmity among the same barn's grains is outrageous

کے والوں میان قت کی مواائی نہیں ایک بین میرکو ڈی طف نینم پیراُئی نہیں

Jis Ke Phoolon Mein Akhuwat Ki Hawa Ayi Nahin Uss Cchaman Mein Koi Lutf-e-Naghma Pairayi Nahin If the brotherly breeze has not entered in a garden No pleasure can be derived from songs in that garden

> لڏتِ قُرْبِ مقى ريمنا ما ايون مي احتلاطِ وجب مساحل سے طبارا مون احتلاطِ وجب مساحل سے طبارا مون

Lazzat-e-Qurb-e-Haqiqi Par Mita Jata Hun Main Ikhtilat-e-Mouja-o-Sahil Se Ghabrata Hun Main Though I exceedingly love the real closeness I am upset by the mixing of waves and the shore

ر انهٔ خرمن ہے شامسعرِ نبایں ہونہ خرمن ہی اس دانے کی تربیاں دانهٔ خرمن ہے سامسعرِ نبایں

Dana-e-Khirman Numa Hai Shayar-e-Maujiz Byan Ho Na Khirman Hi To Iss Dane Ki Hasti Phir Kahan The miraculous poet is like the grain from the barn The grain has no existence if there is no barn

م خسن بولیا خود کا حب لوئی مآل بن مہر مشم کو جلنے سے لیا طلب مختفل بنی بہو

Husn Ho Kya Khudnuma Jab Koi Maeel Hi Na Ho Shama Ko Jalne Se Kya Matlab Jo Mehfil Hi Na Ho How can beauty unveil itself if no one is anxious for sight Lighting of the candle is meaningless if there is no assembly

Zauq-e-Goyai Khamoshi Se Badalta Kyun Nahin Mere Aaeene Se Ye Johar Nikalta Kyun Nahin Why does the taste for speech not change to silence Why does this brilliance not appear out from my mirror

> کب بال کھولی مہار کی تب کفتار نے ا کی فیاف الاحب کی اسٹ سرکارینے نکھولٹ الاحب کی اسٹ سرکارینے

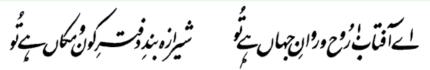
Kaab Zuban Kholi Humari Lazzat-e-Guftar Ne! Phoonk Dala Jab Chaman Ko Aatish-e-Paikar Ne Alas! My tongue poured its speech down when war's fire had burnt the garden down

(Bang-e-Dra-017) Aftab

ت ا فیآب (ترمبهٔ گایتری)

Aftab (Tarjuma Gayatri)

The Sun (poem17) (Translated from Gautier)



Ae Aftab! Rooh-o-Rawan-e-Jahan Hai Tu Shiraza Band-e-Daftar-e-Kaun-o-Makan Hai Tu O Sun! The world's essence and motivator you are The organizer of the book of the world you are

باعث ہے تُو وجودوس می نمود کا ہے۔ بنتریسے مے سے بن ہے وود کا

Baees Hai Tu Wujood-o-Adam Ki Namood Ka Hai Sabz Tere Dam Se Chaman Hast-o-Bood Ka The splendor of existence has been created by you The verdure of the garden of existence depends on you

قائم ئینصور کا تماث تجبی ہے ہے ہوئے میں نر کرلی کا تعاصالحبی سے ہے

Qaeem Ye Unsaron Ka Tamasha Tujhi Se Hai Har Shay Mein Zindagi Ka Taqaza Tujhi Se Hai The spectacle of elements is maintained by you The exigency of life in all is maintained by you

مرشے وتیری عبوه کری سے ثبات ہے تیرا پیسوز وساز سرایا جس

Har Shay Ko Teri Jalwagari Se Sabat Hai Tera Ye Souz-o-Saaz Sarapa Hayat Hai Your appearance confers stability on everything Your illumination and concord is completion of life

سه الماجن سن ماني مين نور سي الماني مين نور سي الماني مين الماني مين الماني مين الماني مين الماني ا

Woh Aftab Jis Se Zamane Mein Noor Hai Dil Hai, Khird Hai, Rooh-e-Rawan Hai, Shaur Hai You are the sun which establishes light in the world Which establishes heart, intellect, essence and wisdom المان مرم كوضيات شورك چشم خردكوا بنى سے نوردك

Ae Aftab! Hum Ko Zia-e-Shaur De Chashm-e-Khird Ko Apni Tajalli Se Noor De O Sun! Bestow on us the light of wisdom Bestow your luster's light on the intellect's eye

مُجِعَنِ روجود فاسامان طب إزيُّو يزوان ساكن نِ شيب في خارْتُو مُجِعَنِ ل وجود فاسامان طب إزيُّو

Hai Mehfil-e-Wujood Ka Saman Taraz Tu Yazdan-e-Sakinan-e-Nashaib-o-Faraz Tu You are the decorator of necessaries of existence' assemblage You are the Yazdan of the denizens of the high and the low

تىراكمال ستى برجب ندارمىي تىپ دى نودىك ئەكوم بارمىي

Tera Kamal Hasti-e-Har Jandar Mein Teri Namood Silsila-e-Kohsar Mein Your excellence is reflected from every living thing The mountain range also shows your elegance

برِ بِينَ كَيْ حِياتُ كَا يُورُدُ كَارْتُو الْمُنْ اللَّهِ مِي الْمِياتُ كَانِ وُرُكَاتِ الْمِيارِيُو

Har Cheez Ki Hayat Ka Parwardigar Tu Zaeedgan-e-Noor Ka Hai Tajdar Tu You are the sustainer of the life of all You are the king of the light's children

ے ابتدالوئی نہ لوئی ہتست زی ازادِ قبیب اِ قل و آخر ضیاتری

Ne Ibtida Koi Na Koi Intiha Teri Azad-e-Qaid-e-Awwal-o-Akhir Zia Teri

There is no beginning and no end of yours Free of limits of time is the light of yours

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-002) Nazreen Se



Nazreen Se To Readers(poem18)

جب ک نه زندگی کے حقائق پر چون تیرازُ عاج ہونہ کے کا حریث بنک

Jab Tak Na Zindagi Ke Haqaeeq Pe Ho Nazar Tera Zujaj Ho Na Sake Ga Hareef-e-Sang Your glass can never match the stony rock, Unless of facts with care you take the stock.

> یه زوږدت وضرب کاری کاسے مقام میدان جنگ میں نیطلب کر نوائے جنگ میدان جنگ میں نیطلب کر نوائے جنگ

Ye Zor-e-Dast-o-Zarbat-e-Kari Ka Hai Maqam Maidan-e-Jang Mein Na Talab Kar Nawa-e-Chang Give proof of strength and strike a dreadful blow, When war is waging strains of harp forego.

> خُونِ لُوحِبُ رے ہے۔ خون لُور کُن ہے نے فال نام الریک فطرت کہور کا ہے جے ن فال نام الریک

Khoon-e-Dil-o-Jigar Se Hai Sarmaya-e-Hayat Fitrat 'Lahoo Tarang' Hai Ghafil! Na 'Jal Tarang' The wealth of life is due to blood in veins, O man remiss! love pain, shun melodious strains.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-013) Shukar-o-Shikayat



Shukar-e-Shikayat Thanks Cum Complaint(poem19)

ئىيىبندۇ نادان چون مكرث رىئے تىرا ركھتا چون نهسان خانۂ لائچوت سىپىوند

Main Band-e-Nadan Hun, Magar Shukar Hai Tera Rakhta Hun Nihan Khana-e-Lahoot Se Pewand Though unwise, thanks to God I must express For bonds with celestial world that I possess.

> اکے ولولۂ گازہ دیا ئمیں نے ولوں کو لاچورسے آغاکیے بخارا وسے توند

Ek Walwala Taza Diya Main Ne Dilon Ko Lahore Se Ta-Bakhak-e-Bukhara-o-Samarqand My songs fresh zeal to hearts of men impart, Their charm extends to lands that lie apart.

> ر آ تیرے میں نفس کی کؤٹ زائ مُرغائبے کنٹوال مری حبت میں میں خورسند

Taseer Hai Ye Mere Nafas Ki Ke Khazan Mein Murghan-e-Sehar Khawan Meri Sohbat Mein Hain Khoursand In Autumn my breath makes birds that chirp in morn, Imbibe much joy and feel no more forlorn.

> ر کین مجھے پیدا کیا اُس دیس میں تونے جس دیس کے بندے ہیں شامندا

Lekin Mujhe Paida Kiya Uss Dais Mein Tu Ne Jis Dais Ke Bande Hain Ghulami Pe Razamand! O God, to such a land I have been sent, Where men in abject bondage feel content.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-016) Taqdeer



Taqdeer Destiny(poem20)

ناال کو حاک لے کہ بھی فوت وجبروت پے خوار زمانے میں کسی جوہر رواتی

Na-Ahl Ko Hasil Hai Kabhi Quwwat-o-Jabroot Hai Khwar Zamane Meinkabhi Johar-e-Zati Oft men who don't deserve get might and main, Anon a Person's gifts ungraced remain.

> شايدگوئی منطق ہونهاں ہس کے عل میں تعت درینہیں تابع منطق نطن اِتی

Shaid Koi Mantaq Ho Nihan Iss Ke Amal Mein Taqdeer Nahin Tabe-e-Mantaq Nazar Ati Perhaps some rules of Logic are concealed, Mishaps that lie in wait are not revealed.

بان ایک قیت ہے کہ معلوم ہے سب کو اریخ ائم مسب کونہ میں میں سے مجھیاتی ماریخ ائم م

Haan, Aik Haqiqat Hai Ke Maloom Hai Sub Ko Tareekh-e-Ummam Jis Ko Nahin Hum Se Chupati There is a fact that all of us can know, World annals much light on this matter throw. ر پرلحفہ ہے قوموں کے مل رنظر اسس کی بُرّاں صِفَتِ تینِے وی کی زنظر اسس کی!'

'Har Lehza Hai Qoumon Ke Amal Par Nazar Iss Ki Burran Sift-e-Taeg-e-Do Paikar Nazar Iss Ki!' Fate keeps its eye on what the nations do, Like two-edged sword can riddle through and through.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-018) Ilm Aur Irfan

علم اوردين

Ilm Aur Deen Knowledge And Religion (poem21)

> ر وہ علم اپنے بُتوں کا ہے اپ انزاء ہم کیا ہے جس کو خدانے دل نوطن کا ندیم

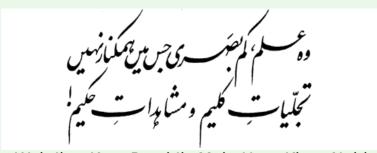
Woh Ilm Apne Boton Ka Hai Aap Ibraheem Kya Ha Jis Ko Khuda Ne Dil-o-Nazar Ka Nadeem Learning whom God has made the mate of heart and sight, Like Friend of God can break with ease all idols bright.

> زماندایک حیات یک کائنات بھی ایک دلیل کم نطخ سری قبضهٔ جدید وقت ریم

Zamana Aik, Hayat Aik, Kainat Bhi Aik Daleel-e-Kam-Nazari, Qissa-e-Jadeed-o-Qadeem Cosmos and life are one, the world is one and same The tale of old and new is merely false and lame.

> چمن میں تربئیت نے نیجہ جونہ سے سکتی نہیں ہے قطرہ شنبم اگر شر ایسیم

Zamana Aik, Hayat Aik, Kainat Bhi Aik Daleel-e-Kam-Nazari, Qissa-e-Jadeed-o-Qadeem A blossom can not thrive in meadow full of trees, Unless some drops of dew ally with pleasant breeze.



Woh Ilm, Kam Basri Jis Mein Ham-Kinar Nahin Tajaliat-e-Kaleem-o-Mushahidat-e-Hakeem! That ken is vision dim, In which the wise man's lore And sight that Moses viewed, Keep apart and merge no more.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-019) Hindi Musalman

مبند می سلان

Hindi Musalman Indian Muslim (poem22)

غدّارِ وطن اسس کو بتاتے ہیں بڑیمن انگریز محصبت ہے۔ بماں کو کداکر

Gaddar-e-Watan Iss Ko Batate Hain Barhaman Angraiz Samjahta Hai Musalman Ko Gadagar Brahmans dub him as foe to native land, The English call him beggar on the other hand.

نیجاب کے ارباب نیجات کی شریعیت کہتی ہے کہ بیمومن بارسٹ ہے کافر

Punjab-e-Arbab-e-Nabuwwat Ki Shariat Kehti Hai Ke Ye Momin-e-Parina Hai Kafir The code of prophet born in Punjab says, "This ancient Muslim owns many pagan ways." ر اوازہ حق اٹھاہے کب اور کھی سے اور کھی اسے مسلسل اندہ دریں مسکس کش اندہ دریں مسکس اندرا

Awazah-e-Haq Uthta Hai Kab Aur Kidhar Se 'Makeen Dilkam Manda Daren Kashmakas Andar !' When and whence the call to truth shall rise, "My humble heart is feeling much surprise?"

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-021) Jihad

Jihad (Poem23)

فتولی ہے ہے کا یہ زمانہ سے امرائے وُنیا میں اسب رہی نہیں تلوار کارکر

Fatwa Hai Sheikh Ka Ye Zamana Qalam Ka Hai Dunya Mein Ab Rahi Nahin Talwar Kargar This is an age, our canonist's new dictum assures us, of the pen: In our world now the sword has no more virtue.—

> کین جناب شیخ کومعت وم کیانه مین مسجد میں اب بیہ وعظ ہے بے سُود ف بے اُرْ

Lekin Janab-e-Sheikh Ko Maloom Kya Nahin?
Masjid Mein Ab Ye Waaz Hai Besood-o-Be-Asar
Has it not reached our pious oracle's ear,
That in the Mosque such sermonizing nowadays has grown rhymeless and reasonless?

تیغ و تفناک دستِ مسلمان میں ہے کہاں ہو بھی تو دل ہیں ہوت کی لڈت سے برخیر

Taeg-o-Tufnag Dast-e-Musalman Mein Hai Kahan Ho Bhi, To Dil Hain Mout Ki Lazzat Se Be-Khabar Where, in a Muslim's hand, Will he find dagger or rifle? And if there were, Our hearts have lost all memory of delight ر کافر کی موت سے بھی کرز آ چوجس کا دل کہنا ہے کون اسے کدمسلماں کی موت مر

Kafir Kimout Se Bhi Larazta Ho Jis Ka Dil Kehta Hai Kon Usse Ke Musalman Ki Mout Mer In death. to one whose nerves falter at even an infidel cut down, Who would exclaim 'Die like a Muslim!'

> تعلیم اس کو جائے ترک جب او کی دُنیا کوجب کے پنجۂ ٹونیں سے پیونظر دُنیا کوجب کے پنجۂ ٹونیں سے پیونظر

Taleem Uss Ko Chahye Tark-e-Jahad Ki Dunya Ko Jis Ke Panja-e-Khoonain Se Ho Khatar Preach relinquishment of such crusades to him Whose bloody fist menaces earth!

> باطل کے فال و فرکی حفاظت کے واسطے پورپ زِرہ میں ڈووسٹ کیا دوشت کا کمر

Batil Ke Faal-o-Far Ki Hafazat Ke Waste Yourap Zira Mein Doob Gya Dosh Ta Kamar Europe, swathed cap-a-pie in mail, Mounts guard over her glittering reign of falsehood;

ہم ٹوچھتے ہیں شیخ کلیسا نواز سے مشرق میں جنگ شرہے تومغرب میں بھی شیحر مشرق میں جنگ شرہے تومغرب میں بھی شیحر

Hum Poochte Hain Sheikh-e-Kalisa Nawaz Se Mashriq Mein Jang Shar Hai To Maghrib Mein Bhi Hai Shar We enquire of our divine, So tender of Christendom: If for the East war is unhallowed, Is not war unhallowed for Western arms? ح سے اگر غرض ہے تو زیبا ہے کیا رہات اسلام کا محاسب ورپ سے درکزر!

Haq Se Agar Gharz Hai To Zaiba Hai Kya Ye Baat Islam Ka Muhasiba, Yourap Se Darguzar! And if your goal be truth, Is this the right road— Europe's faults all glossed, and all Islam's held to so strict an audit?

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-024) Islam

Jalam (naama

Islam (poem24)

رُوح اسلام کی ہے نُورِخودی ْمارِخودی زند کانی کے لیے نارِ خودی نور و حضور

Rooh Islam Ki Hai Noor-e-Khudi, Naar-e-Khudi Zindagaani Ke Liye Naar-e-Khudi Noor-o-Huzoor The fire and light of ego both, The soul of Muslims together bind; The fire of self is light for life: God's existence brings before the mind.

> یمی ہرسے زکی تقویم ، یمی اس انمود کرچه اس رُوح کو فطرت نے رکھا ہے ستور

Yehi Har Cheez Ki Taqweem, Yehi Asal-e-Namood Garcha Iss Rooh Ko Fitrat Ne Rakha Hai Mastoor It fortifies the things of life, It is the cause of all display: Though Nature always hides this soul from eyes of mankind far away.

> لفظِ اسلام سے یورپ کو اگر کد ہے توخیر دوسے انام اسی دین کا نے مت برغیور ا

Lafz-e-'Islam' Se Yourap Ko Agar Kidd Hai To Khair Dosra Naam Issi Deen Ka Hai 'Faqr-e-Ghayoor'! If Muslim Faith offends the West, Let West in its own anger burn: This faith is known by other name, To 'Jealous Faqr' now we must turn.

(Bang-e-Dra-169) Kabhi Ae Haqiqat-e-Muntazir! Nazar Aa Libas-e-Mijaaz Mein

کھی اے قیت منظر انظرالباس کا استان سے ایک اور سے میں ہے۔ ایک ایک استان کے ایک انظرالباس کا ایک انسان کا کا انسان کا کا انسان کا کا انسان کا کا انسان کا انس

Kabhi Ae Haqiqat-e-Muntazir! Nazar Aa Libas-e-Majaz Mein Ke Hazar Sajde Tarap Rahe Hain Meri Jabeen-e-Niaz Mein For once, O awaited Reality, reveal Yourself in a form material, For a thousand prostrations are quivering eagerly in my submissive brow.

مران المران الم

Tarb Ashnaye Kharosh Ho, Tu Nawa Hai Mehram-e-Gosh Ho Woh Surood Kya Ke Chupa Huwa Ho Sakoot-e-Parda-e-Saaz Mein Know the pleasure of tumult: thou art a tune consort with the ear! What is that melody worth, which hides itself in the silent chords of the harp.

Tu Bacha Bacha Ke Na Rakh Isse, Tera Aaeena Hai Woh Aaeena Ke Shikast Ho To Aziz Tar Hai Nigah-e-Aaeena Saaz Mein Do not try to protect them, your mirror is the mirror Which would be dearer in the Maker's eye if they broken are

وم طوف ماشِيع نے يالها كوه اَثْرَ نهن نترج كاتِ سوزمين مرج يَثِّ لداريس

Dam-e-Tof Karmak-e-Shama Ne Ye Kaha Ke Woh Asar-e-Kuhan Na Teri Hikayat-e-Souz Mein, Na Meri Hadees-e-Gudaz Mein During circumambulation the moth exclaimed, "Those past effects Neither in your story of pathos, nor in my tale of love are"

ر نه که چها مایان مای جوامان مای هم مرضح منظر خواب او ترسی عفو بنده نواز میں Na Kaheen Jahan Mein Aman Mili, Jo Aman Mili To Kahan Mili Mere Jurm-e-Khana Kharab Ko Tere Ufuw-e-Banda Nawaz Mein My dark misdeeds found no refuge in the wide world— The only refuge they found was in Your Gracious Forgiveness

Na Woh Ishq Mein Raheen Garmiyaan, Na Woh Husn Mein Raheen Shaukiyan

Na Woh Ghaznavi Mein Tarap Rahi, Na Kham Hai Zulf-e-Ayaz Mein neither love has that warmth, nor beauty has that humour neither that restlessness in Ghaznavi nor those curls in the hair locks of Ayaz are,

> جومیں سرجب دہ ہُواکسی توزمیں سے آئے لکی صلا ترا ول توہے شم اسٹ نائتجھے کیا ملے کا نماز میں

Jo Mein Sar Basajda Huwa Kabhi To Zameen Se Ane Lagi Sada Tera Dil To Hai Sanam Ashna, Tujhe Kya Mile Ga Namaz Mein **Even** as I laid down my head in prostration a cry arose from the ground: Your heart is in materialism, no rewards for your prayers are.

(Bal-e-Jibril-010) La Phir Aik Bar Wohi Badah-o-Jaam Ae Saqi Set out once more that cup, that wine, oh Saki

ر المعیرال باروسی باده وجام اساقی به تصاحبت مجیر ارتقام اساقی الا میرال باروسی باده وجام اساقی ا

La Phir Ek Baar Wohi Bada-o-Jaam Ae Saqi Haath Aa Jaye Mujhe Mera Maqam Ae Saqi Set out once more that cup, that wine, oh Saki— Let my true place at last be mine, oh Saki!

ر تین سوسال سے بین نے ایک نے بند ایک سے ترافیض میام سے اق Teen Sou Saal Se Hain Hind Ke Maikhane Band Ab Munasib Hai Tera Faiz Ho Aam Ae Saqi Three centuries India's wine-shops have been closed, And now for your largesse we pine, oh Saki;

مرئ يـنائي فراسياقي شيخ لها به كريم عرام الياقي

Meri Meenaye Ghazal Mein Thi Zara Si Baqi Sheikh Kehta Hai K Hai Ye Bhi Haraam Ae Sagi

My flask of poetry held the last few drops— Unlawful, says our crabb'd devine, oh Saki.

شيرُروول سے بوابیت تیج قیق تهی ده گئے صوفی و ملاکے غلام اسے قی

Sher Mardon Se Huwa Baisha-e-Tehqeeq Tehi Reh Gye Sufi-o-Mullah Ke Ghulam Ae Saqi Truth's forest hides no lion-hearts now: Men grovel before the priest, or the saint's shrine, oh Saki.

عَق لَى يَغِ عَكِرُاراً رُّالَى سن عَلَى عِلَى اللهِ اللهِ اللهِ عَلَى اللهِ عَلَى اللهِ عَلَى اللهِ عَلَى اللهِ اللهِ اللهِ عَلَى اللّهُ عَلَى اللهِ عَلَى اللّهُ اللّهُ عَلَى اللّهُ عَلَ

Ishq Ki Taigh-e-Jigardar Ura Li Kis Ne Ilm Ke Hath Mein Khali Hai Niyam Ae Saqi Who has borne off Love's valiant sword? About an empty scabbard Wisdom's hands twine, oh Saki.

سيندروش بوتو يونسخن عين حيا بوندروش توسخن كرف الماق

Sina Roshan Ho Tou Hai Souz-e-Sukhan Ayn-e-Hayat Ho Na Roshan, Tou Sukhan Marg-e-Dawam Ae Saqi Verse lights up life, while heart burns bright, But fades for ever when those rays decline, oh Saki;

تومري آكونها مع ومندركه تريبياني يريم واوتام الصاقي!

Tu Meri Raat Ko Mehtaab Se Mehroom Na Rakh Tere Paimane Mein Hai Mah-e-Tamam Ae Saqi! Bereave not of its moon my night; I see a full moon in your goblet shine, oh Saki!

(Bal-e-Jibril-012) Mata-e-Bebaha Hai Dard-o-Souz-e-Arzoo Mandi Slow fire of longing, wealth beyond compare

ستاع بے بہاہے دَرووسوزِ ارزومند مقامِ بِ کی فیے ناول اِضاویدی

Mataa-e-Bebaha Hai Dard-o-Souz-e-Arzoo-Mandi Maqam-e-Bandagi De Kar Na Loon Shan-e-Khudawandi Slow fire of longing—wealth beyond compare; I will not change my prayer-mat for Heaven's chair!

ے۔ ترکے زاوہب ڈس کنے میا' نہ وونیا یہاں منے کی پابندی ہائے کی ماپند

Tere Azad Bandon Ki Na Ye Dunya, Na Woh Dunya Yahan Merne Ki Pabandi, Wahan Jeene Ki Pabandi III fits this world of Your freemen, ill the next: Death's hard yoke frets them here, life's hard yoke there.

Hijab-e-Ikseer Hai Awara-e-Koo'ay Mohabbat Ko Meri Aatish Ko Bharkati Hai Teri Dair Paiwandi Close veils inflame the loiterer in Love's lane; Your long reluctance fans my passion's flare.

ر گزراوة ت اربیا ہے کیوہ وہایار میں کرٹ ہیں کے لیے لتہ کے اراشیاں بند

Guzar Auqat Kar Leta Hai Ye Koh-o-Biyaban Mein Ke Shaheen Ke Liye Zillat Hai Kaar-e-Ashiyan Bandi The hawk lives out his days in rocks and desert, Tame nest-twig-carrying his proud claws forswear. نیضیب اِنظرتها یالونت اُن استی می می ایسان ایسان اوا دا برزید پیضیب اِنظرتها یالونت اُن استی

Ye Faizan-e-Nazar Tha Ya Ke Maktab Ki Karamat Thi Sikhaye Kis Ne **Ismaeel (A.S.)** Ko Adaab-e-Farzandi Was it book-lesson, or father's glance, that taught The son of Abraham what son should bear?

زيارت كاوالم عزم وتبت م لحدمي كناك راه كومي فيت يالزالوند

Ziarat Gah-e-Ahl-e-Azam-o-Himmat Hai Lehad Meri Ke Khak-e-Rah Ko Mein Ne Bataya Raaz-e-Alwandi

Bold hearts, firm souls, come pilgrim to my tomb; I taught poor dust to tower hill-high in air.

> مرئ شاطلی کی لیاضورت میں بھی کوفات خود بخودکر تی ہے لاکے کی جنابید

Meri Mashatagi Ki Kya Zaroorat Husn-e-Maani Ko Ke Fitrat Khud Ba Khud Karti Hai Lale Ki Hina Bandi Truth has no need of me for tiring-maid; To stain the tulip red is Nature's care.

(Bal-e-Jibril-013) Tujhe Yaad Kya Nahin Hai Mere Dil Ka Woh Zamana Have You forgotten then my heart of old

تحجيا ولينهس بيئ كالووزية وواوب لوعت وونجد كانزيانه

Tujhe Yaad Kya Nahin Hai Mere Dil Ka Woh Zamana Woh Adab Gah-e-Mohabbat, Woh Nigah Ka Taziyana Have You forgotten then my heart of old, That college of Love, that whip that bright eyes hold?

یرنبتابع صطر خداد سنے بین رئیسے میں نداوائے کا فراند، نہ تر اسٹ سازرانہ

Ye Butan-e-Asar-e-Hazir Ke Bane Hain Madrasay Mein Na Ada'ay Kafirana, Na Taraash-e-Azrana The school-bred demi-goddesses of this age Lack the carved grace of the old pagan mold! نهیں اس کے نصف میٹو کی کوشہ قول سے جہار بھی جہاں ہے نہ ففس زاشیانہ اسلام

Nahin Iss Khuli Faza Mein Koi Ghosh'ay Faraghat Ye Jahan Ajab Jahan Hai, Qafas Na Ashiyana This is a strange world, neither cage nor nest, With no calm nook in all its spacious fold.

رُكِ النَّسْطَةِ رَى بارْرُكُم كى كَعِمْ كے مُحَالَقُ مِنْ رَبِي عَنْمَانًا

Rag-e-Taak Muntazir Hai Teri Barish-e-Karam Ki Ke Ajam Ke Mai Kadon Mein Na Rahi Mai'ay Maghana

The vine awaits Your bounteous rain: no more Is the Magian wine in Persia's taverns sold.

مرے جم فیراسے بی اثر بہار سمجھ انھیں کیا حبر لدلیائے بنوائے عاشقا

Mere Hum Safeer Isse Bhi Asar-e-Bahar Samjhe Inhain Kya Khabar Ke Kya Hai Ye Nawa'ay Ashiqana My comrades thought my song were of Spring's kindling— How should they know what in Love's notes is told?

مريفاك ومُوسِ تُونے پيجها كيا ہے اللہ اللہ اللہ اللہ اللہ عاورانہ

Mere Khaak-o-Khoon Se Tu Ne Ye Jahan Kiya Hai Paida Sila-e-Shaheed Kya Hai, Tab-o-Taab-e-Javidana Out of my flesh and blood You made this earth; Its quenchless fever the martyr's crown of gold.

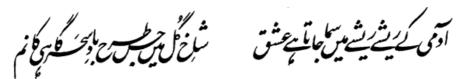
ترى نىدى يۇرىسىچە ئەزىسىيى ئىللەپ ئوستوڭ نەشكاپتۇمانە ترى نىدى يىرى ئىللىرى ئىللىرى

Teri Banda Parwari Se Mere Din Guzar Rahe Hain Na Gila Hai Doston Ka, Na Shikayat-e-Zamana My days supported by Your alms, I do not Complain against my friends, or the times scold.

(Bal-e-Jibril-029) Ishq Se Paida Nuwa'ay Zindagi Mein Zair-o-Bam

عُشق سے پیدا نوائے ندلی نے ٹریم عشق سے شی ایصوروں میں زوم وم

Ishq Se Paida Nawa'ay Zindagi Mein Zeer-O-Bamm Ishq Se Mitti Ki Tasweer Mein Soz-E-Dam Ba Dam Through Love the song of Life begets its rhythmic flow: From Love the shapes of clay derive an endless glow.



Admi Ke Raishe Raishe Mein Sama Jata Hai Ishq Shakh-E-Gul Mein Jis Tarah Bad-E-Sahar Gahi Ka Namm Love makes its way to all the pores in human flesh, Like dewy wind of morn that makes the rose twig fresh.

ر لیندازق کونه پیچانے توممترج ملوک اور پیچانے تو میں سے کلادارا و ب

Apne Razzaq Ko Na Pehchane To Mohtaj-E-Mulook Aur Pehchane To Tera Gada Dara-O-Jamm If man denies his God, on kings he has to fawn: By trust in God, the kings to his door are drawn.

ول لازاد شهنشام علم مامان و فيصله الرئيسي ول المنظم المان و المنظم المان و المنظم المان و المنظم الم

Apne Razzaq Ko Na Pehchane To Mohtaj-E-Mulook Aur Pehchane To Tera Gada Dara-O-Jamm Free heart lends kingly state, to belly death is due: Decide which of the two is better in your view.

Ae Muslaman! Apne Dil Se Puch, Mullah Se Na Puch Ho Gya Allah Ke Bandon Se Kyun Khali Haram O Muslim, search your heart, of mullah don't ask it, "The sacred House of God, the righteous why have quit?"

(Bal-e-Jibril-030) Dil Soz Se Khali Hai, Nigah Pak Nahin Hai

ول وسطال ہے ندبال نہیں ہے ۔ پیراس یعجب لیاد تو بے ال نہیں ج

Dil Souz Se Khali Hai, Nigah Paak Nahin Hai Phir Iss Mein Ajab Kya Ke Tu Be-Baak Nahin Hai Of passion's glow your heart is blank, your glances are not chaste and frank:

To wonder at then there is naught that bold and dauntless you are not.

يغ و قرنحتي يميى النبخال مينهي فالخائوز اصاحب اوراك نهدين

Hai Zauq-E-Tajali Bhi Issi Khaak Mein Pinhan Ghafil! Tu Nira Sahib-E-Adraak Nahin Hai A longing strong for God's display, is also hid in self-same clay: O heedless man, let this be known, brains alone you do not own.

ریر وہ آنکھ کہ ہے۔ رِمَافر بِک روشن پُر کاروسخن ساز ہے نم مال نہیں ہے

Who Ankh Ke Hai Surma'ay Afrang Se Roshan Purkaar-O-Sukhan Saaz Hai, Nam Naak Nahin Hai The eye whose light and luster rest on collyrium brought from West: Is full of art, conceit and show, it gets not wet at others' woe.

ر ریاصُوفی وُملّالوْصِرمیریے نِنوں کی اُن کاسٹرِامن بھی بھی جال نہیں' Kya Sufi-O-Mullah Ko Khabar Mere Junoon Ki Un Ka Sar-E-Daman Bhi Abhi Chaak Nahin Hai How can the priest and monk assess the height of craze that I possess? still sound the hems of robes they wear, which have no rifts and know no tear.

ر بر الرائد الرائد المرائد المائد ال

Kab Tak Rahe Mehkoomi-E-Anjum Mein Meri Khaak Ya Main Nahin, Ya Gardish-E-Aflaak Nahin Hai How long the stars shall hold their sway on fate of man, sprung from clay? Either bereft of life I drop, or the Wheel of Fate must stop.

بجلی ٹرون طف فروبیا بال ہے میں میں لیٹایات فرانا کہ ہیں ہ

Bijli Hun, Nazar Koh-O-Bayanbaan Pe Hai Meri Mere Liye Shayan-E-Khas-O-Khashaak Nahin Hai

Lightning I am and keep my eye on waste and hill that reach the sky: Heaps of straw and mounds of dust, too low they are, avoid I must.

عالم ہے فقط موہر جاریا رائیس مومن بدیج صاحب لولال نہیں ا

Alam Hai Faqat Momin-E-Jaan Baaz Ki Miras Momin Nahin Jo Sahib-E-Loulaak Nahin Hai! That godly man gets world's bequest, who risks his life in ceaseless quest: That man no Faith can claim at all who lives not up to **Prophet**'s call.

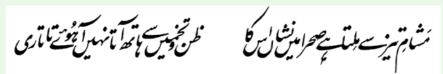
(Bal-e-Jibril-034) Dil-e-Baidar Farooqi, Dil-e-Baidar Karrari

ولِبِ ارفاد قَى ولِبِ لِركزار مِنْ مِنْ مُ كَانِي مِنْ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ

Dil Baidar Farooqi, Dil Baidar Karari Mis-E-Adam Ke Haq Mein Keemiya Hai Dil Ki Baidari A heart awake to man imparts **Umar**'s brains and **Hyder**'s manly parts: If watchful heart a man may hold, His dross is changed to sterling gold.

ول بدر پیدار که افرابید میری کے کارٹن میری کے کارٹن میری کے کاری

Dil-E-Baidar Paida Kar K Dil Khawabida Hai Jab Tak Na Teri Zarb Hai Kari, Na Meri Zarb Hai Kari Beget a heart alive and sound, For, if it be in slumber bound, You cannot strike a deadly blow, Nor even I can daring show.



Mashaam-E-Taiz Se Milta Hai Sehra Mein Nishan Iss Ka Zan-O-Takhmeen Se Haath Ata Nahin Ahoo'ay Tatari If sense of smell be full and stunted, The musk-deer never can be hunted: If bereft of sense of smelling true, Surmise and guess can yield no clue.

النديش في المركزة المواليك كالمنظ المنازي المركزة المنظ المنظ المركزة المركزة المنظ المركزة المنظ المنظ المنظ المنظمة المنظمة

Iss Andeshe Se Zabt-E-Aah Main Karta Rahon Kab Tak
K Munaa Zade Na Le Jaen Teri Qismat Ki Changari
My sighs no more I can withhold, When Muslims' sloth I do behold:
If Muslims do not mend their way, Magians their luck might steal away.

خداوندا تیریبا و اسبے کردھرعائیں کردروشی عِبَّارِی مِنْلطانی ہے عِبَاری خداوندا تیریبا و البیسے کردھرعائیں

Khudawanda Ye Tere Sada Dil Bande Kidhar Jaen Ke Darvaishi Bhi Ayyari Hai, Sultani Bhi Ayyari These simple thralls of Yours, O Lord, From every house and door are barred:

For kings, no less the acolytes, Are fraudulent and hypocrites.

مجے ہندیے ضرنے طاکی ہے ہ ازاد^ی کہ خار میں ازادی ہے باطن پر کے قار

Mujhe Tehzeeb-E-Hazir Ne Ata Ki Hai Vi Azadi K Zahir Mein To Azadi Hai, Batin Mein Giraftari The freedom that this age does grant Does ever freedom's essence want: Though freedom seems to outward sight, Yet is no less than prison tight.

> ب توك مولائے بیٹرٹِ! پ بیری ویسائری روزشنے افریکی مرامی سے بُرتار سری سے افریکی مرامی سے بُرتار

Tu Ae MOLA'AY YASRAB (S.A.W.)! Ap Meri Chara-Sazi Kar Meri Danish Hai Afrangi, Mera Iman Hai Zunnari O Lord of Yathrib (PBUH)! Cure provide For doubts that in my heart abide:

My wisdom to the West is due, Girdled my faith like Brahman true

(Bal-e-Jibril-033) Ye Hooriyan-e-Farangi, Dil-o-Nazar Ka Hijab



(Qurtuba Mein Likhe Gye) (Written in Cordoba)

يهُ وريارِ فِي خَرِيلُ وَلَ نَظِرُ كَا حَجَابِ مِنْ سَبِينَ عَرْبِ لَا حَجَابِ مِنْ الْعَرْقِ وَلَمْ الْعَجَابِ

Ye Hooriyan-E-Farangi, Dil-O-Nazar Ka Hijab Bahisht-E-Magrabiyan, Jalwa Ha'ay Pa Ba-Rakab These Western nymphs a challenge to the eye and the heart, Are bold of glance, In a paradise of instant bliss.

ول وطرف كالتعنية من الرياج المراج المراج والمراج والمر

Dil-O-Nazar Ka Safina Sanbhal Kar Le Ja Mah-O-Sitara Hain Behar-E-Wujood Mein Gardab Thy heart is a wavering ship, Tossed by beauty's assault These moons and stars that glisten, Are whirlpools in thy sea.

جابِ وت صدامي المسانه يسكى لليفة ازَّل في فعان حيك رباب

Jahan-E-Soot-O-Sada Mein Sama Nahin Sakti Latifa'ay Azali Hai Afghan-E-Ching-O-Rubab The warblings of the harp and lyre, Have wondrous powers— Powers that cannot be captured In the world of sound.

بكهائي ويرك يشيون الشي فالمناقبي فقية شهر كوصوفي نے كرفيا بي خراب

Sikha Diye Hain Isse Shewa Haye Khanqahi Faqeeh-E-Sheher Ko Sufi Ne Kar Diya Kharab By teaching him the monastic wont and way, The Sufi has led astray the jurist of the town

وه بعد 'روح زمیر حب کانبیاتی می اسی کواج ترستے بین موجس ا

Woh Sajda, Rooh-E-Zameen Jis Se Kanp Jati Thi Ussi Ko Aj Taraste Hain Minber-O-Mehrab The prostration that once shook the earth's soul, Now leaves not a trace on the mosque's decadent walls.

سُنی نه مصر فیلسطین مین افران میں ویاتھا جس نے پہاڑوں کو عِشمَ سیاب

Suni Na Misar-O-Falasteen Mein Woh Azaan Main Ne Diya Tha Jis Ne Paharon Ko Raisha'ay Simab I have not heard in the Arab world the thunderous call The call to prayer that pierced The hearts of hills in the past.

موائے فرطبہ شاید سے ترسیر مری ایس بسورو بروجه دشا

Hawa-E-Qurtuba! Shaid Ye Hai Asar Tera Meri Nawa Mein Hai, Souz-Surroor-E-Ehad-E-Shabab O Cordoba! Perhaps some magic in thy air Has breathed into my song The buoyancy of youth.

(Bal-e-Jibril-040) Aqal Go Aastan Se Door Nahin

یر ہے۔ عقل کو استاں سے ورنہیں اس کی تعت ریر میں صفورنہیں

> Aqal Go Astan Se Door Nahin Iss Ki Taqdeer Mein Huzoor Nahin Though reason to the portal guide, Yet entry to it is denied.

ولِيبِ أبهي كرخدا سطيب أنحمه كانورول كانورنهي

Dil-E-Beena Bhi Kar Khuda Se Talab Ankh Ka Noor Dil Ka Noor Nahin Beg God to grant a lighted heart, For light and sight are things apart.

عم میں بھی سرور بیکے ن یہ وہ جنسے جس میں و زنسیں

Ilm Mein Bhi Suroor Hai Lekin Ye Woh Jannat Hai Jis Mein Hoor Nahin Though knowledge lends to mind a glow, No hoor is its Eden can ever show.

ر کیاغضب ہے کہ اس زملنے میں ایک بھی صاحب برور نہیں

> Kya Ghazab Hai Kh Iss Zamane Mein Aik Bhi Sahib-E-Suroor Nahin How strange that in the present time No one owns the joy sublime!

ر ال ُجنوں ہے لہ باشعور مبی ہے الحب نوں ہے لہ باشعور نہیں

> Ek Junoon Hai K Ba-Shaur Bhi Hai Ek Junoon Hai K Ba-Shaur Nahin Some passions leave the mind intact, While others make it blind to fact.

ناصب بوری ہے زندلی دل کی آہ وہ ول کہ جہب بور نہیں

Na-Saboori Hai Zindagi Dil Ki Aah Woh Dil K Na-Saboor Nahin

The heart from unrest gets its life, What pity if it knows no strife!

بے حضوری ہے تیری وت کاراز ندہ ہو تُو تو بے حضور نہیں

Be-Huzoori Hai Teri Mout Ka Raaz Zinda Ho Tu To Be-Huzoor Nahin You die because from God you flee, If living, linked with God shall be.

سر میرگهرنےصدُون کو توڑ دیا تُوسِی آماد وَ طهورنہسیں

> Har Guhar Ne Sadaf Ko Tor Diya Tu Hi Amada'ay Zahoor Nahin The pearls have all their covering cleft, Of urge to show you are bereft.

أرِني مين مي كهدر الإيون كلر ميصديث كلتم وظور نهي

'ARINI' Mein Bhi Keh Raha Hon, Magar Ye Hadees-E-Kaleem (A.S)-O-Toor Nahin Show unto me, though I too cry, It is not tale of Moses and Sinai.

(Bal-e-Jibril-042) Ye Peyam De Gayi Hai Mujhe Bad-e-Subah Gahi

يديام ف لني م مح باوس كايي كنوري عافول كاميمت باوشاس

Ye Peyam De Gyi Hai Mujhe Bad-e-Subahgahi Ke Khudi Ke Arifon Ka Hai Maqam Padshahi The morning breeze has whispered to me a secret, That those who know their self-hood, are equal to kings.

سے تری رواسے جو بنچ وی توث بئی رہتی ورسیاہی تو روسیاہی

Teri Zindagi Issi Se, Teri Aabru Issi Se Jo Rahi Khudi To Shahi, Na Rahi To Roosiyahi Self-hood is the essence of your life and honor, You shall rule with it, but without it be in disgrace.

نه دیانشان نرل مجھ التحیم تونے مجھے کیا کا پر تجھے شے ندرہ سین راہی

Na Diya Nishan-e-Manzil Mujhe Ae Hakeem Tu Ne Mujhe Kya Gila Ho Tujh Se, Tu Na Reh Nasheen Na Rahi You have not led my way, O man of wisdom! But why, complain? You know not the way.

معصت بخن برامنی تررستان وه لدا که جانتے بین ورب محکلای

Mere Halqa-e-Sukhan Mein Abhi Zair-e-Tarbiat Hain Woh Gada Ke Jante Hain Rah-o-Rasm-e-Kajkalahi Fakirs who know the wont and way of kings Are as yet being trained in my literary circle.

يه علام بن النظرين المراق المراق المراق المراق المراق المالي المراق الم

Ye Maamle Hain Nazuk, Jo Teri Raza Ho Tu Kar Ke Mujhe To Khush Na Aya Ye Tareeq-e-Khanqahi Your monastic cult is a strait and narrow path, Which I like not, but your freedom I respect. تُونِهَا وَالْبِيرِ اللَّهِ اللَّ

Tu Huma Ka Hai Shikari, Abhi Ibtada Hai Teri Nahin Muslihat Se Khali Ye Jahan-e-Murg-o-Mahi This world of inferior prey is meant to sharpen your claws, You are an eagle-hunter, but are a novice yet.

Tu Arab Ho Ya Ajam Ho, Tera 'LA ILAHA ILLAH' Lughat-e-Ghareeb, Jab Tak Tera Dil Na De Gawahi Whether you are in the East or West, your faith Is meaningless, unless your heart affirms it.

(Bal-e-Jibril-044) Kirad Ke Paas Khabar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin

ر خرنے پہنے ہوالچوا وزیسی تراعب لا جنط کے ہوالچوا وزیسیں

Khird Ke Paas Khabar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin Tera Ilaj Nazar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin The mind can give you naught, but what with doubt is fraught: One look of Saintly Guide can needful cure provide.

رائت مسلكيمة ميرا ميات فع ين الجواوزيس بالنت مسلكيمة ميرا ميات فع ين الجواوزيس

Har Ek Maqam Se Agay Maqam Hai Tera Hayat Zauq-e-Safar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin The goal that you presume is far and out of view: What else can be this life but zeal for endless strife? ار سار الرابهاية وهن الخوري في نه المرابهاية والرابهاي المرابهاي المرابهاي

Giran Baha Hai To Hifz-e-Khudi Se Hai Warna Guhar Mein Aab-e-Guhar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin Much worth the pearl begets, for guard on self it sets: What else in pearl is found except its sheen profound?

ر سر المراز الم

Ragon Mein Gardish-e-Khoon Hai Agar To Kya Hasil Hayat Souz-e-Jigar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin Though blood in veins may race, To Life it lends no grace: Only the glow of heart to Life can zeal impart.

عروب للائمناس بين بصيح المرين المرين المريخ كي سوالجواوزمس

Uroos-e-Lala! Munasib Nahin Hai Mujh Se Hijab Ke Main Naseem-e-Sehar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin Wherefore, O Tulip Bride, From me your charms you hide? I am the breath of morn, Your face I would adorn.

ر جے کی استحقے ہاج افزاک وشے متباغ نے سوالچاوزہمیں

Jise Kisaad Samjhte Hain Tajiran-e-Farang Woh Shay Mata-e-Hunar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin

What Frankish dealers take for counterfeit and fake, Is true and real art—Not valued in their Mart.

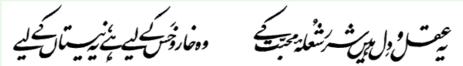
ر براليم ہے اب اليوالين عطائے على شکے راكوانورس مراليم ہے اب اليوالين

Bara Kareem Hai Iqbal Be-Nawa Lekin Atta-e-Shola Sharar Ke Siwa Kuch Aur Nahin Though indigent I be, I am of hand yet free: What can the Flame bestow except its spark and glow?

(Bal-e-Jibril-046) Na Tu Zameen Ke Liye Hai Na Asman Ke Liye

ئەزىرى<u>ئے ليے ہ</u>نہ ہاں گےلیے جہاں ہے لئے نہ جہائے لیے

Na Tu Zameen Ke Liye Hai Na Asman Ke Liye Jahan Hai Tere Liye, Tu Nahin Jahan Ke Liye You are neither for the earth nor for the heaven: The world is for you, and not you for the world.



Ye Aqal-o-Dil Hain Sharar Shola-e-Mohabbat Ke Woh Khaar-o-Khs Ke Liye Hai, Ye Neetan Ke Liye The sparks Reason and Heart are shed of the flame of Love: That one to burn the straw, this one for burning the field of reeds.

مقام رؤيث بل، وناليم يين نسيرُ كل كايم يه ندم سيال كاي

Maqam-e-Parwarish-e-Aah-o-Nala Hai Ye Chaman Na Sair-e-Gul Ke Liye Hai Na Ashiyan Ke Liye This garden is for painful strains: Neither for enjoying the roses nor for making a nest.

سے کاراونی و یوفرات میں تا مفید نہ کے بے الیال کے لیا ا میں کاراونی و یوفرات میں تا مفید نہ کے بحر بے کرال کے لیا

Rahe Ga Ravi-o-Neel-o-Firat Mein Kab Tak
Tera Safina Ke Hai Behar-e-Bekaran Ke Liye!
How long, while your ship remains in Ravi, Nile and Euphrates?
—When it is meant for the Ocean, which knows no bounds.

نشان اه دکھاتے تھے بوت اروق ترس کئے ہیں کے میں کے میں کے اوق استے کیے

Nishan-e-Rah Dikhate The Jo Sitaron Ko Taras Gye Hain Kisi Mard-e-Rah Daan Ke Liye Once who were beacons to the brightest stars, Have long been awaiting a guide to show them the way now.

نگوملب و نواز جال رہوز میں ہے زخت بفر مرکاروال کے لیے

Nigah Buland, Sukhan Dil Nawaz, Jaan Pursouz Yehi Hai Rakht-e-Safar Mir-e-Karwan Ke Liye High ambition, winsome speech, a passionate soul— This is all the luggage for a leader of the Caravan.

Zara Si Baat Thi, Andaisha-e-Ajam Ne Isse Barha Diya Hai Faqat Zaib-e-Dastan Ke Liye It was a plain and simple truth but the imagination of the Persian mind Has confounded it with the poetic license.

> ر مركاويي النعمة شرال شوب سنجال رجي تقايلا مكار تحدي

Mere Gulu Mein Hai Ek Naghma Jibreel Ashob Sanbhal Kar Jise Rakha Hai La-Makan Ke Liye I am saving a song for the Place-less Realm— A song that could shake even the trusty Gabriel.

(Bal-e-Jibril-047) Tu Ae Aseer-e-Makan! La Makan Se Door Nahin

تو الط میجان لامکال دو زمه سی و محلوه کا ه ترین حال دال دو زمه سی

Tu Ae Aseer-E-Makan! La-Makan Se Door Nahin Woh Jalwagah Tere Khakdan Se Door Nahin O Prisoner of Space! You are not far from the Placeless Realm— That Audience Hall is not far away from your planet.

ر سے ہے وہ مرغز ارکہ بنچے نے انہیں جرمیں غمیر نے ہولہ ترے شکے یال دوز نہیں Woh Marghzar Ke Beem-E-Khazan Nahin Jis Mein Ghameen Na Ho Ke Tere Ashiyan Se Door Nahin Grieve not, for a meadow that faces no threat from the Autumn, is not far away from your nest.

يه المساعرة المساعرة

Ye Hai Khulasa-E-Ilm Qalandari Ke Hiyat Khadang-E-Jasta Hai Lekin Kaman Se Door Nahin The gist of all Gnostic knowledge is merely this: That life is an arrow spent and yet from the bow it is not too far!

فضائری روپروٹی سے فرا آکے قدم کھائیوت ماسال دوز ہیں

Faza Teri Mah-O-Parveen Se Hai Zara Agay Qadam Uthao, Ye Maqam Asman Se Door Nahin Your station lies a little ahead of all the stars and Pleiades: Move on, for it is not a long way from the skies.

> كىن نەلۇپ سى كەھپۇق ئىجىلو سىيات لىپرۇنكىتەداس سىڭ وزىسىي

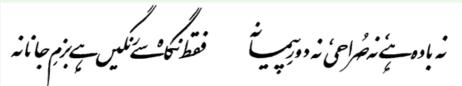
Kahe Na Rahnuma Se Ke Chor De Mujh Ko Ye Baat Rahroo Nukta Dan Se Door Nahin Lest he asks the guide to let him be! It would be no surprise from a traveler who thinks too much.

(Bal-e-Jibril-048) Kirad Ne Mujh Ko Atta Ki Nazar Hakeemana

(یورپ میں بلکھے گئے)

(Yourap Mein Likhe Gye) (Written in Europe)

ر جن دنے مجد لوعطالی نظر صلیانہ سیمائی شق نے مجد کو حدیث برندا Khirad Ne Mujh Ko Atta Ki Nazar Hakeemana Sikhai Ishq Ne Mujh Ko Hadees-e-Rindana My mind on me bestowed a thinker's gaze, From Love I learnt a toper's wont and ways.



Na Bada Hai, Na Soorahi, Na Dour-e-Pemana Faqt Nigah Se Rangeen Hai Bazm-e-Janana No wine, no flask, no goblet goes around, Sweet looks to banquet lend its hue and sound.

مى نوائے پرٹ روشاء بن سمجھ کوئی ہے اور وروش بیٹ

Meri Nuwa-e-Preshan Ko Shayari Na Samajh Ke Main Hun Mehram-e-Raaz-e-Darun-e-Maikhana Take not my rhymes for poet's art, I know the secrets of wine-seller's mart. (Wine symbolically used)

Kali Ko Dekh Ke Hai Tashna-e-Naseem-e-Sehar Issi Mein Hai Mere Dil Ka Tamam Afsana Behold the bud athirst for breath of Morn, It tells the story of my heart forlorn.

رند كوئى <u>تائے محصے نيميا</u> يوضور ساتنا ہيں بيال المام يون سائيا

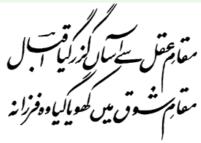
Koi Bataye Mujhe Ye Ghayaab Hai Ke Huzoor Sub Ashna Hain Yahan, Aik Main Hun Begana

Know not, absence or presence if it be, I am the alien here, all others free.

ار فرنگ میں لوئی ن وربھی ٹھر جاؤ سے شے نبول کوسنبھالے الریڈیزانہ

> Farang Mein Koi Din Aur Bhi Thehar Jaun Mere Junoon Ko Sanbhale Agar Ye Werana

My stay in West I may prolong a bit, My frenzy if this desert will admit.



Maqam-e-Aqal Se Asan Guzar Gya Iqbal Maqam-e-Shauq Mein Khoya Gya Woh Farzana The stage of mind by Iqbal soon was crost, But in the Vale of Love this sage was lost.

(Bal-e-Jibril-049) Aflak Se Ata Hai Nalon Ka Jawab Akhir

ر سے ایسے الور کا جوالے خرائے ہے۔ الفرائے ہے الفرائے ہے۔ الفرائے ہے الفرائے ہے۔ الفرائے ہے الفرائے ہے۔ الفرائے الفرائے ہے۔ ال

Aflak Se Ata Hai Nalon Ka Jawab Akhir Karte Hain Khitab Akhir, Uthte Hain Hijab Akhir From the heavens comes an answer to our long cries at last: The heavens break their silence, the curtains rise at last!

احالِ عبت مير تحية فرينه ماري من وريت البار ورية والباري المنظم

Ahwal-e-Mohabbat Mein Kuch Farq Nahin Aesa Souz-o-Tab-o-Taab Awwal, Souz-o-Tab-o-Taab Akhir Little of change love's fortunes inherit: born in anguish And fire, in fire and anguish its end it buys at last.

ئىي تىجەلوبتا تاخۇن تقدىراُئم كىلىپ شىمشىدوسنال دل طاۋىن رابالىخر

Main Tujh Ko Batata Hun, Taqdeer-e-Umam Kya Hai Shamsheer-o-Sanaa Awwal, Taoos-o-Rabab Akhir The destiny of nations I chart for you: At first the sword and spear; the zither's, the lute's soft sighs at last.

میخانهٔ یوریکے وستور نرابے ہیں کا لاتے ہیں ٹوراقال میتے ہیں شرائے

Maikhane-e-Yourap Ke Dastoor Nirale Hain Late Hain Suroor Awwal, Dete Hain Sharab Akhir Outlandish are the customs that Europe's tavern knows! It steeps men first in pleasure, the wine supplies at last.

ر لیادبدبهٔ مادرٔ لیاشوکت میروی موجاتی دین ب فترغرق مے ناخب

Kya Dabdaba-e-Nadir, Kya Shaukat-e-Taimoori Hi Jate Hain Sub Daftar Gharq Mai-e-Naab Akhir Be it the awe of Nadir, be it the glory of a Tamerlane: At last all exploits are drowned in a barrel of wine.

Khalwat Ki Ghari Guzri, Jalwat Ki Ghari Ayi Chutne Ko Hai Bijle Se Agosh-e-Sahaab Akhir The cloistered hour is over, the arena's hour begins; The lightning comes to asunder those cloudy skies at last!

> تعاضط بت شطل بارمانی کا که ڈالے قلندنے اسارلِ آب نجر

Tha Zabt Bohat Mushkil Iss Seel-e-Maani Ka Keh Dale Qalandar Ne Asrar-e-Kitab Akhir It was too hard to withhold the flood of these truths, At last the Qalandar revealed the secrets of the Book.

(Bal-e-Jibril-086) Khudi Ki Khalwaton Mein Gum Raha Main

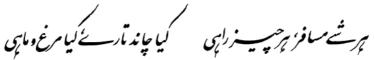
خودى كى ئەرتون يۇم كۈكى خىدائىك ئىلىنى ئىلىنىڭ كويانى تىمائىس

Khudi Ki Khalwaton Mein Gum Raha Main Khuda Ke Samne Goya Na Tha Main I was in the solitude of Selfhood lost, And was, it seemed, unaware of the Presence;

رر را نه دلیماانه ها معالرب کوه دو میاست میرکاشابن لیامین!

Na Dekha Ankh Utha Kar Jalwa-e-Dost Qayamat Mein Tamasha Ban Gya Main! I lifted not my eyes to see my Friend, And, on the Day of Judgment, shamed myself.

(Bal-e-Jibril-050) Har Shay Musafir, Har Cheez Rahi



Har Shay Musafir, Har Cheez Rahi Kya Chand Tare, Kya Murg-o-Maahi All life is voyaging, all life in motion, Moon, stars, and creatures of air and ocean.

تُو مردِميدان تُوميش كر نورى حضوري سيكسايي

Tu Mard-e-Maidan, Tu Mir-e-Lashkar Noori Huzoori Tere Sipahi To you the champion, the lord of battle, Bright angels offer their swords' devotion—

کر ہے۔ کرچھت راپنی تُونے نہ جانی یہ لیے ہے۔ کرچھت راپنی تُونے نہ جانی

Kuch Qadar Apni Tu Ne Na Jani Ye Besawadi, Ye Kam Nigai! But of that blindness, that caravan spirit! Of your own greatness you have no notion.

ونيائية وركارك المعنى ياراك بيل يالوث بي

Dunya-e-Doon Ki Kab Tak Ghulami Ya Raahbi Kar Ya Padshahi How long this bondage to darkness? Choose now: A prince's scepter,—a hermit's potion.

یرے پیرے م کود تھاہے میں نے کردار بے سوز ، گفتار واہی

Peer-e-Haram Ko Dekha Hai Mein Ne Kirdar Be-Souz, Guftar Waahi I know our priesthood, how faint in action, In sermons pouring a languid lotion.

(Bal-e-Jibril-051) Har Cheez Hai Mehew-e-Khud Numai

ہرجی نے مجوز نوب کی ہر وزہ شہیب کیب رائی

Har Cheez Hai Mehw-e-Khudnumai Har Zarra Shaheed-e-Kibriyai Every atom pants for glory: greed Of self-fruition earth's whole creed!

بے ذوقِ نمووزندگی، موت تعمیرخِودی میں ہے حن ائی

Be-Zauq-e-Namood Zindagi, Mout Tameer-e-Khudi Mein Hai Khudai Life that thirsts for no flowering—death: Self-creation—a god-like deed;

رائی زور خودی سے پیت پیت سے انگی

Rayi Zor-e-Khudi Se Parbat Parbat Zu'af-e-Khudi Se Rayi Through self the mustard-seed becomes A hill: without, the hill a seed.

ترے اوارہ و کم اسے نے تعت ریر وجود ہے جُب ائی

Taare Awara-o-Kam Maiz Taqdeer-e-Wujood Hai Juddai The stars wander and do not meet, To all things severance is decreed;

ير از ورورو بي المستحصيلي بير كازرورو وي المستناق

Ye Pichle Peher Ka Zard-Ru Chehra Be Raaz-o-Niaz-e-Ashnai Pale is the moon of night's last hour No whispered things of friendship speed.

تیری قسن لیے تراول تو استے اپنی روشنائی

Teri Qandeel Hai Tera Dil Tu Aap Hai Apni Roshanai Own self is all the light you need; ر و ر ال توہے کری ہے اس جبار میں بقی ہے نئو و سب سیائی

> Ek Tu Hai Ke Haq Hai Iss Jahan Mein Baqi Hai Namood-e-Seemiyai You are this world's sole truth, all else Illusion such as sorceries breed.

میرعقده کت مین ایسی استار می از میرک برس بائی

Hain Auqdah Kusha Ye Khaar-e-Sehra Kam Kar Gila-e-Barhana Payi These desert thorns prick many a doubt: Do not complain if bare feet bleed.

(Bal-e-Jibril-053) Khirad Mandon Se Kya Poochun Ke Meri Ibtada Kya Hai

خروست فى سے كيانوچھوں كەمىرى اتباكياہے كەمدال فىن كرمىر ستاہوں مەنىتەك كياہے

Khird-Mandon Se Kya Puchon Ke Meri Ibtida Kya Hai Ke Main Iss Fikar Mein Rehta Hun, Meri Intiha Kya Hai What should I ask the sages about my origin: I am always wanting to know my goal.

زر کا بات اناکہ توت رہے ہیں اناکہ توت رہے ہیں اناکہ تاری خالیا ہے خاراندے سے دو اُلوچے باتیری خالیا ہے

Khudi Ko Kar Buland Itna Ke Har Taqdeer Se Pehle Khuda Bande Se Khud Puche, Bata Teri Raza Kya Hai Develop the self so that before every decree God will ascertain from you: "What is your wish?"

> سرو مقام نفت وليا ہے الرئم رسمي کر ہوں مهی سوزِ نفٹ س ہے اور میری ہے کیا ہے! مہی سوزِ نفٹ س ہے اور میری ہے کیا ہے!

Maqam-e-Guftugu Kya Hai Agar Main Keemiya-Gar Hun Yehi Souz-e-Nafas Hai, Aur Meri Keemiya Kya Hai!

It is nothing to talk about if I transform base selves into gold: The passion of my voice is the only alchemy I know!

ر الرسم المعلقة المرائيان أس مين الطرائيان أس مين الطرائيان أس مين الموائيان الموائيان

Nazar Ayeen Mujhe Taqdeer Ki Gehraiyan Uss Mein Na Puch Ae Hum-Nasheen Mujh Se Woh Chashm-e-Surma Sa Kya Hai O Comrade, I beheld the secrets of Destiny in them— What should I tell you of those lustrous eyes!

> الرجوة وه مجذوب في من المن مان مان مي توقيب ل اس كوسمها استعالم براكسي

Agar Hota Woh Majzoob*-e-Farangi Iss Zamane Mein To Iqbal Uss Ko Samjhata Maqam-e-Kibriya Kya Hai Only if that majzub1 of the West were living in these times, Iqbal could have explained to him the 'I am.'

> نوائے کے ایم نے جب ر خول دیمیرا خدا پیب خطالی بیٹ اپنے وہ خطالیا ہے! خدا پیب خطالی بیٹ اپنے وہ خطالیا ہے!

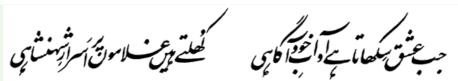
Nawa-e-Subahgahi Ne Jigar Khoon Kar Diya Mera Khudaya Jis Khata Ki Ye Saza Hai, Woh Khata Kya Hai! My heart bleeds from the song of the early morning: O Lord! What is the sin for which this is a punishment?

ر المراز المراز

*Germani Ka Mashoor Majzoob Falsafi Natsha Jo Apne Qalbi Wardaat Ka Sahih Andaza Na Kar Saka Aur Issliye Iss Ke Falsafiyana Afkar Ne Isse Gallat Raste Par Dal Diya.

*Nietzsche, the famous self-absorbed German philosopher who could not interpret his inner experience correctly and was therefore misled by his philosophical thoughts.

(Bal-e-Jibril-054) Jab Ishq Sikhata Hai Adab-e-Khud Agahi



Jab Ishq Sikhata Hai Adab-e-Khud Agaahi Khule Hain Ghulamon Par Asrar-e-Shehanshahi When through the Love man conscious grows of respect self-awareness needs.

Though in chains, he learns at once the regal mode and kingly deeds.

Attar Ho, Rumi Ho, Razi Ho, Ghazali Ho Kuch Hath Nahin Ata Be Aah-e-Sahargahi Like Rumi, Attar, Ghazzali and Razi, One may be mystic great or wise, But none can reach his goal and aim without the help of morning sighs.

Naumeed Na Ho In Se Ae Rahbar-e-Farzana Kamkosh To Hain Lekin Be-Zauq Nahin Raahi No need for leaders sage and great to lose all hope of Muslim true: Though amiss this pilgrim be, Yet can burn on fire like rue.

ر الطائرلامُ وقى المرزق سوت التي مرزق سے الى جورثوار مين تاہي

Ae Tair-e-Lahooti! Uss Rizq Se Mout Achi Jis Rizq Se Ati Ho Parwaz Mein Kotahi

O Bird, who flies to the Throne of God, You must keep this truth in sight, To suffer death is nobler far Than bread that clogs your upward flight.

وارا و کندرسے وہ مرزِ فقیراً ولی میں موجس کی فقیری میں ٹوئے کے اللہی

Dara-o-Sikandar Se Woh Mard-e-Faqeer Aula
Ho Jis Ki Faqeeri Mein Boo-e-Asadullahi
A person poor and destitute, Who walks in steps of God's Lion bold,
Is more exalt'd than monarchs great: He spurns the worldly wealth and
gold.

سے اندین جوانمزان حق کوئی فیسے بالی اللہ کے شیور کواتی نہدیں ماہی

Aaeen-e-Jawanmardan, Haq Goyi-o-Bebaki Allah Ke Sheron Ko Ati Nahin Roobahi

Men bold and firm uphold the truth and let no fears assail their hearts: No doubt, the mighty Lions of God Know no tricks and know no arts.

(Bal-e-Jibril-057) Fitrat Ko Kirad Ke Ru-Ba-Ru Kar

فطرت کونجرو کے روبرو کر تسخیرِ میں ماک و بوکر

Fitrat Ko Khird Ke Ru-Ba-Ru Kar Taskheer-e-Maqam-e-Rang-o-Bu Kar Nature before your mind present, Subdue this world of hue and scent.

یُو اپنی خودی کو کھو چکا ہے کھوئی پُوئی شے کُ^ٹ تجو کر

Tu Apni Khudi Ko Kho Chukka Hai Khoyi Huwi Shay Ki Justuju Kar Of Selfhood you appear bereft, To find the thing lost go on quest.

تاروں کی فضا ہے جب کرانہ تو بھی میں مصت م آرزو کر

Taron Ki Faza Hai Baikarana Tu Bhi Ye Maqam Arzu Kar The stars do shine in boundless space, Desire to get this lofty place.

غُران ہیں ترہے چمن کی حوریں جاکٹِ گُل و لالہ کو رفو کر

Uryan Hain Tere Chaman Ki Hoorain Chaak-e-Gul-o-Lala Ko Rafu Kar Disrobed the houris of your mead, The rose and tulip darning need.

بے زوق نہ سرار فیطت ہے۔ بے زوق نہ سرار فیطت ہے۔ جاسے نہ بیوٹ کا وہ تولرا

Be-Zauq Nahin Agarche Fitrat Jo Uss Se Na Ho Saka, Woh Tu Kar! Of urge, though Nature not deplete, Yet where it fails you must complete.

(Bal-e-Jibril-059) Taza Phir Danish-e-Hazir Ne Kiya Sehar-e-Qadeem

تازه بحرزات بالمضرف ليا بسحرة م كزراع مديم من نهيب الجرب

Taza Phir Danish-e-Hazir Ne Kiya Sahar-e-Qadeem Guzar Iss Ehad Mein Mumkin Nahin Be-Chob-e-Kaleem The magic old to life is brought by means of present science and thought: The path of life cannot be trod without the aid of Moses' Rod.

عقاعت رہے موجیس بالیسی عق بے چارہ نہ ملاہے نہ را پر نہ کلیم

Aqal Ayyar Hai, Sau Bhais Bana Leti Hai Ishq Bechara Na Mullah Hai Na Zahid Na Hakeem! The mind is skilful in artful tasks, and can assume a hundred masks: Poor helpless Love that knows no guise ain't mullah, hermit or too wise.

متنب زل عنويا بجت جرام مسافرون بطانط رت وريقيم

Aysh-e-Manzil Hai Ghareeban-e-Mohabbat Pe Haram Sub Musafir Hain, Bazahir Nazar Ate Hain Maqeem Forbid the rest of lodge and bed to those who road of Love do tread: Like travellers they always roam, though they seem to stay at home.

> م المان يرب المان وزادت في الموه وديات كزرستة بين النبسيم م كران يرب ما عله وزادت في المان المسلم المان المسلم المان المسلم المان المسلم المان المسلم المان المسلم المان

Hai Garan Sair Gham-e-Rahla-o-Zaad Se Tu Koh-o-Darya Se Guzar Sakte Hain Manind-e-Naseem Concern for journey's food and steed, Like burden great, retards your speed:

Of this dead weight, if one be free, Like breeze can cross the mount and sea.

ر مردوروش قاسراییپازاوی مرک سے کسی ورکی خاطب نصیان سے سے کسی ورکی خاطب نصیان روسیم

Mard-e-Darvaish Ka Sarmaya Hai Azadi-o-Marg
Hai Kisi Aur Ki Khatir Ye Nasaab-e-Zer-o-Seem
No wealth is owned by dervish free, at call of death he yields with glee:
He has not either gold or land, of him no one can tithe demand.

(Bal-e-Jibril-060) Sitaron Se Agay Jahan Aur Bhi Hain

رگر سارس سے ایج بسی الورنجی ہیں العبی شق کے اتحب ل ورنجی ہیں

> Sitaron Se Agay Jahan Aur Bhi Hain Abhi Ishq Ke Imtihan Aur Bhi Hain Other worlds exist beyond the stars— More tests of love are still to come.

تهی زندکی سے نہیں فیضر آئیں یہاں کیڑوں کارواں ورہمی ہیں

Tehi, Zindagi Se Nahin Ye Fazaen Yahan Saikron Karwan Aur Bhi Hain This vast space does not lack life— Hundreds of other caravans are here.

قناعت نے اعبالم ناف بویر میں اور بھی ایش یال ور بھی ہیں

Qanaat Na Kar Alam-e-Rang-o-Bu Par Chaman Aur Bhi Ashiyan Aur Bhi Hain Do not be content with the world of color and smell, Other gardens there are, other nests, too.

را الرارز الركه ولياالث ين بوليات مقامات اه وفعال وريمي مين Agar Kho Gya Ek Nasheeman To Kya Gham Maqamat-e-Aah-o-Faghan Aur Bhi Hain What is the worry if one nest is lost? There are other places to sigh and cry for!

توث ہیں ہے پوازے کا تہرا کے کا تاریخ ہیں

Tu Shaheen Hai, Parwaz Hai Kaam Tera Tere Samne Asman Aur Bhi Hain You are an eagle, flight is your vocation: You have other skies stretching out before you.

اسى وروسب ميڭ الجھارندروا كتيزمان مكال ورسى ہيں

Issi Roz-o-Shab Mein Ulajh Kar Na Reh Ja Ke Tere Zaman-o-Makan Aur Bhi Hain

Do not let mere day and night ensnare you, Other times and places belong to you.

> ار کئے دن لہنہاتھا میں بہال ہے از دال وربھی ہیں

Gye Din Ke Tanha Tha Main Anjuman Mein Yahan Ab Mere Raazdaan Aur Bhi Hain Gone are the days when I was alone in company— Many here are my confidants now.

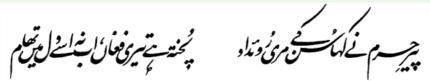
(Bal-e-Jibril-061) Dhoond Raha Hai Farang Aysh-e-Jahan Ka Dawam

(فرانس میں یکھنے)

(France Mein Likhe Gye) (Written in France)

وُصوندر المعين فرنك عيش في الكاروم والتيمن في التيمن في

Dhoond Raha Hai Farang Aysh-e-Jahan Ka Dawam Waye Tamana-e-Kham, Waye Tamana-e-Kham!
The West seeks to make life a perpetual feast;
A wish in vain, in vain, in vain!



Peer-e-Haram Ne Kaha Sun Ke Meri Ruedad Pukhta Hai Teri Faghan, Ab Na Isse Dil Mein Thaam Aware of my state, my spiritual guide assures me, Thy ecstasy has reached the plenitude of its power.

تهاأرِنى كوكليك بم يأرِنى فهي أرقونبت ضاوا مجهيب خيام

Tha Arini Go Kaleem, Main Arini Go Nahin Uss Ko Taqaza Rawa, Mujh Pe Taqaza Haraam Moses asked for a Divine glimpse, but I do not: The demand was right for him; but is forbidden for me.

كرجيه إفتات الإنظر أفحت نيوسي سالبي فأبدانه عام

Gharche Hai Afsaye Raaz, Ahl-e-Nazar Ki Fagahan Ho Nahin Sakta Kabhi Shewa-e-Rindana Aam The plaint of the Men of God betrays (opens) a suppressed secret; But the ways of the Men of God are not meant for all.

علات مُرِوفي مِينَ لاَ نِهِ مِنْ وَرِينَ مَنْ مِينَ مِينَ إِلْتُ مَدِيمٌ إِنْ اللَّهُ مِنْ إِنْسَامُ كَا

Halqa-e-Sufi Mein Zikr, Benam-o-Besouz-o-Saaz Main Bhi Raha Tashna Kaam, Tub Hi Raha Tashna Kaam Zikr in the Sufis' circle was devoid of ecstasy, I remained unsatisfied, and so was everyone.

عَتْق رَىٰ اللَّهِ عَتْقَ رَبُّ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ عَلَيْ اللَّهِ الللَّلَّمِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ الللَّهِ اللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّاللَّمِ الللَّهِ اللَّهِ الللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ ا

Ishq Teri Intaha, Ishq Meri Intaha Tu Bhi Abhi Na-Tamam, Main Bhi Abhi Na-Tamam Love is thy goal, and mine, too, but both Are so far novices on the path of love. رر آه که کھویاکی تجفیقے ہے رکاراز ورندہ افع کیا طنت وم وثنام

Aah Ke Khoya Gya Tujh Se Faqeeri Ka Raaz Warna Hai Maal-e-Faqeer Saltanat-e-Rome-o-Sham Alas! Thou hast betrayed the secret of a fakir, Though a fakir has wealth more than a king of men.

(Bal-e-Jibril-063) Maktabon Mein Kahin Ra'anai-e-Afkar Bhi Hai?

محتبوں میرکہ رعب آباف کارجمیء فانقاموں کیہ لینے تب سار سمی ہے؟ محتبوں میرکہ رعب آباف کارجمیء

Maktabon Mein Kahin Raanayi-e-Afkaar Bhi Hai? Khanqahon Mein Kahin Lazzat-e-Asrar Bhi Hai? The schools bestow no grace of fancy fine, Cloisters impart no glow of Love Divine.

من زلام وارُّه ورُبُرِي شُوارِي کا الرَّي الرَّي الرَّي الرَّي الرَّي الرَّيِ الرَّيِ عَلَى الرَّمِي عَلَى الْمُعْلِي عَلَى الْمُعْلِي عَلَى الْمُعْلِي عَلَى الْمُعْلِ

Manzil-e-Rahrawan Door Bhi, Dushwar Bhi Hai Koi Iss Qafle Mein Qafla Salaar Bhi Hai? The goal that Travellers seek is far and wide, Alas! There is no chief to lead and guide. ر المعرف المعربي المع

Barh Ke Khayber Se Hai Ye Maarka-e-Deen-o-Watan Iss Zamane Mein Koi Haidar-e-Karar Bhi Hai? No less than Khyber, the war of faith and land, But warrior like **Ali (R.A.)** is not at hand.

عم الحسے پرئے بن وہ تھے ہے۔ گذشی قریب استان میں المحق کا المحق کا

Ilm Ki Had Se Pare, Banda-e-Momin Ke Liye Lazzat-e-Shauq Bhi Hai, Naimat-e-Didar Bhi Hai Beyond the bounds of science for faithful thrall Is bliss of love and sight of God withal.

> ر پیرچین نه به که ایسان فرنگ پیرسی ایسی است سرست بنیاد بھری است د دوار مجدی ا

Peer-e-Maikhana Ye Kehta Hai Ke Aiwan-e-Farang Sust Bunyad Bhi Hai, Aaeena Diwar Bhi Hai! The chief of tavern thinks that West has raised The house on shaking founds, whose walls are glazed.

(Bal-e-Jibril-064) Hadsa Vo Jo Abhi Farda'ay Aflak Main Hai

عادِنْدَه وَ الْمِينِ مِنْ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ عَلَيْلُ مِنْ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ عَلَيْلُ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ عِنْ اللَّهِ عادِنْدَه وَ الْمِينِ مِنْ اللَّهِ عَلَيْلُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْلُ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ عَلَيْلُ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهُ

Hadsa Woh Jo Abhi Parda-e-Aflak Mein Hai Aks Uss Ka Mere Aaeena-e-Idraak Mein Hai Events as yet folded in the scroll of Time Reflect in the mirror of my perception.

نتائے بیج فاروٹ اِفلاک میں ، سرتان سے اور کیا کہ سے اور کیا گئے کاروٹ اِفلاک میں ،

Na Sitare Mein Hai, Ne Gardish-e-Aflak Mein Hai Teri Taqdeer Mere Nala-e-Bebaak Mein Hai Neither the planets, nor the spinning skies— Only my bold song—can tell you your destiny. ا مرى او مدفو أن شهر زرند فهمس الأوانم المجيم مين من الماليم مين الماليم الما

Ya Meri Aah Mein Koi Sharar-e-Zinda Nahin Ya Zara Nam Abhi Tere Khs-o-Khashak Mein Hai Either my sighs are devoid of fire, Or else your straw and thorns as yet retain some sap;

ر ريمب نوالج يسحب کاري نزدېږوائے والت کنر بخال مين ۽ ليامب ين الجيسي کاري س

Kya Ajab Meri Nawa Haye Sehargahi Se Zinda Ho Jaye Woh Atish Ke Teri Khak Mein Hai Yet perchance my morning song May quicken the fire that your dust contains—

تورولالے این خاط سے اورولالے این خاط سے کردلی محص ہوئی تقدیر نے سے ال میں م

Tor Dale Gi Yehi Khak Tilism-e-Shab-o-Roz Gharche Uljhi Huwi Taqdeer Ke Paichaak Mein Hai The dust that will break the spell of the passing time one day, Though it is entangled in the skein of Fate as yet.

(Bal-e-Jibril-065) Raha Na Halqa-e-Sufi Mein Soz-e-Mushtaqi

رېاند خساخة صُوفى ميس زِشتاقى فساندېك لامات كالمات كالتياقى

Raha Na Halqa-e-Sufi Mein Souz-e-Mushtaqi Fasana Haye Karamaat Reh Gye Baqi To Lover's glowing fire and flame the mystic order has no claim: They don't discourse or talk of aught save wonders by their elders wrought.

خراب لوت سين طاق خانقا في عتير فعال لة غير سين الرّاقي الرّاقي الرّاقي المرادية المرادية المرادية المرادية الم

Kharab Ko Shak-e-Sultan-O-Khanqah-e-Faqeer Faghan Ke Takht-O-Musalla Kamal-e-Zarragi

Alas! The throne as well as the mat, alike are full of guile and craft: Both royal hall and Holy Shrine have lost their essence fine.

ر الراسطة المراسطة المرادر التاسطين في ملا لي واواقي المراسطة المرادر التاسطين في ملا لي واواقي

Kare Gi Dawar-e-Mehshar Ko Sharamsaar Ek Roz Kitab-e-Sufi-O-Mullah Ki Sada Auragi

The scrolls of Sufis and mullah may put them to shame on Judgment Day Before the Throne of Judge Supreme for being empty in extreme.

نەچىنىيىۋىسەئرېيوۇنەرومۇشاى سىماسكانەۋپىسالمىي مردافاقى

Na Cheeni-O-Arabi Woh, Na Rumi-O-Shami Sama Saka Na Do Alam Mein Mard-e-Afaqi How can this world or next contain the man not bound to one domain? The East or West is not his home, Not tied to Syrian Land or Rome.

> عے شبانہ ای ستی تو ہو جائی کین کھٹا ہے اور میں قرشہ یا قی مے شبانہ ای ستی تو ہو جائی کین

Mai-e-Shabana Ki Masti To Ho Chuki, Lekin Khatak Raha Hai Dilon Mein Karishma-e-Saqi Intoxication due to nightly wine, No doubt, by now, is one decline, But saki's glance still pricks the heart, Like a swift and piercing dart.

جسسن میں ملخ نوائی مری لواراکہ کن زمیر بھی کہ جی کر تا تھ

Chaman Mein Talakh Nawayi Meri Gawara Kar Ke Zehar Bhi Kabhi Karta Hai Kar-e-Taryaqi My bitter notes with patience hark, That I utter in this park: Bear it in mind that passion too oft can work like elixir true.

عزیز ترجیتاع الیرسطان و شعرص میں توبی کا سووبرا

Aziz Tat Hai Mataa-e-Ameer-O-Sultan Se Woh Shair Jis Mein Ho Bijli Ka Souz-O-Barraqi More dear and precious song replete with lightning's dazzling flash and heat

Than coffers full of yellow gold that mighty kings and chiefs do hold.

(Bal-e-Jibril-066) Huwa Na Zor Se Uss Ke, Koi Gireban Chaak

ر را الراب الراب الراب الراب الراب الرابية الرابية الرابية الرابية الرابية الرابية الرابية الرابية المرابية المرابية الرابية الرابية المرابية الرابية الرابية

Huwa Na Zor Se Uss Ke Koi Greban Chaak Agarcha Maghribiyon Ka Junoon Bhi Tha Chalaak Intuition in the West was clever in its power, But had not the plenitude for absolute abandon.

مرسر المرابية المراب

Mai-e-Yaqeen Se Zameer-e-Hayat Hai Pursouz Naseeb-e-Madrasa Ya Rab Ye Aab-e-Atish Naak The quintessence of life is the force of faith supreme— It is a force denied to all our seats of learning.

عوج وج وج الله منظرون مام ميلان ميك المول فلال

Urooj-e-Adam-e-Khaki Ke Mutazir Hain Tamam Ye Kehkashan, Ye Sitare, Ye Neelgoon Aflaak The galaxies, the planets, the firmament, are all Waiting for man's rise, like a star in heaven.

ينيُ مانةُ عَالْب لِي كَانَاتِ عِ لِي وَمْ عَرُوتُ فِي وَلِيَّرِ وَرَحَ بِ بِال

Yehi Zamana-e-Hazir Ki Kainat Hai Kya Damagh Roshan-o-Dil Teerah-o-Nigah Bebaak Brains are bright and hearts are dark and eyes are bold, Is this the sum and substance of what our age has gained?

تُوبِ بِصِرْبِهِ تُوبِهِ ما نِع نِهَا وَمِنْ جِهَا خُوخُ اللَّهِ مَا خُوخُ اللَّهِ عَلَى اللَّهِ مَا خُوخُ اللّ

Tu Be-Basar Ho To Ye Mana'ay Nigah Bhi Hai Wagarna Aag Hai Momin, Jahan Khs-o-Khashak The world is a haystack for the fire of the Muslim soul, But if thou art eyeless, thou canst not find thy way.

Zamana Aqal Ko Samjha Huwa Hai Mashal-e-Rah Kise Khabar Ke Junoon Bhi Hai Sahib-e-Idraak To a multitude of men, reason is the guide, They know not that frenzy has a wisdom of its own.

جائ*ک عمر ایش فرمون* کی مسیر کیار میجیت کے مت کولال

Jahan Tamam Hai Meeras Mard-e-Momin Ki Mere Kalam Pe Hujjat Hai Nukta-e-Loulaak The world entire is a legacy of the Man of Faith: I say it on the authority of we would not have created it.

(Bal-e-Jibril-067) Yun Hath Nahin Ata Vo Gohar-e-Yak Dana

Yun Hath Nahin Ata Woh Gohar-e-Yak Dana Yak Rangi-o-Azadi Ae Himmat-e-Mardana! O manly heart, the goal you seek is hard to gain like gem unique: Get firm resolve and freedom true, If aim of life you wish to woo.

ياخبوطعين ل كالمين جهالي يام وبت لندر ك انداز مو كانه!

Ya Sanjar-o-Tughral Ka Aaeen-e-Jahangeeri Ya Mard-e-Qalandar Ke Andaz-e-Mulookana! Like Sanjar great and Tughral just to rule and conquer learn you must: Or like a galandar true and bold the wont and way of monarch hold.

ياهية فارآبي يا أفتب وتمى المسترصيانه ياجذب عليانا

Ya Hairat-e-Farabi Ya Taab-o-Tab-e-Rumi Ya Fikr-e-Hakeemana Ya Jazb-e-Kaleemana!

Farabi's thirst for lore beget, or Rumi's fever great and fret: You need a thinker's lofty gaze, or Moses' passion to amaze.

يَّعْتُ لَ لُرُوبِابِي مِيْعَتِّ مُدَالِّنِي لِيَّالِي لِيَّالِي اللهِ المُلْمُ اللهِ المُلْمُ اللهِ المُلْمُ اللهِ المُلْمُ اللهِ اللهِ اللهِ المُلْمُلِي المُلْمُلِي المُلْم

Ya Aqal Ki Roobahi Ya Ishq-e-Yadullahi Ya Heela-e-Afrangi Ya Hamla-e-Tarkana!

Learn the wolfish tricks and guile, be like Franks in wit and wile: Else own the passion of **God's Hand**, or strike the foes like Tartar band.

يشرع لمانى ياؤريل درمانى يانعرة ستانه كبعبة وكرنت خاب

Ya Shara-e-Musalmani Ya Dair Ki Darbani Ya Naara-e-Mastana , Kaaba Ho Ke Butkhana! Act on Muslim law and rites, or sit in fane like acolytes: Be it the Shrine or temple high, ever like a drunkard cry.

ر میری نیقیری شاہی غلامیں کچھ 6 منہ میں نبتا بے خَرَبِ ندا

Meeri Mein Faqeeri Mein, Shahi Mein Ghulami Mein Kuch Kaam Nahin Banta Be-Jurrat-e-Rindana In whatsoever state you be, a fettered thrall or monarch free: No wonder ever can be wrought, with Love, if courage be not fraught. (Bal-e-Jibril-068) Na Takht-o-Taj Mein Ne Lashkar-o-Sipah Mein Hai

نتخت آج میں نے لئارو پومین جوبات مرولات کر لی بارہ و میں م

Na Takht-o-Taaj Mein Ne Lashkar-o-Sipah Mein Hai Jo Baat Mard-e-Qalandar Ki Bargah Mein Hai A monarch's pomp and mighty arms can never give such glee, As can be felt in presence of a Qalandar bold and free.

صنم كديج ال ورمونت يخليل المين المناه المراق المالي المنطقة المالية ال

Sanam Kadah Hai Jahan Aur Mard-e-Haq Hai Khalil Ye Nukta Woh Hai Ke Poshida **LA ILAHA** Mein Hai The world is like an idol house, God's Friend, a person free: No doubt, this subtle point is hid In words, No god but He.

وبي جهائ براجب فوتولر پيدا ين فضت نهين و تري ځاه مين

Woh Jahan Hai Tera Jis Ko Tu Kare Paida Ye Sang-o-Khisht Nahin, Jo Teri Nigah Mein Hai The world that you with effort make to you belongs alone: The world of brick and stone you see, You cannot call your own. مه وتاروس كيم ما ميرس كالمسلط المعلى المناهمين المناهمين

Mah-o-Sitara Se Agay Maqam Hai Jis Ka Woh Musht-e-Khak Abhi Awargan-e-Rah Mein Hai The clay-made man is still among the vagrants on the road, Though man beyond the moon and stars can find his true abode.

خبرالی ہے نا اِنجروئرس مجھ فرنگ اُکرسِلِ بیٹ امیں اُ

Khabar Mili Hai Khudayan-e-Behar-o-Bar Se Mujhe Farang Reh-Guzar-e-Seel-e-Be Panah Mein Hai This news I have received from those who rule the sea and land, That Europe lies on course of flood 'Gainst which no one can stand.

تراش کی فضاؤں میر نصیاب جہان مازہ مری او شب محاومین تلاش لیس کی فضاؤں میر نصیب کے اور میں

Talash Uss Ki Fazaon Mein Kar Naseeb Apna Jahan-e-Taza Meri Aah-e-Subahgah Mein Hai A world there is quite fresh and new in sighs at morn I have: Your portion seek within its tracts, Thus goal and aim achieve.

> ر رکز میں میں میں اس میں اس میں میں ہے۔ مربے لدولوغنیت میں جوالہ باقی نہ خانعت املیع نہ مریسے میں ج_اباقی نہ خانعت املیع

Mere Kidu Ko Ghanimat Samajh Ke Bada-e-Naab Na Madrase Mein Hai, Baqi Na Khanqah Mein Hai Count my gourd an immense gain, for pure and sparkling wine No more the seats of learning store nor sells the Sacred Shrine.

(Bal-e-Jibril-076) Kho Na Ja Iss Sehar-o-Sham Mein Ae Sahib-e-Hosh! کر کھونہ جا ہسس سے وشام میں اے صاحب وش ال جہاں اور مبی ہے جسس بنے فردا ہے نہ وش

Kho Na Ja Iss Sehar-o-Sham Mein Ae Sahib-e-Hosh! Ek Jahan Aur Bhi Hai Jis Mein Na Farda Hai Na Dosh In the maze of eve and morn, O man awake, do not be lost: Another world there yet exists that has no future or the past.

> ر نس لومع وم ہے ہے۔ مسجد و محت فی میں آرسے خوش مسجد و محت فی میں آرسے خوش

Kis Ko Maaloom Hai Hungama-e-Farda Ka Maqam Masjid-o-Maktab-o-Maikhana Hain Muddat Se Khamosh None knows that tumult's worth and price which hidden lies in future's womb:

The mosque, the school and tavern too since long are silent like a tomb.

ئىں نے پایا ہے اُسے اشائیٹ کاہی میں جب بُڑنا ہے خالی ہے ہست کا لیخوش

Main Ne Paya Hai Usse Ashk-e-Sehargahi Mein Jis Dur-e-Naab Se Khali Hai Sadaf Ki Aagosh In tears shed at early morn is found the gem unique and best, The gem, whose like is never held, by mother shell within its breast.

> نئى تىمەت زىپ تىلىغىنىڭ سوالىچە بىمى نىمىس چەرە روشىن بېوتوليا ھاجىپ كىلونە فروش! چەرە روشىن بېوتوليا ھاجىپ كىلونە فروش!

Nayi Tehzeeb Takaluf Ke Sawa Kuch Bhi Nahin Chehra Roshan Ho To Kya Hajat-e-Gluguna Farosh! The Culture New is nothing else save glamour false and show, indeed: If the face be fair and bright, rouge vendors aid it does not need.

> صاحب زکولازم ہے اعت فلندیے اور کرائے کاہے کاہے ت طاہ نام بھی ہو المے سروش

Sahib-e-Saaz Ko Lazim Hai Ke Ghafil Na Rahe

Gahe Gahe Galat Aahang Bhi Hota Hai Sarosh Much care and caution must he take, who sets the music of a song: For oft the Voice Unseen inspires such airs as jarring are and wrong.

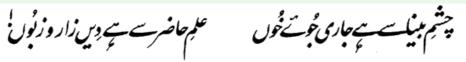
(Bal-e-Jibril-146) Peer-o-Mureed



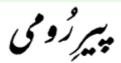
Peer-o-Mureed
The Mentor And The Disciple



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple



Chashm-e-Beena Se Hai Jari Joo'ay Khoon Ilm-e-Hazir Se Hai Deen Zaar-o-Zuboon! Discerning eyes bleed in pain, For faith is ruined by knowledge in this age.



Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

علم را برتن زنی مارے بود علم را برول زنی بارے بود

Ilm Ra Bartan Zni Mare Bawad
Ilm Ra Bar Dil Zni Yaare Bawad
Fling it on the body, and knowledge becomes a serpent;
Fling it on the heart, and it becomes a friend.

مربدين

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

اے امام عاشفت ان روست الله می اوستے مجھ لو ترا حرف بلند

Ae Imam-e-Ashiqaan-e-Dardmand! Yaad Hai Mujh Ko Tera Harf-e-Buland Master of love; of God! I do remember your noble words:

> ر 'خشک مغزوخشک روخشک بویت سر از کمب می آیدای اوازِ دوست'

'Khushk Maghaz-o-Khushk Taar-o-Khushk Post Az Kuja Mee Ayed Aen Awaz-e-Dost' 'Where from comes this Friendly voice— Thin, feeble, and dry as a reed?'

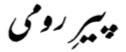
ر را من منت المراد الم

Dour-e-Hazir Mast-e-Ching-o-Be-Suroor Besabat-o-Beyaqeen-o-Behazoor The world today has an eternal sadness, With neither joy, nor love, nor certitude,

Kya Khabar Iss Ko Ke Hai Ye Raaz Kya Dost Kya Hai, Dost Ki Awaz Kya What doth it know about this mystery— Who is the friend, and what is the friend's voice?

> ر اه مورب بافروغ و ماب نال نغمه سر روهینچاہے سوئے خال نغمه سس کو کھینچاہے سوئے خال

Aah, Yourap Ba-Farogh-o-Taab Naak Naghma Iss Ko Khanchta Hai Soo'ay Khak The sound of music is a dirge In the West's crumbling pageant.



Peer-e-Rumi
The Mentor Rumi

برساع راست برنس چیز نمیت طعمهٔ برزم عن انجیز نمیت

Bar Samaa-e-Rast Harkas Cheer Neest Ta'ama-e-Har Murghke Anjeer Neest Every ear is not attuned to the word of truth, As a fig suits not the palate of every bird.

مرييب يي

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

براه ليئ ميں نے علوم شرق وغرب من اقل ہے اب الم^{ور} وکرب

Parh Liye Main Ne Uloom-e-Sharaq-o-Gharb Rooh Mein Baqi Hai Ab Tak Dard-o-Karb I have mastered knowledge of both the East and the West, My soul suffers still in agony.

پیررومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

وستِ ہرِزا ہل ہمیارت گند رکز شوتے ماور اکہ تیمارت گند Dast-e-Har Na-Ahl Beemarat Kunad Soo'ay Madar Aa Ke Teemarat Kunad Quacks sicken you more; Come to us for a cure.



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

الے بیجتریں مے ول کی کٹاو کھول مجد پڑھت رُحکم جب و

Ae Nigah Teri Mere Dil Ki Kushaad Khol Mujh Par Nukta-e-Hukam-e-Jihad Your glance of wisdom brightens my heart; Explain to me the order for jihad.

ببيررومي

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

نقش حق را میم به امرحی شکن برزُرجاج دوست سنک دوست نن

Naqsh-e-Haq Ra Hum Ba Amar-e-Haq Shikan Bar Zujaj-e-Dost Sang-e-Dost Zan Break the image of God by the command of God, Break the friend's glass, with the friend's stone.

مريدسب يي

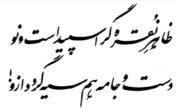
Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

بِ نَكُومِ السُّوْمِ السُّوْمِ مُعِلِد مُومِنِ السَّوْمِ السَّوْمِ السَّوْمِ السَّوْمِ السَّوْمِ السَّ

Hai Nigah-e-Khawaran Mashoor-e-Gharb Hoor-e-Jannat Se Hai Khaushtar Hoor-e-Gharb Oriental eyes are dazzled by the West; Western nymphs are fairer than those in Paradise.



Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi



Zahir-e-Nuqrah Gar Aspaid Ast -o-Nau Dast-o-Jama Hum She Gard Da Zau! Silver glisters white and new, But blackens the hands and clothes.



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

المُحتب كا جوان كرم نُولُ المحتب إفرنك كا صيد زنون!

Aah Maktab Ka Jawan-e-Garam Khoon! Sahir-e-Afrang Ka Sayd-e-Zaboon! The warm-blooded youths in schools, Alas, are victims of Western magic!

پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

مُرغِ ئرِ ناوست، چُوں برِّان شود طعست مرکر بهٔ ورّان شود

Murg-e-Par Narusta Choon Paran Shawad Ta'ama-e-Har Gur Ba Durran Shawad When an unfledged bird begins its flight, It becomes a ready feline morsel.



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

الريسة من المريث من المالية الم

Ta Kuja Awaizish-e-Deen-o-Watan Jouhar-e-Jaan Par Maqaddam Hai Badan! How long this clash between church and state? Is the body superior to the soul?

ببيررومي

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

قلىب پېلومى زند بازر بشب انتظار روز مى دارد نوچىب

Qalb Pehlu Mee Zind Ba Zar Bashab Intizar-e-Roz Mee Darad Zahab Coins may jingle at night, But gold waits for the morrow.

مرربيب ري

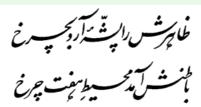
Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

بستبادم سے مجھے آگاہ کر فال کے وزیے کو مہرو ماہ کرا

Sirr-e-Adam Se Mujhe Agah Kar Khak Ke Zarre Ko Mehar-o- Mah Kar! Tell me about the secret of man, Tell how dust is a peer of the stars.



Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi



Zahirish Ra Passha-e-Ard Ba-Charkh Batinish Amad Muheet-e-Haft Charkh His outside dies of an insect's bite, His inside roams the seven heavens.

مريديب دي

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

ر خال تیرے نُورسے روٹ رہبر فایت ِ وَخ ب ہے یا نظر؟

> Khak Tere Noor Se Roshan Basar Ghayat-e-Adam Khabar Hai Ya Nazar? Dust with your help has a luminous eye, Is man's purpose knowledge or vision?

> > پیررومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

ر می ویراست، باقی بوست است ر سر ویدان باشد که ویدو وست است

Admi Deed Ast, Baqi Post Ast Deed Aan Bashad Ke Deed-e-Dost Ast Man is perception; the rest is skin; Perception is the perception of God.



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

زندہ ہے مشرق تری گفتار ہے ۔ اُمتیں مرتی ہیں۔ سازارسے؟

Zinda Hai Mashriq Teri Guftar Se Ummatain Merti Han Kis Azaar Se? The East lives on through your words! Of what disease nations die?

پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

بر ملاکب ُمت بیت که بود زانکه رشب کاکس روزیمود

Har Halak-e-Ummat-e-Paisheen Ke Bood Zaanke Bar-Jandal Guman Bar Dand Uood Every nation that perished in the past, Perished for mistaking stone for incense.

مريدسبب ري

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

Ab Musalman Men Nain Who Rang-o-Boo Sard Kyunkar Ho Gya Iss Ka Lahoo? Muslims have now lost their vigour and force; Wherefore are they so timid and tame?

بيررومي

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

یا ول صاحب کے نامد مبدورو میچ قومے راحت را رُسوا نہ کرد

Ta Dil-e-Sahibd Le Na Mad Ba Dard Haich Qoume Ra Khda Ruswa Na Kard No nation meets its doom, Until it angers a man of God



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

ار کرچیہ بے رونق ہے بازارِ وجود کون سے موص میں ہے مُروو کا سُود؟

> Gharcha Be-Ronaq Hai Bazar-e-Wujood Kon Se Sode Mein Hai Mardon Ka Sood? Though life is a mart without any lustre, What kind of bargain doth offer some gain?

> > پیررومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

ر زیر لیمب روش چیب رانی بخر زیر لی طرق است وحیب رانی نظر

Zair Ki Ba-Farosh-o-Heerani Bakhar Zair Ki Zann Ast-o-Heerani Nazar Sell cleverness and purchase wonder; Cleverness is doubt; wonder is perception.



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

نيف ميڪ لاطين كے رئيم مين فقت بِ بِحُلاه و كِعليم!

Hum Nafs Mere Salateen Ke Nadeem Main Faqeer-e-Ne-Kulah-o-Begaleem

My peers consort with kings in court, While I am a beggar, uncovered, bare-headed.

پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

ر بندهٔ یک مردِ روشن دل شوی به که برفرقِ سبر شایاں روی

Banda-e-Yak Mard-e-Roshan Dil Shawi Ba Ke Bar Farq-e-Sar-e-Shahan Rawi To be the slave of a man with an illumined heart, Is better than to rule the ruler's of' the land.

مريديب دي

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

غاصان بر مین نه یس مجها حدیث جبرو قدر^ا

Ae Shareek-e-Masti-e-Khasaan-e-Badar Main Nahin Samjha Hadees-e-Jabr-o-Qadr! I am at a loss to know the puzzle Of free will and determination.

پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi بال بازان راسو<u> سے شلطان برو</u> بال زاغان را ملورستان برو

Bal Bazan Ra Sooye Sultan Bard Bal Zaghan Ra Baghoristan Bard Wings bring a hawk to Kings; Wings bring a crow to the grave.

مربدتيب دى

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

ر کاروبارِ خسروی یا رائب بی کیا ہے احت رغایتِ دین نتی؟

Karobar-e-Khusrawi Ya Rahbi Kya Hai Akhir Ghaya-e-Deen-e-**Nabi (S.A.W.)?** What is the aim of the **Prophet (PBUH)**'s path— The rule of the earth, or a monastery?

پیررومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

مصلحت در دین ماجنگ وشکوه مصلحت در دین علیتی غار ولوه

Muslahat Dar Deen-e-Ma Jang-o-Shikoh Muslahat Dar Deen-e-**Issa (A.S.)** Ghaar-o-Koh Prudence in our faith decrees war and power, In the faith of Jesus—a cave and mount.

مربدتيب دى

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple ر كس طرح قابُو ميں آئے اب وجل مس طرح بيدار ہو سينے مين ل؟

> Kis Tarah Qaboo Mein Aye Aab-o-Gill Kis Tarah Baidar Ho Seene Mein Dil? How to discipline the body? And how to awaken the heart?

> > پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

بندہ باش وہرزمیں رُوچوں سمند چوں جنازہ نے کہ برکر دن برند

Banda Bash-o-Bar Zameen Ro Choon Samand Choon Janaza Ne Ke Bar Gardan Barand Be obedient, ride on the earth like a horse, Not like a corpse borne on shoulders.

مريديبندي

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

بستروين اوراك مين آتانهين كسطرة آئے قيامت كالقين؟

Sirr-e-Deen Adraak Mein Ata Nahin Kis Tarah Aye Qayamat Ka Yaqeen? The secret of faith I do not know; How to believe in the Day of Judgement?

پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

پس قیامت شوقیامت اببی دیدن میرچیز را شرط است این Pas Qayamat Sho Qayamat Rababeen Deedan-e-Har Cheez Ast Aen Be the Judgement Day, and see the Judgement Day; This is the condition for seeing everything.



Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

ر اتعال میں راہ کرتی ہے خودی صیدِ مهر و ماہ کرتی ہے خودی

> Asman Mein Rah Karti Hai Khudi Said-e-Mehar-o-Mah Karti Hai Khudi The selfhood soars up to the skies— It preys upon the sun and the moon—

بيضورو بافروغ وبفراغ لينخيرون كي لاتهون واغ واغ!

Be Huzoor-o-Ba-Farogh-o-Be-Faraagh Apne Nakhcheeron Ke Hathon Dagh Dagh! Deprived of the Presence, relying on existence, wearied: Impoverished by its own preys.

پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

ر کر ارزوصیداعتق است وبس اس که ارزوصیداعتق است وبس کسکن او کے کنجد اندر دام

Aan Ke Arzd Said Ra Ishq Ast-o-Bas Lekin Ao Ke Gunajad Andar Daam-e-Kas! Love alone is fit to be hunted, But who can ever ensnare it!

مريدسبب

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple تجه په روشن ہے میروائنات کسطر مجے کم چوملت کی حیات؟

Tujh Pe Roshan Hai Zamer-e-Kainat Kis Tarah Muhkam Ho Milat Ki Hayat? You know the heart of the universe; Tell how a nation can be strong?

پیپررومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

دانه باشی مرغ کانت جرپ ند غنچه باشی لود کانت برلت ند

Dana Bashi Murghkanat Bar-Cheenand Ghuncha Bashi Ko Dkanat Bar Kanand If you are a grain, it will be picked by birds, And if a blossom, it will be picked by urchins.

> دانه پنهال کنسرایا دام شو غنچه پنهال کن کسپ و بام شو

Dana Pinhan Kun Sarapa Daam Sho Ghuncha Pinhan Kun Gyah-e-Baam Sho Hide your grain, and be the trap; Hide your blossom, and be the grass.

مريد سميت دي

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

ىر تويەلتا ہے كە دل كى كەتلاشس كىلاپ كېشىن دىپچار بېشىن

> Tu Ye Kehta Hai Ke Dil Ki Kar Talash 'Talib-e-Dil Bash-o-Dar-Paikar Bash'

You call me to seek the heart; To be a seeker of the heart, and to be in a conflict;

جومرا ول ہے مے سینے میں ہے میراج میرسے انسینے میں ہے

Jo Mera Dil Hai, Mere Seene Mein Hai Mera Jouhar Mere Aaeene Mein Hai

My heart is in my breast, Like a mirror, it shows my powers.

پییر رومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

تُوہی مرا ولنیے ہے۔ ول فراز عرش باشدنے بہیت

Tu Hami Goyi Mera Dil Naiz Hast Dil Faraz-e-Arsh Bashad Ne Ba Past You say you have a heart The heart is not below, but in the empyrean,

> تُو ولِن حود را و لے پند اِشتی مُستجوے اہلِ ول بحد اِشتیٰ مُستجوے اہلِ ول بحد اِشتیٰ

Tu Dil-e-Khud Ra Dile Pind Ashti Justujooye Ahl-e-Dil Baghazashti! You think your heart is a heart, Forsaking the search for illumined hearts.

مريدسينسسري

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

ب اکسیانوں پر مراہنگر بیند کمیں زمیں پر خوار و زار و ورومند Asmanon Par Mera Fikar-e-Buland Main Zameen Par Khwar-o-Zaar-o-Dardmand My mind soars in ethereal flights, But I grovel in the dust;

کارِ ونب میں ہاجا آچوں میں مطوریں ہے۔ کارِ ونب میں ہاجا آچوں میں

Kar-e-Dunya Mein Raha Jata Hun Main Thokarain Iss Rah Mein Khata Hun Main

I have failed in the affairs of the world; Kicks and buffets are my lot;

ر کیوں مے کیس کانہیں کارزمیں ابلہ ونسے کیوٹ المتے دیں؟

Kyun Mere Bas Ka Nahin Kaar-e-Zameen Abla-e-Dunya Hai Kyun Dana'ay Deen? Why is material world beyond my reach? Why are the wise in faith, fools in the world?

پیرِرومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

ر ان که برون ال رفتار شریع برزمین میتن حیده شوارش سود

Aan Ke Bar Aflaak Raftarash Bood Bar Zameen Raftan Che Dushwarish Bood

One who can scale the heights of heaven, Can tread the path of earth with ease.

مريديمب دي

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple علم وحكمت فاسط ليونكر سُراغ كسطرح بإته آئ موزو ورد وداغ

Ilm-o-Hikmat Ka Mile Khyunkar Sooragh Kis Tarah Hath Aye Souz-o-Dard-o-Dagh? What is the secret of knowledge and wisdom? And how to be blessed with passion and pain?

ەبىيررومى

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

عمر وسمت رايداز نارج ال عنق وقيت أيداز نارج لال

Ilm-o- Hikmat Zayed Az Naan-e-Halal Ishq-o-Riqqat Ayed Az Naan-e-Halal Knowledge and wisdom are born of honest living; Love and ecstasy are born of honest living.

مريدسين

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

باضا أنجمن اوربي خلوئت نهيي سورسخن

Hai Zamane Ka Taqaza Anjuman Aur Be-Khalwat Nahin Souz-e-Sukhan The world demands me to meet and mingle, But the song is born in solitude.

پییرِ رومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi خلۇت!زاغىك،ربايۇنےزيار پوتىس بېرۇك آمدىنے بهار

Khalwat Az Aghyar Bayed, Ne Zeyad Posteen Beharde Amad, Ne Bahar Keep away from strangers, not from Him, Wrap yourself for winter, not for spring.

مريدسب

Mureed-e-Hindi The Indian Disciple

پندمیں بنور ہے باقی نہ سوز اللہ السب و سی میں میں ہوروزا

Hind Mein Ab Noor Hai Baqi Na Souz Ahl-e-Dil Iss Dais Mein Hain Teerah Roz! India now has no light of vision or yearning; Men of illumined hearts have fallen on evil days.

پیررومی

Peer-e-Rumi The Mentor Rumi

کارِمرداں روشنی وکرمی ست کارِ دو نارحیلہ فیصِرمی ست

Kar-e-Mardan Roshni-o-Garmi Ast Kar-e-Do Naa Heela-o-Besharami Ast Imparting heat and light is the task of the brave; Cunning and shamelessness are the refuge of the mean.

(Bal-e-Jibril-150) Sitare Ka Pegham

سار کاپنیا

Sitare Ka Pegham The Star's Message مجھے ڈرانہ میں سنتی فضالی آریکی مری سرشت میں ہے ایک و دُرخشانی مجھے

Mujhe Dra Nahin Sakti Faza Ki Tareeki Meri Sarisht Mein Hai Paki-o-Durkhashani I fear not the darkness of the night; My nature is bred in purity and light;

تُوك سافرشب إخود حراغ بن إنيا مسكر ابني رات كو داغ مكرس أوراني

Tu Ae Musafir-e-Shab! Khud Charagh Ban Apna Kar Apni Raat Ko Dagh-e-Jigar Se Noorani Wayfarer of the night! Be a lamp to thyself; With thy passion's flame, make thy darkness bright

(Bal-e-Jibril-152) Falsafa-o-Mazhab

فلنفهو مذسب

Falsafa-o-Mazhab Philosophy And Religion

ر يەافت بىلا، ئىپ پىرىرىي سىچىلىا! سىجانهايى سېلىت مۇخت ركوئىي

Ye Aftab Kya, Ye Sepehr-e-Bareen Hai Kya! Samjha Nahin Tasalsul-e-Sham-o-Sehar Ko Main Wherefore this succession of day and night? And what are the sun and the starry heavens?

> ا پنے وطن میں نہوں اعتبریٹ الدیار نہو ور آ بہوں دمیھ دکھے کے اس مشت و در کو میں

Apne Watan Mein Hun Ke Ghareeb-Ud-Diyar Hun Darta Hun Dekh Dekh Ke Iss Dast-o-Dar Ko Main Am I in my land or in banishment? The vastness of this desert fills me with fright.

> گفتت نهیں مرسے عنبرزندلی کاراز لاؤں کہ اسے بندۂ صاحنطِ نسر کوئیں

Khulta Nahin Mere Safar-e-Zindagi Ka Raaz Laun Kahan Se Banda-e-Sahib Nazar Ko Main I know not the enigma of this life of mine; I know not where to find one who knows.

> و رئے حیراں ہے بوعلی کہ میں آیاکس سے میں رومی یہ سوپیت ہے کہ جاؤں کڑھ کے میں

Heeran Hai Bu Ali Ke Main Aya Kahan Se Hun Rumi Ye Sochta Hai Ke Jaun Kidhar Ko Main Avicenna wonders where he came from; And Rumi wonders where he should go.

> "جاماً جون تھوڑی دُور ہراک راہروکے ساتھ پہچے نتا نہیں ہوں ابھی راہب رکوئیں"

"Jata Hun Thori Door Har Ek Rahroo Ke Sath Pehchanta Nahin Hun Abhi Rahbar Ko Main" With every wayfarer I pace a little; I know not yet who my leader is.

(Bal-e-Jibril-153) Yourup Se Aik Khat

ر پورپ ایک خط

Yourap Se Aik Khat A Letter From Europe

ر م ولرمحه وسس ساحل ننظرها کال مجرزایشوب و رُپاسرارید و وَیَ ا Hum Khugar-e-Mehsoos Hain Sahil Ke Khareedar Ek Behar-e-Pur-Ashob-o-Pur-Israr Hai Rumi We venture not beyond the shores—Being to the senses confined. But Rumi is an ocean, stormy, mysterious.

تُومِي ہے اسی قافلۂ شوق میں قبال جرقا فلۂ شوق کا سالارہے و مَی

Tu Bhi Hai Uss Qafla-e-Shuaq Mein Iqbal Jis Qafla-e-Shuaq Ka Salaar Hai Rumi Iqbal! Thou, too, art moving in that band of men— That band of men of passion, of which Rumi is the guide.

> اس عصر کو می ایس نے دیا ہے کوئی بنیام؟ کہتے ہیں جراغ رواسسار ہے و و تی

Iss Asar Ko Bhi Uss Ne Diya Hai Koi Pegham Kehte Hain Charagh-e-Reh-e-Ahraar Hai Rumi Rumi, they say, is the guiding light for freedom; Has he, indeed, a message, for the age we live in?

(Bal-e-Jibril-154) Jawab

جواب

Jawab Reply

ر گنب یذورو و مُوهمچون خران انْجُوانه در حنتن حرر ارغوان

> Ke Nabayad Kharad-o-Johum Choon Khazan Aahuwana Dar Khatan Char Arghawan "Eat not hay and corn like donkeys; Eat of thy choice like the musk-deer;

برکه کاه و بخ خوروت ربان شود برکه نورحت خوروت ران شود

Har Ke Kah-o-Jo Kharad Qurban Shawad Harke Noor-e-Haq Khaward Quran Shawad He dies who eats hay and corn, He who eats God's light, becomes the Quran."

(Bal-e-Jibril-157) Sawal



Sawal A Question

ال مفلس خود داريه له اتفاخدات مي كرنه يك تما كلة وروسي

Ek Muflas-e-Khud-Dar Ye Kehta Tha Khuda Se Main Kar Nahin Sakta Gila-e-Dard-e-Faqeeri A self-respecting tramp was saying to the Almighty: I dare not complain for my woes of poverty;

ر لیکن بیتا تیری جازت سے فرشتے کرتے ہیں عطام زِ فرو ما یہ کوہیں ہے ن

Lekin Ye Bata, Teri Ijazat Se Farishte Karte Hain Atta Mard-e-Firomaya Ko Meeri? But pray tell me if it is by your permission That the angels bestow riches upon the worthless ones?

(Bal-e-Jibril-164) Cinema

سنيما

Cinema

ر وہی بُت فروشی وہی بت کری ہے سنیاہے یاصنعتِ ازری ہے

> Wohi Bot Faroshi, Wohi Bot Gari Hai Cinema Hai Ya San'at-e-Azari Hai Cinema—or new fetish-fashioning, Idol-making and mongering still?

وه صنعت نه تھی شیوه کافری تھا میں میں نتیوہ ساحری ہے

Woh San'at Na Thi, Shewa-e-Kafiri Tha Ye San'at Nahin, Shewa-e-Sahiri Hai Art, men called that olden voodoo— Art, they call this mumbo-jumbo; وه مذہب تصااقوام عمد کئن کا یہ نہیں جاضر کی سوداکری ہے

Woh Mazhab Tha Aqwam-e-Ehd-e-Kuhan Ka Ye Tehzeeb-e-Hazir Ki Soudagari Hai That—antiquity's poor religion: This—modernity's pigeon-plucking;

> وه 'ونیپ کی ٹئی میڈونٹے کی مٹی وہ 'بت خانہ خالی' میہ خاکستری ہے

Woh Dunya Ki Mitti, Ye Dozkh Ki Mitti Woh Bot Khana Khaki, Ye Khakastari Hai That—earth's soil: this—soil of Hades; Dust, their temple; ashes, ours.

(Bal-e-Jibril-166) Siasat

ريانت

Siasat Politics

السلام يتعيين إت فررئ شاطراع نايت سے فرزي ميں ياد ا

Iss Khail Mein Taeyayeen-e-Maratib Hai Zaroori
Shatir Ki Anayat Se Tu Farzeen, Mein Piyada
Ranks must be determined for this game;
Let you be the firzine and I the pawn by the grace of the chess-player.

بیجاره پیاده توہے اک مُهرَة جاہیے : فرزیں سے بھی پوشید ہے شاطر کا ارا و

Bechara Piyada To Hai Ek Mohra-e-Na-Cheez Farzeen Se Bhi Poshida Hai Shatir Ka Irada! The pawn, indeed, is an insignificant token, Even the farzine is not privy to the chess-player's strategy.

(Bal-e-Jibril-172) Lahoo

الفو

Lahoo Blood

الرلهُو ہے بدن میں تو خوف ہے نہ جراس الر لهُو ہے بدن میں تو ول ہے بے وسواس

Agar Lahoo Hai Badan Mein To Khof Hai Na Haraas Agar Lahoo Hai Badan Mein To Dil Hai Be Waswaas If blood is warm in the body, there is no fear nor anxiety, And the heart is free of tribulations.

Jise Mila Ye Mataa-e-Garan Baha, Uss Ko Na Seem-o-Zar Se Mohabbat Hai, Ne Gham-e-Aflaas The one who has received this bounty Is neither greedy for wealth nor miserable in poverty.

(Bal-e-Jibril-173) Parwaz

پرواز

Parwaz Flight

کہا ورخت نے الب وز مُرغِ صحرات ستم پیٹ کرة رنگ وبوکی ہے جن یاد

Kaha Darkht Ne Ek Roz Murgh-e-Sehra Sitam Pe Gham Kada-e-Rang-o-Bu Ki Hai Bunyad The tree said to a bird of the desert one day: "Creation is founded on the principle of injustice;

حندا مجھے بھی اگر بال و پرعط کرآ منگ نفتہ اور بھی ہوتا بیس الم ایس و

Khuda Mujhe Bhi Agar Baal-o-Par Atta Karta Shugufta Aur Bhi Hota Ye Alam-e-Aejad For the Creation could have been so much more pleasant If I had also been granted the gift of flight."

> دیا جواب اُسے خوب مُرغِ صحرانے غضرَب ہے داد کوسمجس سُمِواہے تُوبدادا

Diya Jawab Use Khoob Murgh-e-Sehra Ne Ghazab Hai, Dad Ko Samjha Huwa Hai Tu Bedad! The bird gave him a good reply: "Woe! You regard justice to be injustice;

> جهال میں لذّت برواز حق نهیں اس کا وجوجب کا نهیں جذب خاک سے ازاد

Jahan Mein Lazzat-e-Parwaz Haq Nahin Uss Ka Wujood Jis Ka Nahin Jazb-e-Khak Se Azad He is not entitled to fly in this world, Whoever is not free from earth-rootedness."

(Bal-e-Jibril-176) Shaheen

ٹ ہیں

Shaheen The Eagle

ر کیا میں نے اُسطال اس سے لنادا جہاں زق کا نام ہے اسب دائے

Kiya Mein Ne Uss Khakdan Se Kinara Jahan Rizg Kanaam Hai Aab-o-Dana I have turned away from that place on earth Where sustenance takes the form of grain and water.

ر بران النجاؤت وش اق ہے مجولو ازل سے بے فطرت مری ایپ نے

Bayaban Ki Khalwat Khush Ati Hai Mujh Ko Azal Se Hai Fitrat Meri Rahbana The solitude of the wilderness pleases me— By nature I was always a hermit—

نه بادِب رئ نه کچین نبیب نهب نهب رنبخت عاصت نه

Na Bad-e-Bahari, Na Gulcheen, Na Bulbul Na Beemari-e-Naghma-e-Ashiqana No spring breeze, no one plucking roses, no nightingale, And no sickness of the songs of love!

خیابانیوں سے ہے تیرے زلازم ادائیں ہیل ن کی بہت دسبرا

Khayabanion Se Hai Parhaiz Lazim Adaen Hain In Ki Bohat Dilbarana One must shun the garden-dwellers— They have such seductive charms!

ہوائے بیا باں سے ہوتی ہے کاری جاں مرد کی ضربت عن زینے

Hawa-e-Bayaban Se Hoti Hai Kari Jawan Mard Ki Zarbat-e-Ghaziyana The wind of the desert is what gives The stroke of the brave youth fighting in battle its effect.

حمام وكبوتر كانمبوكاته يرئين كهين كهيزندكي بازكي زاورا

Hamam-o-Kabootar Ka Bhooka Nahin Main Ke Hai Zindagi Baaz Ki Zahidana I am not hungry for pigeon or dove— For renunciation is the mark of an eagle's life.

جھیٹنا، پلٹنا، پلیٹ کرجیٹنا کہوکرم رکھنے کا ہے ال بہا

Jhapatna, Palatna, Palat Kar Jhapatna Lahoo Garam Rakhne Ka Hai Ek Bahana To swoop, withdraw and swoop again Is only a pretext to keep up the heat of the blood.

يه نُورب يمخيم عكورول في نيا مراسب كلول اسمال بيكرا

Ye Poorab, Ye Pacham Chakoron Ki Dunya Mera Neelgun Asman Baikarana East and West -these belong to the world of the pheasant, The blue sky—vast, boundless—is mine!

> برندوں کی ُونیا کا درویش ہوئیں کرٹ ہیں بنا تانہیں ہشیانہ

Prindon Ki Dunya Ka Dervaish Hun Mein Ke Shaheen Banata Nahin Ashiyana I am the dervish of the kingdom of birds— The eagle does not make nests

(Bal-e-Jibril-180) Yourap

يورپ

Yourap Europe

کا میں بیٹھے ہیں مدسسے یہودی سُودخوا مرسر جن لی رو باہی کے آئے چیجے ہے زور بینک

Taak Mein Baithe Hai Muddat Se Yahoodi Sood Khawar Jin Ki Roobahi Ke Agay Haitch Hai Zor-e-Palang The Jewish money-lenders, whose cunning beats the lion's prowess, Have been waiting hopefully for long. خود بخود کرنے کوہے کیے ہوئے بیل کی طرح دیکھیے بڑتاہے آخر کسس کی حیول میں فرنگ!

Khud-Ba-Khud Girne Ko Hai Pakke Huwe Phal Ki Tarah Dekhiye Parta Hai Akhir Kis Ki Jholi Mein Frang! Europe is ready to drop like a ripe fruit, Let's see in whose bag it goes.

(مانووازنطشه)

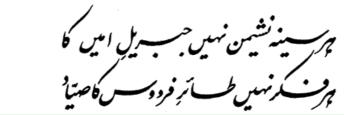
(Makhooz Az Natche)

Adapted from Nietzsche

(Bal-e-Jibril-181) Azadi-e-Afkar

Azadi-e-Afkar Freedom Of Thought

جو دُونِی فطب ت سے نہیں لائق پرواز اس مُرعکب بیجارہ کا انحب م ہے ُ فقاد Jo Dooni Fitrat Se Nahin Laik-e-Parwaz
Uss Murghak-e-Bechara Ka Anjaam Hai Uftaad
Falling down is the destiny of that bird
Whose duality of nature renders him unable to fly.



Har Seena Naheman Nahin Jibreel-e-Ameen Ka Har Fikar Nahin Tair-e-Firdous Ka Sayyad Not every heart is an abode to the trusty Gabriel, Nor can every thought ensnare the Paradise like a bird.

> ائسس قوم میں ہے شوخی نریث خطرناک جس قوم کے است راد جوں چرست دازاد

Uss Qoum Mein Hai Shoukhi-e-Andesha Khatarnak Jis Qoum Ke Afraad Hon Har Band Se Azad The ecstasy of thought is dangerous in a nation Where the individuals observe no rule.

> گرون کر خدا داد سے روٹ ن ہے زمانہ سے ازادی افٹ کار ہے ہابیس کی ایجاد

Go Fikar-e-Khudad Se Roshan Hai Zamana Azadi-e-Afkar Hai Iblees Ki Aejaad Though God-gifted intellect is the lamp of an age, The freedom of thought is a Satanic concept.

(Bal-e-Jibril-182) Sher Aur Khachar

شيراورخچتر

Sher Aur Khachar The Lion And The Mule



سالنان دشت وسحرامیں ہے توسب سالک کون دین سرے اُف مُداکس فسیسے سے توج

Sakinaan-e-Dasht-o-Sehra Mein Hai Tu Sab Se Alag Kon Hain Tere Ab-o-Jad, Kis Qabeele Se Hai Tu? You are so different and unlike all the other dwellers of the wild and the desert!

Who are your parents and ancestors? and what is your tribe?

ن مچر

Khachar THE MULE

ر میرے ماموں کونہ میں سپچانتے شایر صنور وصب بارفتار مث ہی اسب کی آبروا

Mere Mamoon Ko Nahin Pehchante Shaid Huzoor Woh Saba Raftar, Shahi Istabal Ki Abru! Perhaps your highness does not know My uncle—my mother's brother: He gallops like the wind, and is the pride of the royal stable!

(ماخوذ از حرمن)

(Makhooz Az German) Adapted from German

(Bang-e-Dra-016) Sada'ay Dard

صرائے درد

Sadaye Dard The Painful Wail عن ہوں کا نہیں ٹریں سی پومجھ ہا ڈیوف اے معیطاب ننگا تو مجھے

Jal Raha Hun Kal Nahin Parti Kisi Pehlu Mujhe Haan Dabo De Ae Muheet-e-Aab-e-Ganga Tu Mujhe Consumed with grief I am, I get relief in no way O circumambient waters of the Ganges drown me

رَوْمِيل نِي قيامت كي نفاق الحيزيم وسلكيا يا تع التَّوْر فراق الميزيم

Sarzameen Apni Qayamat Ki Nafaq-Angaiz Hai Wasl Kaisa, Yaan To Ek Qurb-e-Firaq Angaiz Hai Our land foments excessive mutual enmity What unity! Our closeness harbors separation

بدلے یک بھی کے فاشنائی نیخ صنب ایک نیجی من دانوں میٹ اِئی نیخ صنب

Badle Yak Rangi Ke Ye Nashnayi Hai Ghazab Aik Hi Khirman Ke Danon Mein Judai Hai Ghazab Enmity instead of sincerity is outrageous Enmity among the same barn's grains is outrageous

جے اور میں انتخابی ہوا آئی سیس میں میں کوئی طف نغمیر آئی سیس جس میوں میں انتخاب ہوا آئی سیس میں میں کوئی طف نغمیر آئی سیس

Jis Ke Phoolon Mein Akhuwat Ki Hawa Ayi Nahin Uss Cchaman Mein Koi Lutf-e-Naghma Pairayi Nahin If the brotherly breeze has not entered in a garden No pleasure can be derived from songs in that garden

> لذّت قرمب مقى ريمهٔ جا آيون مي اختلاط وجب مساحل مسطول اليون مي

Lazzat-e-Qurb-e-Haqiqi Par Mita Jata Hun Main Ikhtilat-e-Mouja-o-Sahil Se Ghabrata Hun Main Though I exceedingly love the real closeness I am upset by the mixing of waves and the shore

وانة خرمنى بي شمسعېزېيان جونه خرمن تې سردانے کستې لېرال

Dana-e-Khirman Numa Hai Shayar-e-Maujiz Byan Ho Na Khirman Hi To Iss Dane Ki Hasti Phir Kahan The miraculous poet is like the grain from the barn The grain has no existence if there is no barn

صُن بوليا خود كاجب لوتى مآل بني بهو شمع كو جينے سے ليكطلاج محفل بني بهو

Husn Ho Kya Khudnuma Jab Koi Maeel Hi Na Ho Shama Ko Jalne Se Kya Matlab Jo Mehfil Hi Na Ho How can beauty unveil itself if no one is anxious for sight Lighting of the candle is meaningless if there is no assembly

Zauq-e-Goyai Khamoshi Se Badalta Kyun Nahin Mere Aaeene Se Ye Johar Nikalta Kyun Nahin Why does the taste for speech not change to silence Why does this brilliance not appear out from my mirror

ر بن بال لمولى ممارى تب كفة رفي المسادلة المعادلة الماحة الماحة

Kaab Zuban Kholi Humari Lazzat-e-Guftar Ne! Phoonk Dala Jab Chaman Ko Aatish-e-Paikar Ne Alas! My tongue poured its speech down When war's fire had burnt the garden down

(Bang-e-Dra-017) Aftab

ا **فیآب** (ترمهگایتری)

Aftab (Tarjuma Gayatri)

The Sun (Translated from Gautier)

ك افتاب رُوح وروان جهال بيُّو شيازه بند فوت بركون كال بيُّو

Ae Aftab! Rooh-o-Rawan-e-Jahan Hai Tu Shiraza Band-e-Daftar-e-Kaun-o-Makan Hai Tu O Sun! The world's essence and motivator you are The organizer of the book of the world you are

باعث ہے تُو وجو وجو می کمود کا ہے سنز تریے م سے بن تو بود کا

Baees Hai Tu Wujood-o-Adam Ki Namood Ka Hai Sabz Tere Dam Se Chaman Hast-o-Bood Ka The splendor of existence has been created by you The verdure of the garden of existence depends on you

قَامَ يُخْصُونِ كَامَاتُ تَحْمِي عِنْ مِنْ لَدَلَى كَالْفَاضَا تَحْمِي سِيمِ

Qaeem Ye Unsaron Ka Tamasha Tujhi Se Hai Har Shay Mein Zindagi Ka Taqaza Tujhi Se Hai The spectacle of elements is maintained by you The exigency of life in all is maintained by you

سرشے وتیری عبو، کری سے نبات ہے تیرایی وزوساز سرایا سے

Har Shay Ko Teri Jalwagari Se Sabat Hai Tera Ye Souz-o-Saaz Sarapa Hayat Hai Your appearance confers stability on everything Your illumination and concord is completion of life

Woh Aftab Jis Se Zamane Mein Noor Hai Dil Hai, Khird Hai, Rooh-e-Rawan Hai, Shaur Hai

You are the sun which establishes light in the world Which establishes heart, intellect, essence and wisdom

النه المرافعة المرافعة المستنافية المستنافية

Ae Aftab! Hum Ko Zia-e-Shaur De Chashm-e-Khird Ko Apni Tajalli Se Noor De O Sun! Bestow on us the light of wisdom Bestow your luster's light on the intellect's eye مَجِعَتْ لِ وَجِودَ كَاسَا مَا طِلْ لِزَتُو لِي سَالِمَتْ إِنْ شَيْفِ فِي لِزَتُو

Hai Mehfil-e-Wujood Ka Saman Taraz Tu Yazdan-e-Sakinan-e-Nashaib-o-Faraz Tu You are the decorator of necessaries of existence' assemblage You are the Yazdan of the denizens of the high and the low

تىراكىك لىتى برجب ندارىي تىسىدى نمودىك ئەكومهارىي

Tera Kamal Hasti-e-Har Jandar Mein Teri Namood Silsila-e-Kohsar Mein Your excellence is reflected from every living thing The mountain range also shows your elegance

برحب زكى حيات كا يرورو كارتُو زائب گان نُور كا ج آجب ارتُو

Har Cheez Ki Hayat Ka Parwardigar Tu Zaeedgan-e-Noor Ka Hai Tajdar Tu You are the sustainer of the life of all You are the king of the light's children

نے ابتدا کوئی نہ کوئی ہے۔ ازادِ قبیب اِقل و آخر ضیاتری

Ne Ibtida Koi Na Koi Intiha Teri Azad-e-Qaid-e-Awwal-o-Akhir Zia Teri There is no beginning and no end of yours Free of limits of time is the light of yours

(Bang-e-Dra-025) Insan Aur Bazm-e-Qudrat

إنسان اور بزم قدرت

Insan Aur Bazm-e-Qudrat Man And Nature صبح ورث دُرُختال کوجو د کیھا میں نے برم عمورہ سرستی سے یہ کوچھا میں نے

Subah Khursheed-e-Durakhsan Ko Jo Dekha Main Ne Bazm-e-Maamoora-e-Hasti Se Ye Pucha Main Ne Watching at daybreak the bright sun come forth I asked the assembled host of heaven and earth—

ر توم کے مسے اُجب لاتیرا سیم سیال ہے یانی تے ریاؤں کا

Par Tu-e-Mehr Ke Dam Se Hai Ujala Tera Seem-e-Sayyal Hai Pani Tere Daryaon Ka Your radiant looks are kindled by that glowing orb's warm beams That turns to rippling silver your flowing streams;

مهرنے نور کا زیور تھے بہنایا ہے تیری عفل کو اسی سے نے جیکا یاہے

Mehr Ne Noor Ka Ziawar Tujhe Pehnaya Hai Teri Mehfil Ko Issi Shama Ne Chamkaya Hai That sun it is that clothes you in these ornaments of light, And whose torch burns to keep your concourse bright.

المراز المرحنُ لدلى تصورين من سيم من مورهُ والشَّمْ سس لى تفسيري من الله تفسيري

Gul-o-Gulzar Tere Khuld Ki Tasveerain Hain Ye Sabhi Surah-e-'Wa Shamas' Ki Tafseerain Hain Your roses and rose-gardens are pictures of Paradise Where the Scripture of The Sun paints its device;

Surkh Poshak Hai Phoolon Ki, Darakht Ki Hari Teri Mehfil Mein Koi Sabz, Koi Laal Pari Scarlet the mantle of the flower, and emerald of the tree, Green and red sylphs of your consistory;

ہے ترخیمیت کوؤوں کی طب لائی حبالہ بدلیاں لال سی آتی ہوں ُ فق ریوط نسر

Hai Tere Khaima-e-Gardoon Ki Talayi Jhalar Badliyan Laal Si Ati Hain Ufaq Par Jo Nazar Your tall pavilion, the blue sky. Is fringed with tasselled gold When round the horizons ruddy clouds are rolled, ر المرابع الم

Kya Bhali Lagti Hai Ankhon Ki Shafaq Ki Laali Mai-e-Gulrang Khum-e-Shaam Mein Tu Ne Dali And when into evening's goblet your rose-tinted nectar flows How lovely the twilight's soft vermilion glows!

رُتبہ تیراہے بڑا 'شان بڑی تیجے سری پروہ نور میں سے مرشے تیری

Rutba Tera Hai Bara, Shan Bari Hai Teri Parda-e-Noor Mein Mastoor Hai Har Shay Teri Your station is exalted, and your splendor: over all Your creatures light lies thick, a dazzling pall;

صبح الگیت را پیچ ری طوت کا زیز درشیدنت ترکیج بی مینوالت کا

Subah Ek Geet Sarapa Hai Teri Sitwat Ka Zair-e-Khursheed Nishan Tak Bhi Nahin Zulmat Ka To your magnificence the dawn is one high hymn of praise, No rag of night lurks on it in that sun's blaze.

سه رسی از در ایستی میر کرد. حل کیا بھرمری تعت ریر کا اختر کینو کد؟ نمیں بھرنی با دیہو ل سنور ایست میر میر کرد

Main Bhi Abad Hun Iss Noor Ki Basti Mein Magar Jal Gya Phir Meri Taqdeer Ka Akhtar Khunkar? And I—I too inhabit this abode of light; but why Is the star burned out that rules my destiny?

نورئے ورہوطات میں کرفتار ہوہ میں کیوں ئیے فورسٹیخت سیکار ہوں مین

Noor Se Door Hun Zulmat Mein Griftar Hun Main Kyun Siyah-e-Roz, Sayah Bakht, Siyah Kar Hun Main? Why chained in the dark, past reach of any ray, Ill-faring and ill-fated and ill-doing must I stay?

میں پرکتا تھا کہ اواز کہ سے آئی میں سے آئی میں سے آئی

Main Ye Kehta Tha Ke Awaz Kahin Se Ayi Baam-e-Gardoon Se Ya Sehan-e-Zameen Se Ayi Speaking, I heard a voice from somewhere sound, From heaven's balcony or near the ground—

ہے ترینورسے استہ مری بود ونبود باغباں ہے تری ہے گزار و

Hai Tere Noor Se Wabasta Meri Bood-o-Nabood Baghban Hai Teri Hasti Bay-e-Gulzar-e-Wujood You are creation's gardener, flowers live only in your seeing, By your light hangs my being or not-being;

الخرج ن لي مُنْ تُرى تصوريهو من عشق كاتُو جِي عني ترى تنسيرو من

Anjuman Husn Ki Hai Tu, Teri Tasveer Hun Main Ishq Ka Tu Hai Sahifa, Teri Tafseer Hun Main All beauty is in you: I am the tapestry of your soul; I am its key, but you are Love's own scroll.

میر کے بڑے کاموں کو بنایا تُونے بار جمجہ سنے اُٹھا وہ اُٹھے یا تُونے

Mere Bighre Huwe Kamon Ko Banaya Tu Ne Baar Jo Mujh Se Na Utha Woh Uthaya Tu Ne The load that would not leave me you have lifted from my shoulder, You are all my chaotic work's re-moulder.

نورخور در کی متاج ہے ہیں اور بے متب خورث میک ہے تیری

Noor-e-Khursheed Ki Mohtaj Hai Hasti Meri Aur Be Minnat-e-Khursheed Chamak Hai Teri If I exist, it is only as a pensioner of the sun, Needing no aid from whom your spark burns on;

يونه خوشيد تو ورال يُؤكستان السيل منزل شِ من المِث كى جا نام يو زندان ميرا

Ho Na Khursheed To Weeran Ho Gulistan Mera Manzil-e-Aysh Ki Ja Naam Ho Zindan Mera My garden would turn wilderness if the sun should fail, This sojourn of delight a prison's pale.

اه العازعيال كانست والا

Ah! Ae Raaz-e-Ayan Ke Na Samajh Wale! Halqa-e-Daam-e-Tammana Mein Ulajh Wale Oh you entangled in the snare of longing and unrest, Still ignorant of a thing so manifest—

المنفعت لترى ممدي بندمجاز نازب تعاتب توسيم لركرم نياز

Haye Ghafla Ke Teri Ankh Hai Paband-e-Majaz Naaz Zaiba Tha Tujhe, Tu Hai Magar Garm-e-Niaz Dullard, who should be proud, and still by self-contempt enslaved Bear in your brain illusion deep engraved—

> والرابنی حقیت سنچے بڑاریے نوالرابنی حقیت سنچے بڑاریے ندس ئیروزرہے بھے ندسئی کاریے

Tu Agar Apni Haqiqat Se Khabardar Rahe Na Siyah Roz Rahe Phir Na Siyahkaar Rahe If you would weigh your worth at its true rate, No longer would ill-faring or ill-doing be your fate!

(Bang-e-Dra-026) Payam-e-Subah

سام بیام (ماخوزازلانگ فیلو)

Payam-e-Subah (Makhooz Az Lang Fellow) The Message Of Dawn (Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

أُ مِالاحِبُ الْمُصَارِّحِ الْمُعَالَى الْمُنْ الْمُنْ الْمُنْ اللَّهِ الللَّلَّمِي اللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ اللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ اللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ الللَّهِ الللَّهِ اللللَّهِ الللَّهِ ا

Ujala Jab Huwa Rukhsat Jabeen-e-Shab Ki Afshan Ka Naseem-e-Zindagi Pegham Layi Subah-e-Khandan Ka When the sparkling of the night's forehead's decoration disappeared The zephyr of life with the news of the happy morning appeared

وَكُونِي لِرَنْكُسِ مُوالُواتُ يَانِينِ لَا لِيَاسُ وَبِهِالُهُ اللَّهِ مِعَالُ اللَّهِ مِعَالًا لَا اللَّهِ مِعَالًا لَا اللَّهُ مِعْلَى اللَّهُ اللَّهُ مِعْلَى اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِعْلَى اللَّهُ اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِعْلًا لَا اللَّهُ مُعْلَى اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِعْلًا لَا اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِعْلًا لَا اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ اللَّهُ عَلَى اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلِقًا لِللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلِقًا لَا اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلَى اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلِقًا لِللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلِقًا لِللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلِقًا لِمُعْلَى اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلِقًا لِمُعْلَمِ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ مُعْلِقًا لِمُعْلَى مُعْلِقًا لِمُعْلَى اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمُ مِنْ عَلَيْكُ مِنْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمُ مِنْ عَلَيْكُمْ مِنْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمُ مِنْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ مِنْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلْمُعِلِّي اللَّهُ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عِلْمُعِلَّا عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَى مُعْلِمُ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عِلْمُعِلِّكُمْ عَلَيْكُمُ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَى مُعْلِمُ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَّا عِلْمُعِلَّا عِلْمُعِلَّا عِلْمُعِلَّا عِلْمُعِلَّا عِلْمُ عَلَّا عِلْمُ عَلَيْكُمْ عَلَيْكُمُ عَلَيْكُمْ عِلْمُعِلِمُ عِلْمُعِلِمِ عَلَيْكُمُ عِلَّا عِلْمُعِلَى عَلْمُ عَلَّاكُمُ عِلْمُ

Jagaya Bulbul-e-Rangeen Nawa Ko Ashiyane Mein Kinare Khait Ke Shana Hilaya Uss Ne Dehqan Ka It awakened the nightingale of flowery song in its nest It shook the shoulder of the farmer on the field's edge طلسطِ بِ بُورَه والنُّور سِي وَرًا الدِّهِ مِي لُرُّا يا بَاج رَسْبِي بِسَالُ اللَّهِ مِنْ رَسْبِي بِسَالُ كَا

Tilism-e-Zulmat-e-Shab Surah Wan-Noor Se Tora Andhere Mein Uraya Taj-e-Zar Shama-e-Shabistan Ka It broke the spell of darkness of night's talisman with Surah al-Nur It robbed the golden crown of bed-chamber's candle in the dark

رْمِها نوابِ لِللَّهِ أِنْ رِيرَافِه ونِ بِيدَارِي مِينَ لُو و إِسْعِينَ مُ وَرِثُ فُيرَخِتَالَ كَا

Parha Khawabidgan-e-Dair Par Afsoon-e-Baidari Barhman Ko Diya Pegham Khursheed-e-Durakhshan Ka It chanted the magic of awakening on those sleeping in the temple It gave the Brahman the tidings of the bright sun

بُونَى اِمِ مِرْ رِیْک یوں ویا روزوں سے نہیں کھٹھا ترے ل میں مومر آبال کا

Huwi Baam-e-Haram Par Aa Key Un Goya Moazzan Se Nahin Khatka Tere Dil Mein Namood-e-Mehr-e-Taban Ka? Arriving at the mosque's roof it said to the Mu'adhdhin "Do you not fear appearance of the resplendent sun?"

Pukari Iss Tarah Deewar-e-Gulshan Par Khare Ho Kar Chatak O Ghuncha-e-Gul! Tu Moazzan Hai Gulistan Ka Climbing the garden's wall it cried this to the rose-bud "Burst! You are the Mu'adhdhin of the morning O rose-bud"

ویایی مصرامی حدیدے قاضی الوا میکنے کو میٹے کنوبن کے میزورہ بیاباں کا

Diya Ye Hukm Sehra Mein Chalo Ae Qafile Walo! Chamakne Ko Hai Juggnu Ban Ke Har Zarra Byaban Ka It gave the command in the wilderness "Move O Caravan"! "Every dust speck will shine like fire-fly in the wilderness"

سوئے کوزغریبان جب کتی زوں کی سبت تو میں بولیان دہ دیکھ کر شخروشاں کا

Sooye Gor-e-Ghareeban Jab Gyi Zindon Ki Basti Se To Yun Boli Nazara Dekh Kar Sheher-e-Khamoshan Ka When it reached the cemetery from the living's habitation Witnessing the spectacle of the cemetery it spoke thus ر اس ابھی رام سے لیٹے ریئوئیں مجربھی وس انگری سرادوں کی جہارک خواہے م کو جگاؤں کی سُلادوں کی جہارک خواہے م کو جگاؤں کی

Abhi Aram Se Laite Raho, Main Phir Bhi Aun Gi Sula Dun Gi Jahan Ko, Khawab Se Tum Ko Jagaun Gi "Remain lying in comfort still, come again shall I Make the whole world sleep, wake you up shall I

(Bang-e-Dra-027) Ishq-o-Mout

عشق اورموت (اخوذاز مینی سن)

Ishq Aur Mout
(Makhooz Az Tenison)
Love And Death
(Adapted From Lord Alfred Tennyson)

سُهانی موجِب ل کی طری تھی تبت مِثان زندلی کی کلی تھی

Suhani Namood-e-Jahan Ki Ghari Thi Tabassum Fishan Zindagi Ki Kali Thi The hour of the Universe' appearance was charming The flower-bud of life was showering smiles

که میں سرکو تاج زربل رہاتھا عطاحی ند کو جاندنی ہو ہے تھی

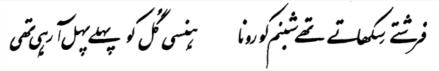
Kahin Mehr Ko Taj-e-Zar Mil Raha Tha Atta Chand Ko Chandani Ho Rahi Thi Here the golden crown, the sun was getting There the moon its moon-light was getting

سئے پیرین شام کو دے رہے تھے ساروں کوتعلیم آبٹ کی تھی

Siyah-e-Pairhan Sham Ko De Rahe The Sitaron Ko Taleem-e-Tabindagi Thi The dark gown to the night was being given Training of brightness to stars was being given

کہیں شاخ سیمی کو گئتے تھے بتے سے کہیں زندگی کی کھی مٹیوٹتی تھی

Kahin Shakh-e-Hasti Ko Lagte The Patte Kahin Zindagi Ki Kali Phootti Thi The Existence's branch was getting leaves here The bud of life was bursting out there



Farishte Sikhate The Shabnam Ko Rona Hansi Gul Ko Pehle Pehal Aa Rahi Thi The angels were teaching weeping to the dew For the first time the rose was laughing

عطا درو پروتا تھا تباعر کے دل کو نشنہ کام مے بے خودی تھی

Atta Dard Hota Tha Shayar Ke Dil Ko Khudi Tashna Kaam-e-Mai-e-Bekhudi Thi They were conferring pathos on the poet's heart Khudi for the wine of bekhudi was pining

اُتھی اوّل اوّلُصٹ کالی کالی کالی کالی کولی کور چوٹی کو کھو لے کھڑی تھی

Uthi Awwal Awwal Ghata Kali Kali Koi Hoor Choti Ko Khole Khari Thi For the first time dark black clouds were appearing As if some Houri of Paradise with open hair was standing

> زمیں کو تھا وعولمی که ٔ میں کسماں ہوں مکاں کہدرہا تھا کہ میں لامکاں ہوں

Zameen Ko Tha Dawa Ke Main Asman Hun Makan Keh Raha Tha Ke Main La-Makan Hun The earth was claiming elegance of the sky The space was claiming to be boundless

غرض اس قدر نیطن ره تھا پیارا کرنطن گری ہوسے را پانطن ا

Gharz Iss Qadar Ye Nazara Tha Pyara Ke Nazaragi Ho Sarapa Nazara

In short so beautiful the sight was That seeing it in itself a panorama was رے۔ ملک آزماتے ستھے برواز اپنی جبینوں سے نورِازل آشکارا

Malak Azmate The Parwaz Apni Jabeenon Se Noor-e-Azal Ashakara The angels their flying powers were testing Eternal lights from their foreheads were appearing

فرشة تما ال عشق تما نام حس كالمسكريس أس كى سب كاسهادا

Farishta Tha Ek, Ishq Tha Naam Jis Ka Ke Thi Rahbari Uss Ki Sub Ka Sahara An angel called Love there was Whose guidance everyone's hope was

فرشة كرُيّلاتها بي ابوں كا كلك كا ملك اور پارے كا پارا

Farishta Ke Putla Tha Be Tabiyon Ka Malak Ka Malak Aur Pare Ka Para The angel who the embodiment of restlessness was Angel among angels and restless like mercury he was

یے سیر فرووسس کو جا رہا تھا ۔ قضا سے بلا راہ میں وہ قضا را

Pay-e-Sair Fardous Ko Ja Raha Tha Qaza Se Mila Rah Mein Woh Qaza Ra He was going towards the Paradise for a stroll He met death on its way by the destiny's roll

یه نوچها ترا نام لیا، کام لیای نهیس آنکه کو دیشب ری کوارا

Ye Pucha Tera Naam Kya, Kaam Kya Hai Nahin Ankh Ko Deed Teri Gawara He asked death, "What is the name and work of yours? I do not want to encounter the face of yours"

بُیواسُن کے کویا قضا کا فرشتہ اجل سوں مرا کام ہے آشکارا

Huwa Sun Ke Goya Qaza Ka Farishta Ajal Hun, Mera Kaam Hai Ashkara Hearing this said the angel of death "My work is clear, I am the angel of death اُڑاتی ہوں کمیں ختِ ہتی کے برز کے بھیاتی ہوں کمیں زندگی کا شرارا

Urati Hun, Main Rakht-e-Hasti Ke Purze Bujhati Hun Main Zindagi Ka Sharara I shatter the chattels of existence I extinguish the spark of life

مری آنکھ میں جادو تے میتی ہے پیام فٹ ہے اسی کا اثرا

Meri Ankh Mein Jadoo-e-Neesti Hai Paya-e-Fana Hai Issi Ka Ishara The magic of annihilation is in my eyes The message of destruction is its symbol

ار ر ایک ستی ہے دنیا میالیسی وہ اتش ہے میں سامنے اس کے ایا

> Magar Aik Hasti Hai Dunya Mein Aesi Woh Atish Hai Main Samne Uss Ke Para But there is one entity in the Universe It is fire, I am only mercury before it

شربن کے رستی ہے نسال والی میں وہ ہے نور طابق کی آنکھوں کا آمارا

Sharar Ban Ke Rehti Hai Insan Ke Dil Mein Woh Hai Noor-e-Mutliq Ki Ankhon Ka Tara It lives in the human heart as a spark It is the darling of the Divine Light

ر کر ارس شکیتی ہے انکھوں سے بن بن کے نشو سے وہ انسو کہ ہو جن کی ملخی کوارا

Tapakti Hai Ankhon Se Ban Ban Ke Ansu Woh Ansu Ke Ho Jin Ki Talkhi Gawara It constantly drips as tears from the eyes The tears whose bitterness is tolerable"

منی عشق نے گفتگو جب قضاکی سینسی اس کے لب پر ہوئی اشکارا

Suni Ishq Ne Guftugoo Jab Qaza Ki Hansi Uss Ke Lab Par Huwi Ashkara When Love heard this from the death's lips, Laughter started appearing from its lips انصیرے کا سے نور میں کیا گزارا انصیرے کا سے نور میں کیا گزارا

Giri Uss Tabassum Ki Bijli Ajal Par Andhere Ka Ho Noor Mein Kya Guzara The thunder of such smile descended on death How can darkness stay in front of such light?

> بعث كو جو وكميها فن بيولئره ه قض تقى شكافض بيوكئره ه

Baqa Ko Jo Dekha Fana Ho Gyi Woh Qaza Thi, Shakar-e-Qaza Ho Gyi Woh On seeing eternity to death it fell Death it was, to death it fell

(Bang-e-Dra-029) Shayar

ثاعر

Shayar-The Poet

قرم لویاحبم سے افراد ہر اعضائے وم منزل سنت کے دیا ہوںت ویائے وم

Qoum Goya Jism Hai, Afrad Hain Azaaye Qoum Manzil-e-Sanaat Ke Rah Pema Hain Dast-O-Paye Qoum A nation is like a body, and the individuals in it the body's limbs: Those who walk the road of industry are its hands and feet,

محفرنظم عكومت جب فرزيائے قوم شاعرز كدين تواہے ويدة سينائے م

Mehfil-e-Nazam-e-Hukumat, Chehra-e-Zaibaye Qoum Shayar-e-Rangee Nawa Hai Dida-e-Beenaye Qoum The office of government is its beautiful face, And the poet of tuneful melodies is its seeing eye.

> مبتلائے وکوئی مخضویو وقی ہے انکھ میں میں میں درسارے ہم کی ہوتی ہے انکھ

Mubtalaye Dard Koi Uzoo Ho, Roti Hai Ankh Kis Qadar Hamdard Sare Jism Ki Hoti Hai Ankh If just one limb should suffer pain, Tears will drop from the eye-How anxious the eye is for the whole body!

(Bang-e-Dra-031) Mouj-e-Darya

موج وریا

Mouj-e-Darya The Wave Of River

مضطرب لقدام مرادل بالمجه عين عين ترتب ورت عابج

Muztarib Rakhta Hai Mera Dil-e-Betab Mujhe Ayn-e-Hasti Hai Tarap Soorat-e-Seemab Mujhe My restless heart doth never keep me still: This inner core of me is mercury.

موج بينام مرا، بحرب إياب مجھ بيوننه زنجير سيخ القدرواب مجھے

Mouj Hai Naam Mera, Behar Hai Payab Mujhe Ho Na Zanjeer Kabhi Halqa-e-Gardab Mujhe They call me wave. The ocean is my goal. No chain of whirling eddy holdeth me.

> آب مین لی بواجا آیئے توسن میرا خار ماسی سے ندائک کبھی وامن میرا

Aab Mein Misl-e-Hawa Jata Hai Tousan Mera Khar-e-Mahi Se Na Atka Kabhi Daman Mera My steed like air upon the water rides. My garment's hem on thorn of fish e'er tore,

میراُ حیلتی ہو ک بھی جذب مرہ اوال سے جش میں سرکوٹئیتی ہو ک جی ساحالے

Main Uchalti Hun Kabhi Jazb-e-Mah-e-Kamil Se Josh Mein Sar Ko Patakti Hun Kabhi Sahil Se When moon is full sometimes I leap all fey; Sometimes all mad I dash my head on shore.

يُون ورمِ وُلَمِيت ہے مجھے مزل سے کیونٹ ہیں ہوں میٹوچھے کوئی میے لے

Hun Woh Rahru Ke Mohabbat Hai Mujhe Manzil Se Kyun Tarapti Hun, Ye Puche Koi Mere Dil Se I am the pilgrim loving journey's stage. Why am I restless? If my heart make quest.

> زمتِ بنگی دریاسے گریزان ہوں میں وستِ بحرائ وقت میر بیرثیان ہوں میں

Zehmat-e-Tangi-e-Darya Se Garezan Hun Main Wusaat-e-Behr Ki Furqat Mein Preshan Hun Main I flee from the cramped torment of the stream, Away from the sea's wide spaces, all distressed.

(Bang-e-Dra-033) Tifal-e-Sheer Khawaar

طفل شبيرخوار

Tifl-e-Sheer Khawaar Young Baby

مَن عَيْ وَتَحْسِر جِينَاتُ عِيلًا عَتْمَ وَلِلَّا عَالَى مَالْ مِنْ مَعِينًا مُعَمِنا مِنْ مُعِينًا مُعَمِنا م

Main Ne Chaqu Tujh Se Cheena Hai To Chillata Hai Tu Mehrban Hun Main, Mujhe Na-Mehrban Samjha Hai Tu I took a knife away from you and you shriek. I am kind, but you thought I was being unkind.

يهررا وت كاا نوواروات يمم في شيخه نه جائه وكيهنا باريك بنولت م

Phir Para Roye Ga Ae Nauwarad-e-Aqleem-e-Ghum Chubh Na Jaye Dekhna! Bareek Hai Nauk-e-Qalam Then you will lie there and cry, you who have just arrived in this world of sorrow.

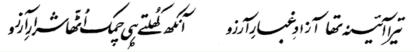
Make sure it does not prick you! The tip of the pen is so slender.

ر المركز وين الى شے ستے الوپياليے اه المول كا خذك الى شے ستے الوپياليے كھيل ساكن كا خذك كارك سائے بدال الدے

Ah! Kyun Dukh Dene Wali Shay Se Tujh Ko Pyar Hai Khail Iss Kaghaz Ke Tukre Se, Ye Be-Azaar Hai Ah! Why are you so fond of a thing which will give you pain? Play with this piece of paper—that is harmless.

گيندىتىم بىرى ئان چىنى ئې ئىچ گەرىز دە داساجانور ئومائىرا يىچىس كاسر

Gaind Hai Teri Kahan, Cheeni Ki Billi Hai Kidhar? Woh Zara Sa Janwar Toota Huwa Hai Jis Ka Sar Where is your ball? Where is your china cat? That little animal with the broken head?



Tera Aaeena Tha Azad-e-Ghubar-e-Arzu Ankh Khulte Hi Chamak Utha Sharar-e-Arzu Your mirror was free from the dust of desire. As soon as your eyes opened, the spark of desire shone out.

المرائن من المسلم والمرابع المرابع الم

Hath Ki Junbish Mein, Tarz-e-Deed Mein Poshida Hai Teri Soorat Arzu Bhi Teri Nauzaeeda Hai It is hidden in the movement of your hands, in the way you see. Like you, your desire is also new-born.

> زندگانی ہے تری آ زاوِقب مِهت یا خ ریم کیموں ریمؤیدا ہے مگر وُدک کاراز تیری آئمھوں ریمؤیدا ہے مگر وُدک کاراز

Zindagaani Hai Teri Azad-e-Qaid-e-Imtiaz Teri Ankhon Par Haweda Hai Magar Qudrat Ka Raaz Your life is free of the prison of discretion. Perhaps the secret of nature is manifest to your eyes.

جب بسى شەرىلىز كرمجەسئے جِيّاقلىچ تۇ كىياتماشلىپ ردى كاغذىسى جاتاپ تۇ

Jab Kisi Shay Par Bigar Kar Mujh Se, Chillata Hai Tu Kya Tamasha Hai Raddi Kaghaz Se Mann Jata Hai Tu When you are angry with me about something, you shriek. What a sight! You are made happy with a piece of waste-paper!

Aah! Iss Adat Mein Hum Ahang Hun Main Bhi Tera Tu Talawwan Ashna, Main Bhi Talawwan Ashna In this habit, I am in harmony with you. You are capricious; I am also capricious. عارضى لذَّت كاشيدائى بيون حلِّي البيوسي من المات المنتج عصد عبد من جاما بيوسي

Arzi Lazzat Ka Shaidai Hun, Chillata Hun Main Jald Aa Jata Hai Gussa, Jald Mann Jata Hun Main I am given to the joys of momentary pleasure; I shriek as well. I am quickly moved to anger; I am quickly consoled.

ميري المصول وأبعالية إلى خوالي مري كمنه ميري والى مرى

Meri Ankhon Ki Lubha Leta Hai Husn-e-Zahiri Kam Nahin Kuch Teri Nadani Se Nadani Meri My eyes are enchanted with all the beauty they see before them. My foolishness is no less than yours.

> ر تىرى صورت كاەلرياڭ خىندائ مەسىمى رىر دىلىن كونوجان مور طېنې دائ مەسىمى ئېر

Teri Soorat-Gah Giryan-Gah Khandan Main Bhi Hun Dekhne Ko Naujawan Hun, Tifl-e-Nadan Main Bhi Hun Like you, I sometimes weep; and sometimes I laugh. I appear to be a foolish adolescent, but I am also a baby!

(Bang-e-Dra-039) Tarana-e-Hindi

مرا نه پیندی

Tarana-e-Hindi--The Indian Anthem

Sare Jahan Se Acha Hindustan Humara Hum Bulbulain Hain Iss Ki, Ye Gulistan Humara The best land in the world is our India; We are its nightingales; this is our garden.

غرب مين الرسمُ رسيّا ہے اضطميٰ سمجھو و بين ميں ھئ ول ہوجہاں ہمارا

Gharbat Mein Hon Agar Hum, Rehta Hai Dil Watan Mein Samjho Waheen Humain Bhi, Dil Ho Jahan Humara If we are in exile, our heart resides in our homeland. Understand that we are also where our heart is. ريت وه سب اونجي أنهما أيها كالله وهسترى بإرا ، وه بيسبان مإرا

Parbat Woh Sub Se Uncha, Humsaya Asman Ka Woh Santri Humara, Woh Pasban Humara That is the highest mountain, the neighbour of the sky; It is our sentry; it is our watchman.

گودی میک لیسایی براس کی سزارون میا گفت جن کے مسے شکر جنان مارا

Godi Mein Khailti Hain Iss Ki Hazaron Nadiyan
Gulshan Hai Jin Ke Dam Se Rashak-e-Jinaan Humara
In its lap play thousands of streams,
And the gardens that flourish because of them are the envy of Paradise.

کے روز اللہ اور دن میں یاد تجھ کو ؟ اُرّا ترے کیا ہے جب کارواں ہمارا

Ae Aab-e-Rood-e-Ganga! Woh Din Hain Yaad Tujh Ko?
Utra Tere Kinare Jab Karwan Humara
Oh, waters of the river Ganges! Do you remember those days?
Those days when our caravan halted on your bank?

نرب نهدیب کھا آ آپ مین کرکھنا ہندی ہیں کم وطن ہے ہند کتاں جارا

Mazhab Nahin Sikhata Apas Mein Bair Rakhna Hindi Hain Hum, Watan Hai Hindustan Humara Religion does not teach us to be enemies with each other: We are Indians, our homeland is our India.

يونان مصررواسب شكت جهاس اب مكري باقى نام ونشال بمارا

Yunan-o-Misar-o-Roma Sab Mit Gye Jahan Se Ab Tak Magar Hai Baqi Naam-o-Nishan Humara Greece, Egypt and Byzantium have all been erased from the world. But our fame and banner still remain.

کی ات ہے اور تی ملتی نہدیں ماری صدیوں ہے وشسن ورز ماں ہارا کی اس کا دارا کے دائے وہشسن ورز ماں ہارا

Kuch Baat Hai Ke Hasti Mitti Nahin Humari Sadiyon Raha Hai Dushman Dour-e-Zaman Humara It is something to be proud of that our existence is never erased, Though the passing of time for centuries has always been our enemy. اقبالَ! کوئی محسم این نهدی اسی معلوم کیک کسی کو درنویس ساوا

Iqbal! Koi Mehram Apna Nahin Jahan Mein Maloom Kya Kisi Ko Dard-e-Nihan Humara Iqbal! No-one in this world has ever known your secret. Does anyone know the pain I feel inside me?

(Bang-e-Dra-163) Tulu-e-Islam (The Rise of Islam)

طلوع إلى

Tulu-e-Islam
THE RISE OF ISLAM

ولیل ضبح روشن ہے ساروں کی تنک ابی اُن سے آفا ہے اُمبرا، کیا دور کران خوابی

Daleel-E-Subah-E-Roshan Hai Sitaron Ki Tunak Tabi
Ufaq Se Aftab Ubhra, Gya Dour-E-Garan Khawabi
The dimness of the stars is evidence of the bright morning.
The sun has risen over the horizon; the time of deep slumber has passed.

عنب زُوقِ مُروَّهُ مشرق مین نُونِ زندلی وژا سمجه سکتے نہیں اسس از کوسینا ومن لابی

Urooq-E-Murda'ay Mashriq Mein Khoon-E-Zindagi Dora Samajh Sakte Nahin Iss Raaz Ko Seena-O-Farabi The blood of life runs in the veins of the dead East: Avicenna and Farabi cannot understand this secret.

> سلماں کوسل کر دیا طومت بن خرائے العلم باتے دیا ہی سے نے کو ہرکی سیرابی

Musalman Ko Musalman Kar Diya Toofan-E-Maghrib Ne Talatum Haye Darya Hi Se Hai Gohar Ki Seerabi The storm in the West made Muslims Muslims. Pearls are produced in abundance from the very buffetings of the sea.

> عطاموس کو بھر درگاہ حق سے ہونے والاہے شکوہِ رکمانی، دہرِن سنِدی ہُطرِق اعسار بی

Atta Momin Ko Phir Dargah-E-Haq Se Hone Wala Hai Shikoh-E-Turkamani, Zehan-E-Hindi, Nutq-E-Arabi The true believers are once more to receive from the court of God The glory of the Turkamans, the intellect of the Indians and the eloquence of the Arabs.

ار کیدخواب فانخچی میں باقی ہے تو لئے بلبل اور کے بعبل اور کا میں اور کے بعبل اور کا میں کا کا میں کا کا میں کا کا میں کا میں کی کا میں کے میں کا میں کا میں کا میں کا کا میں ک

Asar Kuch Khawab Ka Ghunchon Mein Baqi Hai To Ae Bulbul!

"Nawa Ra Talakh Tar Mee Zan Choo Zauq-E-Nagma Kmyabi"

If there is still some trace of sleep left in the buds, my nightingale,

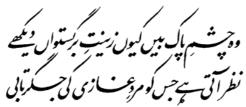
Then make your songs more plaintive, for you found their desire to hear your melody too little.

Note: The italicized line is translated from the poet Urfi Shirazi. Iqbal also used it in his poem 'Urfi'.

ترم پصحر حمین میں ہشتاں میں شاخبار و مار رئی ہے ہے ہے کہا ہائے سے بیرے کئی نہیں تعت ریرسما ہی

Tarap Sehan-E-Chaman Mein, Ashiyan Mein, Shakhsaron Mein Juda Pare Se Ho Sakti Nahin Taqdeer-E-Seemabi Whether your agitation be in the courtyard of the garden, in the nest, in the leafy branches—

This quicksilver-destiny cannot be separated from mercury.



Woh Chashm-E-Paak Been Kyun Zeenat-E-Bargistawan Dekhe Nazar Ati Hai Jis Ko Mard-E-Ghazi Ki Jigar Tabi Why should that pure-seeing eye look at the glitter of armour on the horse When it sees the valour of the holy warrior?

> ر ۔ ضمیب رلالہ میں روٹن حراع ارزوکر نے جمن کے ذرّے ذرّے کوشہ پریٹ بجو کر دے

Zameer-E-Lala Mein Roshan Charagh-E-Arzoo Kar De Chaman Ke Zarre Zarre Ko Shaheed-E-Justujoo Kar De Make the lamp of desire bright in the heart of the tulip! Make every particle of the garden a martyr to search!

> ۔ سرشائے خسیل اللہ ہے دریا میں ہوں کے بچر کہر پیدا

Sar Shak-E-Chashm-E-Muslim Mein Hai Neesan Ka Asar Paida **Khalil-Allah (A.S.)** Ke Darya Mein Hon Ge Phir Guhar Paida The effect of the spring-rain is born in the tears of the Muslims. Pearls will be born again in the sea of the Friend of God.

کتاب متب بینها کی پیرٹ براز ہب دی ہے بیشاخ ہاشسی کرنے کو ہے بھر برک وبر پیدا

Kitab-E-Millat-E-Baiza Ki Phir Sheeraza Bandi Hai Ye Shakh-E-Hashmi Karne Ko Hai Phir Barg-E-Bar Paida This book of the Radiant Community is receiving a new binding; The Hashimite branch is once more ready to bring forth new leaves and fruit. ربود آن تُركِ شيرازی دلتّ بريزو کابل ا صبالرتی ہے بُرے گل سے اپنائیم نسپیلا

Rubood Aan Turk Sheerazi Dil-E-Tabraiz-O-Kabil Ra Saba Karti Hai Buay Gul Se Apna Hamsafar Paida The Turk of Shiraz has ravished the heart of Tabriz and Kabul; The morning breeze makes the scent of the rose its companion on the road.

> ارغثانیوں پر لوہ نسب ٹُوٹا تو لیاعت ہے کو نوب سے ہزار انجم سے ہوتی ہے سخرپیدا

Agar Usmaniyon Par Koh-E-Gham Toota To Kya Gham Hai Ke Khoon-E-Sad Hazar Anjum Se Hoti Hai Sahar Paida

If a mountain of grief collapsed upon the Ottomans, then why lament? For the dawn arises from the blood of a hundred thousand stars.

جہاں بانی سے ہے وُشوار تر کارجہاں بنی حکر خُوں ہو توجیٹ م ل میں ہوتی ہے نظر پیدا

Jahan Baani Se Hai Dushwar Tar Kar-E-Jahan Beeni Jigar Khoon Ho To Chashm-E-Dil Mein Hoti Hai Nazar Paida More difficult than the conquest of the world is the task of seeing the world:

When the heart is reduced to blood, only then does the eye of the heart receive its sight.

مېزاروںسال رئس بېنى بے نۇرى پۇوتى بىيے برخىمىشكل سىرچو ئاپىچىمىن مىس دىيدە ۇرىپىدا

Hazaron Saal Nargis Apni Benoori Pe Roti Hai Bari Mushkil Se Hota Hai Chaman Mein Didahwar Paida For a thousand years the narcissus has been lamenting its blindness; With great difficulty the one with true vision is born in the garden.

> ر نوابیرا ہو المیجب کہ کہ تو تیرے ترقم سے کبوتر کے تین مازک میریث میں کاجب پیدا

Nawa Pera Ho Ae Bulbul Ke Ho Tere Taranum Se Kabootar Ke Tan-E-Nazuk Mein Shaheen Ka Jigar Paida Burst into song, oh nightingale! so that from your melody The spirit of the royal falcon may arise in the delicate body of the dove!

> ترے سینے میں ہے پوشیدہ راز زندگی کہدیے مسلمال سے حدیثِ سوز وسیاز زندگی کہدیے

Tere Seene Mein Hai Poshida Raaz-E-Zindagi Keh De Musalman Se Hadees-E-Soz-O-Saaz-E-Zindagi Keh De The secret of life is hidden in your breast—then tell it; Tell the Muslims the account of the burning and re-making of life.

> خدائے لم یزل کا دستِ تُدرت تُو ، زباں تُوہے یقیں پیدالرا سے غافل کو منعلو ب کماں توہیے

Khuda'ay Lam Yazil Ka Dast-E-Qudrat Tu, Zuban Tu Hai Yaqeen Paida Kar Ae Ghafil Ke Maghloob-E-Guman Tu Hai You are the ever-powerful hand and the tongue of the eternal God; Give birth to certainty, of negligent one, for your are laid low by doubt.

> پرے ہے چرخ نینی فام سے نزائسیماں کی سار جس کی کردراہ ہوں ، وہ کارواں توہے سار جس کی کردراہ ہوں ، وہ کارواں توہے

Pare Hai Charakh-E-Neeli Faam Se Manzil Musalman Ki Sitare Jis Ki Gard-E-Rah Hon, Woh Karwan Tu Hai The goal of the Muslim lies beyond the blue sky; You are the caravan, which the stars follow as dust on the road. ر سے ماوٹ نی مہلی آنی از لتب را ، ابد تیرا مرکب میں مینام ہے تُو، جاوداں توہیم خدا کا احت ری نیام ہے تُو، جاوداں توہیم

Makan Fani, Makeen Ani, Azal, Tera, Abad Tera Khuda Ka Akhiri Pegham Hai Tu, Javidan Tu Hai Space is transient; its inhabitants are transitory, but the beginning of time is yours; its end is yours.

You are the final message of God; you are eternal.

خابب دعروس لاله ہے نون جسگر تیرا تری بت سرائی سے معارجب ان تعہد تری بت سرائی سے معارجب

Hina Band-E-Uroos-E-Lala Hai Khoon-E-Jigar Tera
Teri Nisbat Baraheemi Hai, Mamaar-E-Jahan Tu Hai
The blood of your heart is the henna which decorates the tulip-bride.
You belong to Abraham; you are the builder of the world.

تری فطرت میں میں نیانت ندکانی کی جہاں کے ویرشِمک رکا کویا استحاں توہیے

Teri Fitrat Ameen Hai Mumkanat-E-Zindagani Ki Jahan Ke Johar-E-Muzmar Ka Goya Imtihan Tu Hai Your nature is the trustee of all the possibilities of life; You are like the touchstone of the hidden essence of the world.

> ر جهانِ اسبِ گلسعِ الْمِب وید کی خا^{طر} نبوت ساتر جس کو لے لئی ہ ارمغاں توہے نبوت ساتر جس کو لے لئی ہ ارمغاں توہے

Jahan-E-Aab-O-Gil Se Alam-E-Javed Ki Khatir Nabuwat Sath Jis Ko Le Gyi Woh Armgahan Tu Hai The One who left this world of water and clay for eternal life— The one whom the prophethood took with it—you are that gift. ریکا از است میں ایک است میں ایک اور است میں ایک اور است میں ایک اور است میں ایک میں ایک میں ایک اور است میں ایک اور است میں اور است میں ایک ایک میں ا

Ye Nukta Sargazhat-E-Millat-E-Baiza Se Hai Paida Ke Aqwam-E-Zameen-E-Asia Ka Pasban Tu Hai This principle rises from the story of the Radiant Community— You are the guardian of the nations of the land of Asia.

> سئِق بچرر پره صداقت کا ، عدالت کا ، شجاعت کا لیا جائے گا تبجہ سے کام ذہب کی امات کا

Sabaq Phir Parh Sadaqat Ka, Adalat Ka, Shujaat Ka
Liya Jaye Ga Tujh Se Kaam Dunya Ki Imamat Ka
Read again the lesson of truth, of justice and valour!
You will be asked to do the work of taking on responsibility for the world.

یهی مقصو و فطر ت ہے، یہی رمز سلمانی اُفوّت کی جہاں کیری محتبت کی فراوانی

Yehi Maqsood-E-Fitrat Hai, Yehi Ramz-E-Muslamani Akhuwat Ki Jahangeeri, Mohabat Ki Farawani This is the destiny of nature; this is the secret of Islam— World-wide brotherhood, an abundance of love!

> ئار السائور كالمائور كالمائى نه افعن ألم يوجا نة تُورانى رسِے باقى نه ايرانى نه افعن نى

Butan-E-Rang-O-Khoon Ko Torh Kar Millat Mein Gum Ho Ja Na Toorani Rahe Baqi, Na Irani Na Afghani Break the idols of colour and blood and become lost in the community. Let neither Turanians, Iranians nor Afghan remain. سر سر سیابت انصارا صحبت مرنع حمین لب ل ترے بازو میں ہے سرواز شار تنجست انی

Miyan-E-Shakhsaran Sohbat-E-Murgh-E-Chaman Kab Talak!
Tere Bazu Mein Hai Parwaz-E-Shaheen-E-Kehsatani
How long will you keep company in the branches with the birds of the garden;

In your arms is the flight of the royal hawk of Quhistan.

ر سے کمان اباؤٹ میں میں میں مروس کماں کا بیاباں کی شب کاریک میں میں کرارہانی

Guman Abad-E-Hasti Mein Yaqeen Mard-E-Musalman Ka Byaban Ki Shab-E-Tareek Mein Qindeel-E-Rahbani In the abode of doubts of existence is the certainty of the Muslim hero; In the darkness of the desert night is the candle of the monks.

> رمٹا یقصوب رونسری کے استبدا ولوجی نے وہ لیا تھا ، زورِحیڈرؓ ، فقرِ ٹوزوؓ ، جہدقِ سلّمانی

Mitaya Qaisar-E-Kasra Ke Istabdad Ko Jis Ne Woh Kya Tha, Zor-E-**Haider (R.A.)**, Faqr-E-**Bu Zar (R.A.)**, Sidq-E-**Salmani** (**R.A.**)

What was it that erased the tyranny of Caesar and Cyrus?
The power of **Hyder (R.A.)**, the asceticism of **Bu Dharr (R.A.)**, the truth of **Salman (R.A.)**!

سے ہُوئے احرار مت جادہ پیمالٹ تحبیل سے تماشائی شکاف درسے ہیں صدیوں نے زنانی

Huway Ahrar-E-Millat Jadah Pema Kis Tajamul Se Tamashayi Shagaaf-E-Dar Se Hain Sadiyon Ke Zindani How magnificently the heroes of the community have blazed the trail, And those who have been prisoners for centuries peer at them through a crack in the door.

ثباتِ برکی ایم مجی کم سے ہے دنیامیں کہ المانی سے بھی پائندہ تر سکا ہے تورانی

Sabat-E-Zindagi Aeeman-E-Muhkam Se Hai Dunya Mein Kah Almani Se Bhi Paenda Tar Nikla Hai Toorani The stability of life in the world comes from the strength of faith, For the Turanians have emerged firmer than even the Germans.

> جب اسس لأنكارهٔ خالى ميں ہو ماہے يقيں بيدا تو كرلىپ ماہے يہ بال و پرِرُوح الاميں بيدا

Jab Iss Angara'ay Khaki Mein Hota Hai Yaqeen Paida To Kar Leta Hai Ye Bal-O-Par-E-Rooh-ul-Ameen Paida When certainty is born in these embers of ashes, Then it gives birth to the wings of Gabriel.

ر سه غلامی میں نہ کام اتی ہیں شہیر نہ تدبیر جوہو ذوق نفیت یں بدا تولٹ جاتی ہیں رنجیر

Ghulami Mein Na Kaam Ati Hain Shamsheerain Na Tadbeerain
Jo Ho Zauq-E-Yaqeen Paida To Kat Jati Hain Zanjeerain
In slavery, neither swords or plans are effective,
But when the taste for certainty is created, then the chains are cut.

کوئی اندازہ کرسے تاہے کس کے وربازو کا نگاہ مردِمومن سے بدل جب تی بین تقدیریں

Koi Andaza Kar Sakta Hai Uss Ke Zor-E-Bazu Ka!
Nigah-E-Mard-E-Momin Se Badal Jati Hain Taqdeerain
Can anyone even guess at the strength of his arm?
By the glance of the man who is a true believer even destiny is changed.

ر ولات باوٹ ہی،عمر شیالی جہاں کیری سر کیا ہیں' فقط ال حت امیاں تی نسیری

Walayat, Padshahi, Ilm-E-Ashiya Ki Jahangeeri Ye Sub Kya Hain, Faqat Ek Nukta-E-Aeeman Ki Tafseerain Empire, sainthood, the knowledge of things which holds the world in its sway—

What are they all? Only commentaries on one small point of faith.

سرائے یمی نظریب دا مکرٹ کرسے ہیں ہے سرائے یمی نظریب دا مکرٹ کرسے ہیں ہے سؤسٹھی پٹے کے سینوں میں بنالیتی ہے جھوری

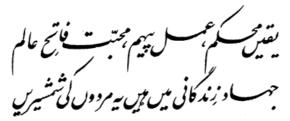
Baraheemi Nazar Paida Magar Mushkil Se Hoti Hai Hawas Chup Chup Ke Seenon Mein Bana Leti Hai Tasweerain But it is difficult to create the insight of **Abraham (A.S.)**; Desire insidiously paints pictures in our breasts.

> تربنده و اقت فعادِ ادمیّ بین مدر کے چیروستان سخت ہون طرت اتعت بر

Tameez-E-Banda-O-Aaqa Fasad-E-Admiyat Hai Hazar Ae Cheerah Dastan! Sakht Hain Fitrat Ki Taazirain The distinction of servant and lord has put mankind into turmoil; Beware, oh powerful ones; the penalties of nature are harsh.

> حقیقت ایک میشے کی حث کی ہوکہ ڈوری و مراز کی ارفتے کا دالے ہیں لہوخورث ید کا سیکے الرفتے کا دالے ہیں

Haqiqat Aik Hai Har Shay Ki, Khaki Ho Ke Noori Ho Lahoo Khursheed Ka Tapake Agar Zarre Ka Dil Cheerain There is one reality for everything, be it of earth or fire; The blood of the sun will drip, of we split the heart of an atom.



Yaqeen Mohkam, Amal Peham, Mohabbat Faateh-E-Alam Jahad-E-Zindagani Mein Hain Ye Mardon Ki Shamsheerain Firm certainty, eternal action, the love that conquers the world— These are the swords of men in the holy war of life.

> حیہ باید مرد را طبع لبندے مشرب ناب دلِ کرمے ، نکاہ یاک بینے ، جارہ بیت اب

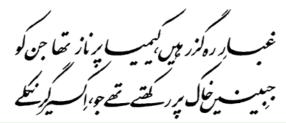
Cha Bayad Mard Ra Tabaa-E-Bulanday, Mashrab-E-Naabay Dil-E-Garmee, Nigah-E-Pak Beenay, Jaan-E-Betabay What else does man need but a lofty spirit and pure character, A warm heart, a pure-sighted eye and a restless soul?

> عقابی شان سے جھیٹے تھے جوئے بال ویر بھی سارے شام کے ٹُورِ شفَق میں ڈُو ب کرنسکے

Auqabi Shan Se Jhapte The Jo, Bebaal-O-Par Nikle
Sitare Sham Ke Khoon-E-Shafaq Mein Doob Kar Nikle
Those who rushed forward with the splendor of the eagle emerged
plucked of their wings and plumage;
The stars of evening sank in the blood of the sunset but rose again.

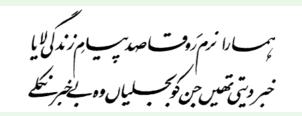
مُوتّے مدفون دریا زیر دریا تسیس نے والے طمانیچے موج کے لھاتے تھے جوئبن کر امر سکلے

Huway Madfoon-E-Darya Zair-E-Darya Tairne Wale
Tamanche Mouj Ke Khate The Jo, Ban Kar Guhar Nikle
Those who swam under the sea were buried by the ocean,
But those who suffered the buffeting of the wave arose, and became pearls.



Ghabar-Ereh Guzar Hain, Keemiya Par Naaz Tha Jin Ko Jibeenain Khak Par Rakhte The Jo, Ikseer Gar Nikle Those who prided themselves on their alchemy are the dust of the wayside;

Those who kept their forehead upon the dust emerged as the makers of elixir.



Hamara Naram Ro Qasid Peyam-E-Zindagi Laya Khabar Deti Theen Jin Ko Bijliyan Woh Be-Khabar Nikle Our slow-running messenger brought the tidings of life; Those to whom the lightning gave news emerged unknowing.

> سرسرار حب رم'رسوا ہُوا پیرِب رم کی کمنے اہمی سے جوا مارتی ت رم کس مصل مصل مسلطے

Haram Ruswa Huwa Peer-E-Haram Ki Kam Nigahi Se Jawanan-E-Tatari Kis Qadar Sahib-E-Nazar Nikle The Shrine was disgraced by the lack of foresight of the old keeper of the shrine;

But how our Tartar heroes emerged as young men of vision!

ر میں سے نُوریان اسساں برواز کہتے تھے بین خالی زندہ تر' پائٹ دہ تر ، ماہٹ دہ تر نکلے

Zameen Se Nooriyan-E-Asman Parwaz Kehte The
Ye Khaki Zinda Tar, Paenda Tar, Tabinda Tar Nikle
Those who soar aloft and light the sky say this to the earth,
'These earth-bound creatures emerged more lively, more stable and more shining.'

جاں میں اہلِ ایماں صورتِ خورشید جیتے ہیں إوصروُّ و بے أوصر بحلے أدصروُ و بے إو صر بحلے

Jahan Mein Ahl-E-Aeeman Soorat-E-Khursheed Jeete Hain Idhar Doobe Udhar Nikle, Udhar Doobe Idhar Nikle In the world, the people of faith live like the sun; Here they sink, there they arise!

یقیں ہے۔ راد کا سے باتیعمیب بِلّت ہے یہی قوت ہے جوصورت کرنیفت ریلّت ہے

Yaqeen Afrad Ka Sarmaya-E-Tameer-E-Millat Hai Yehi Quwwat Hai Jo Soorat Gar-E-Taqdeer-E-Millat Hai The certainty of individuals is the capital for building the community; This is the power which draws the portrait of the fate of the community.

> ر راز گن فسکال ہے اپنی انکھوں ریعیاں ہوجا نوراز گن فسکال ہوجا خوری کا راز داں ہوجا جندا کا ترجماں ہوجا

Tu Raaz-E-Kun Fakan Hai, Apni Ankhon Par Ayan Ho Ja Khudi Ka Raazdan Ho Ja, Khuda Ka Tarjuman Ho Ja You are the secret of creation, see yourself in your eyes; Share the secret of your own self, become the spokesman of God.

> ہوس نے کر دیائے کٹرٹے کٹرٹے فوع نسائع اُوُّت کابسیاں ہوجامجتب کی زباں ہوجا

Hawas Ne Kar Diya Tukre Tukre Nu-E-Insan Ko Akhuwat Ka Byan Ho Ja, Mohabbat Ki Zuban Ho Ja Greed has split mankind into little pieces; Become the statement of brotherhood, become the language of love. ىيىپ دى وچىئ راسانى بدافعن نى دە تورانى تۇلىيىت رىندۇساحل! اھيل كىرىكىران بىوجا

Ye Hindi, Who Khurasani, Ye Afghani, Who Toorani Tu Ae Sharminda-E-Sahil! Uchal Kar Be-Karan Ho Ja Here are Indians, there people of Khurasan, here Afghans, there Turanians

You, who despise the shore, rise up and make yourself boundless.

سه سر غبارالودة رنك نسب بي بال تربيب تُول مُرغ حسب م أرث سے بہلئے رفشائع جا تول م غرب م

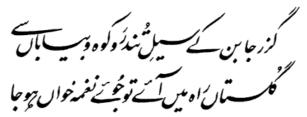
Ghubar Aludah'ay Rang-O-Nasb Hain Baal-O-Par Tere
Tu Ae Murgh-E-Hara! Urne Se Pehle Par-Fishan Ho Ja
Your wings and your plumage are soiled with the dust of colour and race;
You, my bird of the holy shrine, shake your wings before you start to fly.

خودى ميں ڈوب جا غافل ئيب برزنگانى ہے نکل رحلعت برشام وحب رسیطاوداں ہوجا

Khudi Mein Doob Ja Ghafil! Ye Sir-E-Zindagani Hai Nikl Kar Halqa-E-Shaam-O-Sahar Se Javidan Ho Ja Immerse yourself in your self, my forgetful one, this is the secret of life; Come out from the fetters of evening and morning, become immortal.

> سر ئىصاف زندلى مىرىسىيەت فولادىپ لار ئىشىت رەيرنىيان بۇجا

Masaf-E-Zindagi Mein Seerat-E-Foulad Paida Kar Shabistan-E-Mohabbat Mein Harair-O-Parniyan Ho Ja On the battle-field of life adopt the nature of steel; In the bed-chamber of love become as soft as silk and painted brocade.



Guzar Ja Ban Ke Seel-E-Tund Ro Koh-E-Byaban Se Gulistan Rah Mein Aye To Joo'ay Naghma Khawan Ho Ja Pass like a river in full spate through the mountains and the deserts; If the garden should come your way, then become a melodiously singing stream.

> ترے علم ومحتب کی نہیں ہے تہ کا کوئی نہیں ہے تجھے سے بڑھ کر سازِ فطرت میں نوا کوئی

Tere Ilm-O-Mohabbat Ki Nahin Hai Intaha Koi Nahin Hai Tujh Se Barh Kar Saaz-E-Fitrat Mein Nawa Koi There is no limit to your knowledge and love; In the instrument of nature there is no sweeter song than you.

> ر امبی کاس ا دمص پیزربون شهرباری ہے قیامت ہے کہ انساں نوع انساں کاشکاری ہے

Abhi Tak Admi Sayd-E-Zaboon-E-Sheher Yari Hai Qayamat Hai Ke Insan Nu-E-Insan Ka Shikari Hai Even now, mankind if the miserable prey to imperialism; How distressing that man is hunted by man!

> ر نظر لو خیرولرتی ہے جیاب تہذیب عاضر لی چست ناعی مکر محبوٹے کوں لی ریزہ کاری ہے پیمست ناعی مکر محبوٹے کو

Nazar Ko Kheerah Karti Hai Chamak Tehzeeb-E-Hazir Ki Ye Sanaee Magar Jhoote Nagon Ki Rezakari Hai The glitter of modern civilization dazzles the sight; But this clever craftsmanship is a mosaic of false jewels. وه حکمت نازتھامبس پر خردمندان نفرب کو پیوسس کے نیخب ڈھونیں میں بینے کارزاری م

Woh Hikmat Naz Tha Jis Par Khiradmandan-E-Maghrib Ko Hawas Ke Panja'ay Khoonin Mein Taegh-E-Karzari Hai That science, in which the scholars of the West took pride, Is the sword of warfare held in the bloody grip of greed.

> ر بر نی فوں کاری میجے کے مینوٹ سے تا جہاں مدحب تریمذن کی بنام طرید داری م

Tadabur Ki Fasoon Kari Se Mohkam Ho Nahin Sakta Jahan Mein Jis Tamaddan Ki Bina Sarmayadari Hai That civilization of the world, which is founded on capitalism, Can never be become strong by spellbinding schemes.

> عمل سے زندلی منتی ہے جنت بھی جہتم بھی یہ خالی اپنی فطرت میں نہ نوری ہے نہ ناری ع

Amal Se Zindagi Banti Hai Jannat Bhi, Jahanum Bhi Ye Khaki Apni Fitrat Mein Na Noori Hai Na Naari Hai By action life may become both paradise and hell; This creature of dust in its nature is neither of light nor of fire.

> ر ر خروث ل موز بب ل مورکر ه عنیج لی والر و که کر تو اس کا سب مال کے واسطے با دِ بہماری م

Kharosh Amoz-E-Bulbul Ho, Girah Ghunche Ki Wa Kar De
Ke Tu Iss Gulistan Ke Waste Baad-E-Bahari Hai
Teach the nightingale to send forth its clamour;
Open the knot of the bud, for you are the spring breeze for this garden.

بھراُٹھی ایٹ یا کے لسے پنکاری مختب کی زمیں جولاں کو اس میایا تبت رہے

Phir Uthi Asia Ke Dil Se Chankari Mohabbat Ki Zameen Joulan Geh-E-Atlas Qabayan-E-Tatari Hai Once more the spark of love has arisen from the heart of Asia; The earth is the coursing-ground for the stain-cloaked Tartars.

> بیا پیداحن ریدارست جب اِن ناتوانے را "بیس از مذت گذار افتا د برما کاروانے را

Baya Paida Khareedarst Jaan-E-Natoowane Ra "Pas Az Muddat Gudaz Aftaad Barma Karwame Ra" Arise! A buyer has come to our hapless life; After an age, the time has come for our caravan's departure.

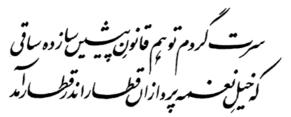
> ہیاں تی نواے مرغ زاراز شن خیار کہ ریس کر ہے ہے میں میں میں میں میں ہیں۔ مہار آمد کمار آمد ، کیار آمد مشارا مد

Baya Saqi Nawaye Murgh-E-Zaar Az Shakhsar Amad Bahar Amad Nigar Amad, Nigar Amad Qirar Amad Come, Saki! The song of the bird of the garden has come from the branches:

The spring has come; the beloved has come; peace has come!

کشید اربہارنجمیالی ندر واوضح وسرا میں اربہاری میں اور میں اور کا میں کامی کا میں کا میں

Kasheed Abar-E-Bahari Khemah Andar Wai-O-Sehra Sada'ay Absharan Az Faraz-E-Kohsar Amad The spring cloud has pitched its tent in the valley and the desert; The sound of the waterfall has come from the summit of the mountains.



Sarat Gardam To Ham Qanoon-E-Paisheen Saazdah Saqi Ke Kheel-E-Naghma Pardazan Qitar Andar Qitar Amad I implore you; renew the law of the past! For the army of singers has come drove upon drove.

> كناراز زايدال برسيروسيا كانساغرش ميراز رتدازين خ لهن باناب يزارامه

Kanar Az Zahadan Bargeer-O-Bebakana Saghar Kash
Pas Az Muddar Azeen Shakh-E-Kuhan Bang-E-Hazar Amad
Turn away from the ascetics and fearlessly drink wine from the jar;
After an age the song of the nightingale has rung out from this old branch.

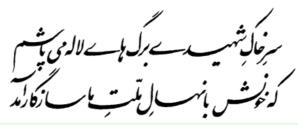
به تا قال حدیث خواجت بر روس آفر تصرف به بین نش مجیت ما شکارامه

Ba Mushtaqan Hadees-E-**Khawajah (S.A.W.)**-E-Badar-O-Hunain Awar Tasarraf Haye Pinhanash Ba-Chashm Ashkar Amad Bring the account of the **Master of Badr and Hunain (PBUH)** to those who yearn;

Its hidden mystic powers have been revealed to the eye.

گورت خلس از نُونِ ما نم ناک می کؤو بب زارِمحتبت نقدِ ما کاماعی را مد

Dgar Shakh-E-**Khalil (A.S.)** Az Khoon-E-Ma Namnaak Mee Gardad Babazaar-E-Mohabbat Naqad-E-Maa Kamil Ayar Amad Again the branch of Khalil has been watered by the sap of our blood; In the marketplace of love our cash has proved to be perfect.



Sir-E-Khak Shaheeday Barg Haye Lala Mee Pasham
Ke Khawinsh Banihal-E-Millat Ma Saazgar Amad
I scatter the pearls of tulips upon the dust of the martyrs,
For their blood has proved to be effective for the saplings of the
community.

"بيا تا كل بفيثانب ومے درساغراندازيم رسانا کال بندازيم فلاك اسقف بشكانتيم وطرح دلمراندازيم فلاك اسقف بشكانتيم

"Baya Ta Gul Bifasha-Neeyam Wa May Dar Saghar Andazyam Falak Ra Saqaf Bashagafiyam Wa Tarah-E-Deegar Andazyam" Come, so that we may strew roses and pour a measure of wine in the cup! Let us split open the roof of the heavens and think upon new ways.

(Bal-e-Jibril-094) Khudi Ki Jalwaton Mein Mustafai

نورى لى بارتون مُرْصِطفانَ نورى لى بائى نورى لى بارتون مُرْصِطفانَ نورى لى بائى

Khudi Ki Jalwaton Mein Mustafai Khudi Ki Khalwaton Mein Kibriyai Selfhood in the world of men is prophethood; Selfhood in solitude is godliness;

ر زمان استسان گروش خوری کن دمیر ہے۔ ساری خداتی ا

Zameen-o-Asman-o-Kursi-o-Arsh Khudi Ki Zad Mein Hai Sari Khudai! The earth, the heavens, the great empyrean, Are all within the range of selfhood's power.

QATTAT (Sonnats)

(Bal-e-Jibril-105) Jawanon Ko Meri Aah-e-Sehar De

ر سے اور کو مری اوسے کے میں ہیں بھران میں ہیں جو تھ بال مری اوسے کے میں اور سے میں ہیں جو تھ بال میں ہے اور سے

Jawanon Ko Meri Aah-e-Sehar De Phir In Shaheen Bachon Ko Baal-o-Par De Give to the youth my sighs of dawn; Give wings to these eaglets again,

سے مار ہوئے ہیں ہے مار نور جسیرت عام کردے خدایا اِارزوسی میں ہے مار نور جسیرت عام کردے

Khudaya! Arzoo Meri Yehi Hai Mera Noor-e-Baseerat Aam Kar De This, dear Lord, is my only wish— That my insights should be shared by all!

(Bal-e-Jibril-113) Khirad Waqif Nahin Hai Naik-o-Bad Se

خرواقف نه ين بنيات به برص اتي م

Khirad Waqif Nahin Hai Naik-o-Bad Se Barhi Jati Hai Zalim Apni Had Se This reason of mine knows not good from evil; And tries to exceed the bounds that nature fixed;

خلاجانے مجھے لیا ہولیا ہے خروبیزار ول سے ول خروسے!

Khuda Jane Mujhe Kya Ho Gya Hau Khirad Bezar Dil Se, Dil Khirad Se! I know not what has happened to me of late, My reason and my heart are ever at war. (Bal-e-Jibril-123) Dua

بسم الله الركن الربيم

'وعب

Dua A Prayer

ر الرائز (مسجدٌ فِرْكِ مِيرِيكُتِي)

(Masjid-e-Qurtuba Mein Likhi Gyi) (Written in the Mosque of Cordoba)

ہے میں سے سری کاز'ہے میں سے اوعلو میری نوائوں میں ہے میر شے سر کا لہنو

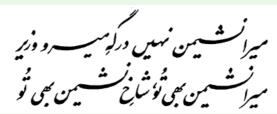
Hai Yehi Meri Namaz, Hai Yehi Mera Wazu Meri Nawaon Mein Hai Mere Jigar Ka Lahoo My invocations are sincere and true, They form my ablutions and prayers due.

صُحبتِ الصِف، نُور وحضور وسسرُور سخرت و پُرسوزے لالہ لسبِ آبجُو سرخوث و پُرسوزے لالہ لسبِ آبجُو

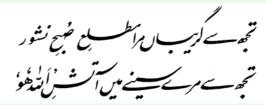
Sohbat-e-Ahl-e-Safa, Noor-o-Huzoor-o-Suroor Sur Khush-o-Pursouz Hai Lala Lab-e-Abjoo One glance of guide such joy and warmth can grant, On marge of stream can bloom the tulip plant.

> ر ام محتب میں ہے لون کسی کا رہنے تی ساتھ مرے رہ کئی ایک مری ارزو

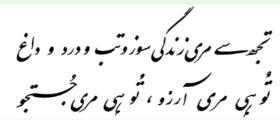
Rah-e-Mohabbat Mein Hai Kon Kisi Ka Rafeeq Sath Mere Reh Gyi Aik Meri Arzoo One has no comrade on Love's journey long Save fervent zeal, and passion great and strong.



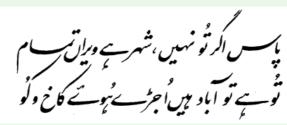
Mera Nasheeman Nahin Dargah-e-Meer-o-Wazeer Mera Nasheman Bhi Tu, Shakh-e-Nasheman Bhi Tu O God, at gates of rich I do not bow, You are my dwelling place and nesting bough.



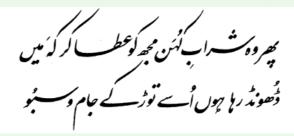
Tujh Se Greban Mera Matla-e-Subah-e-Nashoor Tujh Se Mere Seene Mein Atish-e-'**Allah Hoo**' Your Love in my breast burns like Doomsday morn, The cry, **He is God**, on my lips is born.



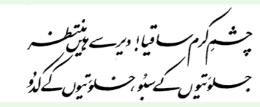
Tujh Se Meri Zindagi Souz-o-Tab-o-Dard-o-Dagh Tu Hi Meri Arzoo, Tu Hi Meri Justujoo Your Love, makes me God, fret with pain and pine, You are the only quest and aim of mine.



Pas Agar Tu Nahin, Shehar Hai Weeran Tamam Tu Hai To Abad Hain Ujhre Huwe Kakh-o-Koo Without You town appears devoid of life, When present, same town appears astir with strife.



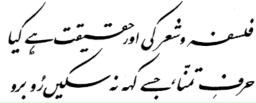
Phir Woh Sharab-e-Kuhan Mujh Ko Ata Kar Ke Main Dhoond Raha Hun Usse, Torh Ke Jaam-o-Saboo For wine of gnosis (passion) I request and ask, To get some dregs I break the cup and glass.



Chashm-e-Karam Saqiya! Dair Se Hain Mutazir Jalwaton Ke Saboo, Khalwaton Ke Kidoo The mystics' gourds and commons' pitchers wait For liquor of your Grace and Bounty great.

> تیری خسن اِئی سے ہے میرے بُحنوں کو کلہ اپنے لیے لامکان میرے لیے چار سُو!

Teri Khudai Se Hai Mere Junoon Ko Gilla Apne Liye La-Makan, Mere Liye Char Soo! Against Your godhead I have a genuine plaint, For You the Spaceless, while for me restraint.



Falsafa-o-Shair Ki Aur Haqiqat Hai Kya Harf-e-Tamana, Jise Keh Na Sakain Roo-Ba-Roo Both verse and wisdom indicate the way Which longing face to face can not convey.

(Bal-e-Jibril-131) Farman-e-Khuda (Farishton Se)		
	فرمان خدا	
	(فرشتوں سے)	
Farman-e-Khuda		
(Farishton Se)		
GOD'S COMMAND (To His Angels)		
	(10 III3 Aligeis)	
رو	ا المصوامری ونیائے غربیوا فوجا دو کاخ اُمرا کے درو دیوار ہلا و	í

Utho! Meri Dunya Ke Ghareebo Ko Jaga Do Kakh-e-Umra Ke Dar-o-Diwar Hila Do Rise, and from their slumber wake the poor ones of My world! Shake the walls and windows of the mansions of the great!

Garmao Ghulamon Ka Lahoo Souz-e-Yaqeen Se Kunjishik-e-Firomaya Ko Shaheen Se Lara Do Kindle with the fire of faith the slow blood of the slaves! Make the fearful sparrow bold to meet the falcon's hate!

ر است مادو سُلطانِی سِهور کا آنہے زمانہ نِعشِ کُهُنَّ م کُونظرائے مِماد و

Sultani Jamhoor Ka Ata Hai Zamana Jo Naqsh-e-Kuhan Tum Ko Nazar Aye, Mita Do Close the hour approaches of the kingdom of the poor— Every imprint of the past find and annihilate!

جر کھیت نے ہما تھ میتنہ روزی اس کھیت کے سرخوشۂ کندم کو جلادو

Jis Khait Se Dehqan Ko Mayassar Nahin Rozi Uss Khait Ke Har Khausha-e-Gandum Ko Jala Do Find the field whose harvest is no peasant's daily bread— Garner in the furnace every ripening ear of wheat! كيوخالق ونحلوق مير حائل ويرزم يرفي بيران كليبالوكليباسي أثها دو

Kyun Khaliq-o-Makhlooq Mein Hayal Rahain Parde Peeran-e-Kalisa Ko Kalisa Se Utha Do

Banish from the house of God the mumbling priest whose prayers Like a veil creation from Created separate!

حق رابسجود ئے سنگال الطوافے بہترہے چراغ حرّم و وریمجہا وو

Haq Ra Ba-Sujoode, Sanamaan Ra Ba-Tawafe Behter Hai Charagh-e-Haram-o-Dair Bujha Do God by man's prostrations, by man's vows idols cheated— Quench at once My shrine and their fane the sacred light!

مین خوش میزار نبون رَم کی بدوس سے میر کیے مٹی کا حرم اور بنادو

Main Na Khush-o-Bezar Hun Mar Mar Ki Silon Se Mere Liye Mitti Ka Haram Aur Bana Do Rear for me another temple, build its walls with mud— Wearied of their columned marbles, sickened is My sight!

تهذین کی کارکشت کران ہے ۔ اواب نبون اعرمشرق کوبکھاوو

Tehzeeb-e-Nawi Kargah-e-Shisha Garan Hai Adaab-e-Junoon Shayar-e-Mashriq Ko Sikha Do! All their fine new world a workshop filled with brittle glass— Go! My poet of the East to madness dedicate.

(Bal-e-Jibril-133) Parwana Aur Juggnu

يروانه اورسب ننو

Parwana Aur Jugnoo THE MOTH AND THE FIREFLY

بروانه

Parwana-THE MOTH

ر سے پروانے اینزل سے بت ور نیج خو کیول شرب بے مور پیغرور ہے کینو

Parwane Ki Manzil Se Bohat Door Hai Jugnu Kyun Atish-e-Besouz Pe Magroor Hai Jugnu The firefly is so far removed from the status of the moth! Why is it so proud of a fire that cannot burn?

Jugnu-THE FIREFLY

Allah Ka Sou Sukar Ke Parwana Nahin Main Daryooza Gar-e-Atish-e-Begana Nahin Main God be thanked a hundred times, That I am not a moth-That I am no beggar of alien fire!

(Bal-e-Jibril-140) Nasihat

نصيحت

Nasihat--COUNSEL

کر بخیرٹ ہیں سے کہاتھاعقاب مالخور کے ترضی سے راپسان فوت چرخے بریں

Bacha-e-Shaheen Se Kehta Tha Auqab-e-Saal Khurd (Purana, Tajarba kaar)
Ae Tere Shehpar Pe asan Riffat-e-Charkh-e-Bareen
An eagle full of years to a young hawk said—
Easy your royal wings through high heaven spread:

ہے تباب اپنے لئو کی آگ میں بنے کا نام سخت کوشی سے ہے بلنے زند کانی انجبیں

Hai Shabab Apne Lahoo Ki Aag Mein Jalne Ka Naam Sakht Koshi Se Hai Talakh-e-Zindagaani Angbeen To burn in the fire of our own veins is youth! Strive, and in strife make honey of life's gall; و مزاث يدلوترك لهؤمين منجيس وه مزاث يدلوترك لهؤمين منجيس

Jo Kabootar Par Jhapatne Mein Maza Hai Ae Pisar! Woh Maza Shaid Kabootar Ke Lahoo Mein Bhi Nahin Maybe the blood of the pigeon you destroy, My son, is not what makes your swooping joy!

(Bal-e-Jibril-143) Zamana - Time

زمانه

Zamana--Time

جوتھانىس ئےج ہے نە بوكائىي ئے لى حفر مۇن قريب ترہے نووجس كى اسى كاشتاق نے ما

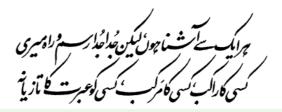
Jo Tha Nahin Hai, Jo Hai Na Ho Ga, Yehi Hai Ek Harf-e-Mehrmana Qareeb Tar Hai Namood Jis Ki Ussi Ka Mushtaq Hai Zamana What was, has faded: what is, is fading: but of these words few can tell the worth;

Time still is gaping with expectation of what is nearest its hour of birth.

ر بری صراحی سے قطرہ قطرہ نئے دادث ٹیک رہے ہیں کیل پنی سیعے روز وثب کا ششمار کر تا ہوں اند دانہ

Meri Soorahi Se Qatra Qatra Naye Hawadis Tapak Rahe Hain Main Apni Tasbeeh-e-Roz-o-Shab Ka Shumar Karta Hon Dana Dana New tidings slowly come drop by drop from my pitcher gurgling of time's new sights,

As I count over the beads strung out on my threaded rosary of days and nights.



Har Aik Se Ashna Hun, Lekin Juda Juda Rasme-o-Rah Meri Kisi Ka Raakab, Kisi Ka Markab, Kisi Ko Ibrat Ka Taziyana With each man friendly, with each I vary, and have a new part at my command:

To one the rider, to one the courser, to one the whiplash of reprimand.

ر نەتھاالر توشرامىن ل قصورىي لې يالەتىرا مراطرىقىت نهىس لەركەلول سى كى ھاطرىخ يىڭ با

Na Tha Agar Tu Shareek-e-Mehfil, Qasoor Mera Hai Ya Ke Tera Mera Tareeka Nahin Ke Rakh Loon Kisi Ki Khatar Mai'ay Shabana

If in the circle you were not numbered, was it your own fault or mine? To humor no-one am I accustomed to keep untasted the midnight wine!

Mere Kham-o-Paich Ko Najoomi Ki Ankh Pehchanti Nahin Hai Hadaf Se Baigana Teer Uss Ka, Nazar Nahin Jis Ki Arfana No planet-gazer can ever see through my winding mazes; for when the eye

That aims it sees by no lights from Heaven, the arrow wavers and glances by.

Shafaq Nahin Maghrabi Ufaq Par, Ye Jooye Khoon Hai, Ye Jooye Khoon Hai! Tulu-e-Farda Ka Muntazir Reh Ke Dosh-o-Amroz Hai Fasana That is no dawn at the Western skyline—it is a bloodbath, that ruddy glow! Await to-morrow; our yesterday and to-day are legends of long ago.

وہ بے گرکتانے جس نے مال کیاہے فطرت کی طاقتوں کو اُسی لیسیت اب مجلیوں سے خطر میں ہے اُس کا اسٹ یا

Woh Fikar-e-Ghustakh Ji Ne Uryaan Kiya Hai Fitrat Ki Taqaton Ko Ussi Ki Betab Bijliyon Se Khatr Mein Hai Uss Ka Ashiyana From Nature's forces their reckless science has stripped the garments away, until

At last its own nesting-place is scorched by the restless lightning it cannot still:

جوائیں اُن کی فضائیں اُن کی ہمندراُن کے جہازاُن کے اُن کی ہمندراُن کے جہازاُن کے اُن کی ہمندراُن کے جہازاُن کے اُن کی ہمنور ہے تعت دیر کا بہا

Hawaen Un Ki, Fazaen Un Ki, Sumundar Un Ke, Jahaz Un Ke Girah Bhanwar Ki Khule To Kyunkar, Bhanwar Hai Taqeer Ka Bahana To them the trade-wind belongs, the sky-way, to them the ocean, to them the ship—

It shall not serve them to calm the whirlpool by which their fate holds them in its grip!

جهان ئو چور پاہے ہیں!، وہ عالم ہیں مرر ہے جھے نے رہی مت بروں نے بن دیاہے قمار خا

Jahan-e-Nau Ho Raha Hai Paida, Woh Alam-e-Peer Mar Raha Hai Jise Farangi Muqamiron Ne Bana Diya Hai Qimar Khana But now a new world is being born, while this old one sinks out of sight of men,

This world the gamblers of Europe turned into nothing else than a gambling-den.

ر کوائے کو ایک کو تیز کئیج ہے۔ انع این احلار ہائے وہ مرد درویت جس کوحق نے دیے ہیں نداز خسوا

Hawa Hai Go Tund-o-Taiz Lekin Charagh Apna Jala Raha Hai Woh Mard-e-Darvesh Jis Ko Haq Ne Diye Hain Andaz-e-Khusarwana That man will still keep his lantern burning, however tempests blow strong and cold,

Whose soul is centred on high, whose temper the Lord has cast in the royal mould.

(Bal-e-Jibril-144) Farishtay Adam Ko Jannat Se Rukhsat Kartay Hain

ربر فرشے م احتیات خصت کرتے ہیں

Farishte Adam Ko Jannat Se Rukhsat Karte Hain The Angels Bid Farewell To Adam

عطائيونى ہے تجھے وزوشب کی بیتابی فیرنہ میں که توجف کی ہے یا کوسیابی

Atta Huwi Hai Tujhe Roz-o-Shab Ki Betabi Khabar Nahin Ke Tu Khaki Hai Ye Ke Seemabi You have been given the restlessness of Day and Night, We know not whether you are made of clay or mercury;

ئنائے خاکہ سے تیری نبود ہے، کین تری شرشت میں ہے کوکہ فی تمابی

Suna Hai, Khak Se Teri Namood Hai, Lekin Teri Sarisht Mein Hai Kokabi-o-Mehtabi We hear you are created from clay, But in your nature is the glitter of Stars and Moon.

م عال ایناالرخواب میریهی تُو دیکھے ہزار *پویٹس سےخوشتر تری تگرخو*ا بی

Jamal Apna Agar Khawab Mein Bhi Tu Dekhe Hazar Hosh Se Khushtar Teri Shukar Khawabi Your sleep would be preferable over much wakefulness If you could behold your own beauty even in a dream!

Garan Baha Hai Tera Girya-e-Sehargahi Issi Se Hai Tere Nakhl-e-Kuhan Ki Shadabi Your morning sighs are invaluable For they are the water to your ancient tree. ر تری نُواسے بے بِرِہ زندلی کائمیر کتیرے از اُفطرت نے لہے بِضراٰ

Teri Nawa Se Hai Be-Parda Zindagi Ka Zameer Ke Tere Saaz Ki Fitrat Ne Ki Hai Mizrabi Your melody unravels the secret of life For it is Nature that has attuned your organ.

(Bal-e-Jibril-179) Mahir-e-Nafsiyat

مامرنفيات

Mahir-e-Nafsiyat Se To The Psychologist

Jurrat Hai To Afkar Ki Dunya Se Guzar Ja Hain Behar-e-Khudi Mein Abhi Poshida Jazeere Transcend the intellect if you have courage to do so: There are islands hidden in the ocean of the self as yet.

> کھنتے نہیں اسٹ فائر ماروش کے اسرار جب مک تُو اسے ضرب کلیمی سے نہجیے

Khulte Nahin Iss Qulzam-e-Khamosh Ke Asrar Jab Tak Tu Iss Zarb-e-Kaleemi Se Na Cheere The secrets of this silent sea, however, do not yield Until you cut it with the blow of the Moses' rod.

(Bang-e-Dra-040) Juggnu

خگنو

Jugnoo-Firefly

ر مُلنوكي روشني ہے كاشانيمين ميں يشمع جل ہي ہے مُعْبولوں كى انجن ميں

Jugnoo Ki Roshni Hai Kashana-e-Chaman Mein Ya Shama Jal Rahi Hai Phoolon Ki Anjuman Mein Is the firefly aglow in the garden's abode? Or blazes a lamp in the throng of the flowers?

آیا ہے ساں سے اُڑکر کوئی ستارہ یا جان مُرکئی ہے مہتاب کی کرن میں

Aya Hai Asman Se Urh Kar Koi Sitara
Ya Jaan Parh Gyi Hai Mehtaab Ki Kiran Mein
Has a star fluttered down that high aloft rode?
Has a ray of the moon won some life-throbbing powers?

ياتب لى معطت مين ن كاسفيراً يا فرت ميل كي هي المنام تعاوطن مين

Ya Shab Ki Saltanat Mein Din Ka Safeer Aya Gharbat Mein Aa Ke Chamka, Ghumnaam Tha Watan Mein Has the envoy of day come to realms of the night? Come humbly, a gleam to its own land unknown?

ر ر را کمہ لوئی گراہے مست ب لی قبا کا فرزہ ہے یا نمایاں ویج کے بیرین میں

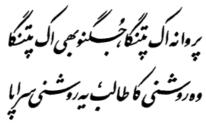
Tukma Koi Gira Hai Mehtab Ki Qaba Ka Zarra Hai Ya Numayan Suraj Ke Pairhan Mein Has there fallen a whorl that moon's cloak once bedight? From the robe of the sun has a sequin been shown?

Husn-e-Qadeem Ki Ye Poshida Ek Jhalak Thi Le Ayi Jis Ko Qudrat Khalwat Se Anjuman Here is hidden the sheen of Old Beauty and bright That Nature uncovers for men of our day.

چھوٹے سے بذمین والمت بھی ہوں ۔ چھوٹے سے بذمین والمت بھی ہوں ۔ جھوٹے سے بذمین والمت بھی ہوں ۔

Chote Se Chand Mein Hai Zulmat Bhi Roshni Bhi Nikla Kabhi Gehn Se, Aya Kabhi Gehn Mein

In this little moon are both darkness and light, As eclipse may advance, or eclipse pass away.



Parwana Ek Patanga, Jugnoo Bhi Ek Patanga Woh Roshni Ka Talib, Ye Roshni Sarapa The moth and the firefly through air both take wing. One seeks for light: one in light's all arrayed:

سرچیز کوجهاں میق رہنے دلبری ی روانے کوتیٹ رخ کینو کور ژننی ی

Har Cheez Ko Jahan Mein Qudrat Ne Dilbari Di Parwane Ko Tapish Di, Jugnoo Ko Roshani Di On earth nature grants all some soulgladd'ning thing. For the moth was heat, for the firefly light made.

رنگھ نیج ابن ایم عن ایم خاشی دی رنگھ نیج ابن ایم عن ایم خاشی دی

Rangeen Nawa Banaya Murghan-e-Bezuban Ko Gul Ko Zuban De Kar Taleem-e-Khamashi Di On birds that were tongueless it dowered melody: Gave a tongue to the rose but withheld from it song.

نظّارهٔ شفّ کی خوبی زوال میریتی هیماکیاس بری کوتھوڑی سی ندگنی

Nazara-e-Shafaq Ki Khoobi Zawal Mein Thi Chamka Ke Iss Pari Ko Thori Si Zindagi Di For sunset it fashioned sheer half-light to see; Set fairy a-glitter but her life made not long:

ر المراس المراس

Rangeen Kiya Sehar Ko Banki Dulhan Ki Soorat Pehna Ke Laal Jorha Shabnam Ki Aar Si Di The morning made brilliant like sweet bird of love: Clad down in red robes—with dew's mirror dawn plays.

سایه دیاشحب رکو، پرواز دی پرواکو پانی کو دی وانی، موجن کو بے کامی می

Saya Diya Shajar Ko, Parwaz Di Hawa Ko Pani Ko Di Rawani, Moujon Ko Be-Kali Di It brought the tree shadiness, caused air to move, Set motion to water, taught waves' restless ways.

> ر بیات بیاز لیکن ال بات ہے ہماری ر منبو کا دوج سی ہے جورات ہے ہماری

Ye Imtiaz Lekin Ek Baat Hai Humari Jugnoo Ka Din Wohi Hai Jo Raat Hai Humari Yet this is a puzzle that troubles our mind. The day of the firefly for us is the night.

مُنِ الله المرجيز مرجع بالمسلط المال من المحن المختبي من المال من المحن المختبي من المحال المال من المحال الم

Husn-e-Azal Ki Paida Har Cheez Mein Jhalak Hai Insan Mein Woh Sukhan Hai, Ghunche Mein Woh Chatak Hai In everything luster of beauty we fine; In man there is speech: opening buds smile delight.

يه جارات ساكل شاعركا ول سيُّويا واحانيدني هي وتولي يان وروكي كسات،

Ye Chand Asman Ka Shayar Ka Dil Hai Goya Waan Chandani Hai Jo Kuch, Yaan Dard Kasak Hai This moon of the sky is as heat of the bard. There shines the bright moon: here is anguish of pain.

اندازِلفتلونے دھوکے دیے ہیں رنہ نغمہ ہے نوئے بیاب، نوبھیول کی جیائے

Andaz-e-Guftugoo Ne Dhoke Diye Hain Warna Naghma Hai Bu-e-Bulbul, Boo Phool Ki Chehak Hai There must be some trick in the ways of the word: Else the bird would be fragrance, the flower sing refrain.

كَرْتِ مِينَ مُولِيكِ فِي حَدِثَ كَاراز مَحْفَى فَيْ مُعْنُومِينِ وَجِيكُ وَمِيْول مِينِ مُهَاتِ

Kasrat Mein Ho Gya Hai Wahdat Ka Raaz Makhfi Jugnoo Mein Jo Chamak Hai, Woh Phool Mein Mehak Hai The riddle of union's in beauty rich hid. The glitter of firefly is fragrance of flower. ر په اختلاف مچرلبور پښځاموں کامحل م پرشے میں حبکه پنهار ت موتران اسم

Ye Ikhtilaf Phir Kyun Hangamon Ka Mehal Ho Har Shay Mein Jabke Pinhan Khamoshi-e-Azal Ho Then why comes perversely this discord unbid When all things at heart hide this silence of power?

(Bang-e-Dra-047) Bacha aur Shama

بحيرا ورشيع

Bacha Aur Shama--The Child And The Candle

کیدے اِنی ہے اے طفلابِ بروانه نُولِ مستمع کے شعبو لو کھٹرو دیکھیارہے تو

Kaisi Hairani Hai Ye Ae Tiflak-e-Parwana Khu! Shama Ke Shaolon Ko Ghariyon Dekhta Rehta Hai Tu O Child with moth-like nature, "How strange that You keep gazing at the flame of the candle for hours

يەرى غوش يېيىنى ئىچىنىڭ كىيا روشنى سے ليانغال كىرى ئے تىرامدّعا

Ye Meri Aghosh Mein Baithe Huwe Junbish Hai Kya Roshni Se Kya Baghal Geeri Hai Tera Mudda? What is this movement, when you are in my lap? Are you intending to embrace the light?

Iss Nazare Se Tera Nanha Sa Dil Heeran Hai Ye Kisi Dekhi Huwi Shay Ki Magar Pehchan Hai Though your tiny heart is surprised at this spectacle But this is recognition of some object already seen!

شمع الشعله ہے کین تُوسرا مانیوں ہے ۔ اوراسم فل میں پیمراں ہے تُوستور ع

Shama Ek Shaola Hai Lekin Tu Sarapa Noor Hai Ah! Iss Mehfil Mein Ye Uryan Hai Tu Mastoor Hai The candle is but a flame, you are the Light embodied Ah! In this assembly that is manifest, you are concealed وستِ فِيْ يِنْ السَّالِ اللَّهِ عُولِيلًا! مُعْمِدُ لُوخَالَ بِيرِ كَ فَانُوسٍ مِن بِهَالُهِ اللَّهِ

Dast-e-Qudrat Ne Isse Kya Jane Kyun Uryan Kiya! Tujh Ko Khak-e-Teera Ke Fanoos Mein Pinhan Kiya It is not known why the Nature's hand made it manifest! And concealed you in the dark soil's mantle

Noor Tera Chup Gya Zair-e-Naqab-e-Aaghi Hai Ghubar-e-Didah-e-Beena Hijab-e-Aaghi Your light has been concealed under the veil of Intellect! The veil of Cognition is a mere mist to the wise eye!

> ر کر زندگانی جس کو کہتے ہیں فراموشی ہے یہ خواہے فیفلہ ہے مسرت کے بہوشی ہے یہ

Zindagaani Jis Ko Kehte Hain Faramoshi Hai Ye Khawab Hai, Ghaflat Hai, Sar Masti Hai, Behoshi Hai Ye What is called life really a mirage it is A dream, a swoon, an ecstasy, oblivion it is

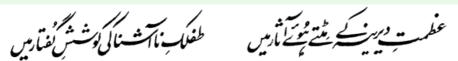
معفل تُدريج الربيائے ليايان من المعالد في مقط مقطر من طوان من المعالد في مقطر من طوان من طوان من من طوان من من المعالد في من ال

Mehfil-e-Qudrat Hai Ek Darye Be-Payan-e-Husn Ankh Agar Dekhe To Har Qatre Mein Hai Toofan-e-Husn The Nature's assembly is the Beauty's boundless ocean For the discerning eye every drop is the Beauty's storm

ر الراس المارس المارش مين مين مين مين المارش مين المارش مين مين المارش مين المارش مين المارش مين المارش مين الم

Husn, Kohistan Ki Haibatnaak Khamoshi Mein Hai Mehr Ki Zou Gastri, Shab Ji Siyah Poshi Mein Hai Beauty is in the frightening silence of the mountain In shedding of sun's light, and in night's darkness

Asman-e-Subah Ki Aaeena Poshi Mein Hai Ye Sham Ki Zulmat, Shafaq Ki Gul Faroshi Mein Hai Ye It is in the morning sky's mirror-like glitter In the night's darkness and in the twilight's floridity



Azmat-e-Dairina Ke Mitte Huwe Asaar Mein Tiflak-e-Na Ashna Ki Koshish-e-Guftar Mein It is in the disappearing relics of the old magnificence In the small child's effort to commence speaking

Sakinan-e-Sehan-e-Gulshan Ki Hum Awazi Mein Hai Nanhe Nanhe Taeeron Ki Ashiyan Saazi Mein Hai It is in the harmony of the denizens of the rose-garden In the nest-building efforts of the tiny little birds

برو چشتهٔ کسارمین دریالی آزادی میرشحسن شهر میشی حرامین و زانے مین آبادی میسن

Chashma-e-Kuhsar Mein, Darya Ki Azadi Mein Husn Shehr Mein, Sehra Mein, Weerane Mein, Abadi Mein Husn In the mountain stream, in the ocean's freedom is Beauty In the city, the forest, the wilderness, the habitation is Beauty

Rooh Ko Lekin Kisi Gum Gashta Shay Ki Hai Hawas Warna Iss Sehra Mein Kyun Nalan Hai Ye Misl-e-Jaras! The soul but longing for some lost object is Or else why is it lamenting in wilderness like a bell?

> ر میں ملب میں ہیں ہے تاہیے میں اس ماجوں میں جی ہے تاہیے رزندلی سس میں ال میں ہے اسے زندلی سس میں ال میں ہے اسے

Husn Ke Iss Aam Jalwe Mein Bhiye Betaab Hai Zindagi Iss Ki Misal-e-Maahi-e-Be Aab Hai It is restless even in this general splendor of Beauty Its life is like a fish out of water.

(Bang-e-Dra-051) Na Ate, Humain Iss Mein Takrar Kya Thi

ر ہے۔ نہ اتے عیمیاں میں کمرارلیاتھی گمروعڈ کرتے ہوئے عارکیاتھی

Na Ate, Humain Iss Mein Takrar Ka Thi Magar Wada Karte Huwe Aar Kya Thi If you had not come I would have had no occasion for contention But what reluctance in making the promise was?

تماكيها مي نيسب زكهولا خطااس مين بيك ليسر كارلياتمي

Tumhare Payami Ne Sub Raaz Khola Khata Iss Mein Bande Ki Sarkar Kya Thi Your messenger disclosed every secret O Lord! What fault of Man in this was?

مهري زم ميں اپنے عاشق کو آلا ترى انگھ ستى ميں شاركياتھى

Bhari Bazm Mein Apne Ashiq Ko Tara Teri Ankh Masti Mein Hushyar Kya Thi! You recognized Your Lover in the full assembly How alert Your eye in the middle of the ecstasy was!

تامل توتصاأن كوتن ميق صد مسمريب طسنرانكاركياتهي

Tammal To Tha Un Ko Ane Mein Qasid Magar Ye Bata Tarz-e-Inkar Kya Thi True! Reluctant he was to come, O messenger But tell me what the manner of denial was

كفيچ خود بخود جانب طُور موسلتی مستششش شری ایش ق میار کیا تھی!

Khinche Khud-Ba-Khud Janib-e-Toor **Musa (A.S.)**Kashish Teri Ae Shauq-e-Didar Kya Thi!
Musa was effortlessly attracted to Tur
How strong, O Zeal your attraction was!

كهين دكررتېپ قېب ل تيرا سرور نسون تعالوئئ تيري گفارلياتمي

Kahin Zikr Rehta Hai Iqbal Tera Fasoon Tha Koi, Teri Guftar Kya Thi Your fame continues somewhere, O Iqbal! Some magic, not your speech it was

(Bang-e-Dra-052) Ajab Waiz Ki Deendari Hai Ya Rab!

عجب اعظ کی دین اری ہے یارب علاوت ہے اسے سالے جہاں سے

Ajab Waiz Ki Deen-Dari Hai Ya Rab! Adawat Hai Isse Sare Jahan Se O Lord! Strange is the piety of the preacher He has animosity towards the whole world

کوئی اب کا نہ سی میں کہ انسان کے کہاں جاتا ہے کہاں سے

Koi Ab Tak Na Ye Samajha Ke Insan Kahan Jata Hai, Ata Hai Kahan Se Nobody has so far understood that Man Where he is going, and from where he has come?

وہیں سے رات لوظلمت ملی ہے جہاں سے

Wahin Se Raat Ko Zulmat Mili Hai Chamak Tare Ne Payi Hai Jahan Se From the same source has the night obtained darkness From where the star has obtained brightness

سم اپنی دروست دی کا فسانہ سناکرتے ہیں اپنے دازواں سے

Hum Apni Dardmani Ka Fasana Suna Karte Hain Apne Raazdan Se The tale of our compassion is Always related by our sympathizer

> بڑی بار کیسے میں اعظ کی الیں سے ارزجب آ ہے اوازِ اذاں سے

Bari Bareek Hain Waaiz Ki Chalain Larz Jata Hai Awaz-e-Azan Se Very subtle are the ways of the preacher He trembles on hearing the sound of adhan (Azan)!

(Bang-e-Dra-053) Laon Vo Tinke Kahin Se Ashiyane Ke Liye—Were to procure the straws for Nest

رر لاَون منك لهي سانتياني كه لي بعديات الجور حربي طلاني كه لي

Laon Woh Tinke Kahin Se Ashiyane Ke Liye Bijlian Betaab Hun Jin Ko Jalane Ke Liye I should procure such straws for my nest from somewhere For burning which the lightning may be restless

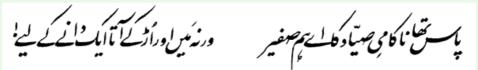
وائے ناکامی فلانے مال کر توڑا کے لیے

Waye Nakami, Falak Ne Taak Kar Tora Usse Mein Ne Jis Dali Ko Tara Ashiyane Ke Liye Alas! O despair! The sky broke it down intently Whichever branch I selected for my nest

Ankh Mil Jati Hai Haftad Wa Do Millat Se Teri Aik Permana Tera Sare Zamane Ke Liye Haftad Wa Do Millat = Islam Ke 72 Firqe You are contending with the seventy two nations One goblet of yours suits the whole world best

Dil Mein Koi Iss Tarah Ki Arzu Paida Karun Lot Jaye Asman Mere Mitane Ke Liye I should create some such longing in my heart So the sky may turn around to annihilate me best

Jama Kar Kharman Tu Pehle Dana Dana Chun Ke Tu Aa Hi Nikle Gi Koi Bijle Jalane Ke Liye Collect your harvest first by picking it grain by grain Some thunderbolt will surely come out to annihilate it



Pas Tha Nakami-e-Sayyad Ka Ae Hum-Safeer Warna Main Aur Urh Ke Ata Aik Dane Ke Liye! I had regard for the failure of the hunter, O friend Otherwise, why could I come over flying for one grain?

> ر سه را اسر مین میں نبے دل گائے زازاد بھالیت سے اگریٹ نبیس کیے لیے آہ! گیرٹ نبیس کیے لیے

Iss Chaman Mein Murgh-e-Dil Gaye Na Azadi Ka Geet Aah! Ye Gulshan Nahin Aese Tarane Ke Liye The heart should not sing freedom's song in this garden Ah! This garden is not suitable for such odes.

(Bang-e-Dra-055) Anokhi Wazaa Hai, Sare Zamane Se Nirale Hain-Unusal is state of mind

انولھی ضعینے سارنے مانے سے ال دیہیں عاشق کون کی سے کیا رہنے والیں الولی کے ایس میں اللہ کا اللہ کی اللہ کا کہ کے اللہ کا اللہ

Anokhi Waza Hai, Sare Zamane Se Nirale Hain Ye Ashiq Kon Si Basti Ke Ya-Rab Rehne Wale Hain Unusual in state, distinct from the whole world they are O Lord! Inhabitants of which habitation these Lovers are?

علاج در دمير ميري في كانت بيمرائيوں جوتھے چھالوں مي كانٹے نول سور سے تعلق

Ilaj-e-Dard Mein Bhi Dard Ki Lazzat Pe Merta Hun Jo The Chhalon Mein Kante, Nok-e-Souzan Se Nikale Hain Even during pathos's cure I desperately love pathos Blisters' thorns have been extracted with needle's point

المجدائي المائي المائي

Phala Phula Rahe Ya Rab! Chaman Meri Umeedon Ka Jigar Ka Khoon De De Kar Ye Boote Main Ne Pale Hain O Lord, the garden of my hopes may remain prosperous I have raised these plants watering them with my blood ر رُلاً تى ہے مجھے اتوں لوخاموشی ساول کے نرالاعشق ہے میار نرالے میرے مالے ہیں

Rulati Hai Mujhe Raton Ko Khamoshi Sitaron Ki Nirala Ishq Hai Mera, Nirale Mere Nale Hain The stars' silence at night makes me weep Strange my Love is, strange my Laments are

نه رُجه سے لذّت خانمان بادر سنے کی نشین کروں سے بنالر میون کے الے میں انتہاں کو اللہ میں انتہاں کا اللہ میں انتہاں کی انتہاں

Na Pucho Mujh Se Lazzat Khanaman Barbad Rehne Nasheman Sekron Main Ne Bana Kar Phoonk Dale Hain

Do not ask me of the pleasure of remaining destitute Hundreds of nests have been made and destroyed by me

نهين كَانُكَاحِينِ مِن إِنْسَالِ عِنْ مَعْمَ وَاحْرَفُ وَالْعَامِينَ الْمُعَالِينِ الْمُعْمَ وَاحْرَفُ وَالْعَامِينَ

Nahin Begangi Achi Rafiq-e-Rah Manzil Se Theher Ja Ae Sharar, Hum Bhi To Akhir Mitne Wale Hain Being a stranger to the journey's companion is not good O spark! Wait, after all we are also going to disappear

أميدورني سبجير بلعار لقامع اعظلو يحضرت يصفي مين مصاري ويحالين

Umeed-e-Hoor Ne Sub Kuch Sikha Rakha Hai Waaiz Ko Ye Hazrat Dekhne Mein Seedhe Sadhe, Bhole Bhale Hain Expectation for the houri has taught everything to the preacher Only in appearance simple and straight forward these people are

> مے شعار لے قبال کیون اپنے ہو محص کو مے شعار لے قبال کیون ایسے ہو محص کو مے رٹوٹے ہوئے ل کے بیر دائمیز بالے میں

Mere Ashaar Ae Iqbal! Kyun Pyare Na Hon Mujh Ko Mere Toote Huwe Dil Ke Ye Dard Angaiz Nale Hain Why should not my verses be dear to me, O Iqbal These the painful laments of my heart are (Bang-e-Dra-042) Hindustani Bachon Ka Qaumi Geet

ہندشانی بجیل کا قومی کسیت

Hindustani Bachon Ka Qoumi Geet
The National Anthem For The Indian Children

Chishti (R.A.) Ne Jis Zameen Mein Pegham-e-Haq Sunaya Nanak Ne Jis Chaman Mein Wahdat Ka Geet Gaya The land in which Chishti delivered the message of God The garden in which Nanak sang the song of Tawhid of God

مَّا رَبِينِ نِي مِن اللَّهِ مِن اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ اللَّهِ مِن اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ ا مَّا مَا رَبِينِ نِي مِن اللَّهِ اللَّ

Tatariyon Ne Jis Ko Apna Watan Banaya Jis Ne Hijaziyon Se Dast-e-Arab Chhuraya The land which the Tatars adopted as their homeland For which people of Hijaz abandoned the Arabian wilderness

میراوطن میں ہے سیراوطن میں ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

يُونانيول يُومِس نِحِيب لِن كُوناتُها سائےجہال کوجس نے علم وُنيزواتھا

Yunanion Ko Jis Ne Heeran Kar Diya Tha Sare Jahan Ko Jis Ne Ilm-o-Hunar Diya Tha Whose wisdom had left the Greeks bewildered Which gave knowledge and skill to the entire world مقی کوجس کی حق نے زر کا اثر دیا تھا ۔ ترکوں کاجس نے ہن میرے جو اتھا

Mitti Ko Jis Ki Haq Ne Zr Ka Asar Diya Tha Turkon Ka Jis Ne Daman Heeron Se Bhar Diya Tha Whose soil had been endowed by God with the elixir's effect Which had filled the pocket of the Turks with diamonds

میاوط فیہے ہے میاوطن ہی ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

Toote The Jo Stare Faras Ke Asman Se Phir Taab De Ke Jis Ne Chamkaye Kehkashan Se Which illuminated and established in the milky way again The stars which had fallen from the sky of Persia

ر استی می اجهار استی می استی می

Wahdat Ki Laiy Suni Thi Dunya Ne Jis Makan Se Meer-e-Arab (S.A.W.) Ko Aayi Thandi Hawa Jahan Se The House from which the world had heard Tawhid's tune From where the Holy Prophet had felt cool breeze

میراوطن ہی ہے میراوطن ہی ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

بند كيم م كيرب جهال خينا نوځ نبي كا ارته ال خينا

Bande Kaleem Jis Ke, Parbat Jahan Ke Seena **Nooh (A.S.)**-e-Nabi Ka Aa Kar Thehra Jahan Safeena Whose denizens are Kaleems, whose mountains the Sinais are Where the Prophet Nuh's boat and its occupants had landed

وَفَتْ بِحِينَ مِينَ لَا مِ فَلَكُ فَارِينَ مِنْ اللَّهِ فَلَكُ فَاللَّهُ فَاللَّهُ فَاللَّهُ فَاللَّهُ فَاللّ

Riffat Hai Jis Zameen Ki Baam-e-Falak Ka Zeena Jannat Ki Zindagi Hai Jis Ki Faza Mein Jeena The land whose elegance is the stairway to the sky Living in whose environment is like living in Paradise میاوطن ہی ہے میاوطن ہی ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

(Bal-e-Jibril-158) Punjab Ke Dehqan Se

بنجاب پنجاب پنجاب

Punjab Ke Dehqan Se To The Punjab Peasant

بناكب ترى زندلى كامياز بزادون برسسة توخاك إز

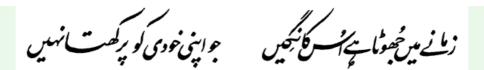
Bata Kya Teri Zindagi Ka Hai Raaz Hazaron Baras Se Hai Tu Khakbaz What is this life of yours, tell me its mystery— Trampled in dust is your ages-old history!

اسى خاك مىر بىك بىرى اك سىركى اذال جوكتى اب توجاك!

Issi Khak Mein Dab Gyi Teri Aag Sehar Ki Azan Ho Gyi, Ab Tu Jaag! Deep in that dust has been smothered your flame— Wake, and hear dawn its high summons proclaim!

زمین ہے کو خاکبوں کی برات نہیں اس نہوسے میں اب جیات

Zameen Mein Hai Go Khakiyon Ke Barat Nahin Iss Andhere Mein Aab-e-Hayat Creatures of dust from the soil may draw bread: Not in that darkness is Life's river fed!



Zamane Mein Jhoote Hai Uss Ka Nageen Jo Apni Khudi Ko Parakhta Nahin Base will his metal be held, who on earth Puts not to trial his innermost worth!

بُنَانِ شِعوفِ قِبِ مَا لَهُ تُورُ سُومٍ نُهُن كَ سَكَ اللَّ لَ لَو تُورُ

Butan-e-Shaub-o-Qabail Ko Torh Rasoom-e-Kuhan Ke Salasil Ko Torh Break all the idols of tribe and of caste, Break the old customs that fetter men fast!

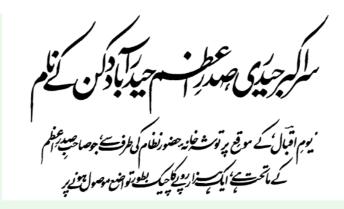
يهي ديمي كرمين تع باب كرونيا مين توحيد يوب عجاب

Yehi Deen-e-Mohkam, Yehi Fateh-e-Baab Ke Dunya Mein Touheed Ho Be-Hijab Here is true victory, here is faith's crown— One creed and one world, division thrown down!

سخاک بدن وانهٔ ول فشاں کہ ایں وانہ واروز حامیل نشاں

Bakhak-e-Badan Dana-e-Dil Fashan Ke Aeen Dana Dar Daz Hasil Nishan Cast on the soil of your clay the heart's seed: Promise of harvest to come, is that seed!

(Armaghan-e-Hijaz-41) To Sir Akbar Hyderi The Chief Minister Of Hyderabad Deccan



On receiving a cheque of one thousand rupees as 'entertainment' from the privy purse of the Nizam, which is in the charge of the Chief Minister

تھا یہ اللہ کا منہ ہاں کہشنے وہروز ویت نند کو کہ ہیں ہسس میں ملو کا نہ صفا دویت نند کو کہ ہیں ہسس میں ملو کا نہ صفا

Tha Ye Allah Ka Farman K Shikwa-E-Parwaiz Do Qalander Ko K Hain Iss Mein Mulukana Sifaat It was God's command that the pomp of Parviz Be given to the qalandar, for he has angelic attributes.

> مجھ سے سے رایا کہ ہے اور شہر نٹ ہی کر مرح سے دیے آئی و فانی کو ثبت محرن مدبیر سے دہے آئی و فانی کو ثبت

Mujh Se Farmaya K Le, Aur Shehanshahi Kar Husn-E-Tadbeer Se De Ani-O-Fani Ko Sibat I was told: Take it and be an emperor; Confer permanence on the ephemeral with your talent.

> ئیں تو اسس بارا مانت کو اٹھا تاسرِ ہوش کام درویشس میں ہر للخ ہے مانند نبست

Mein To Iss Bar-E-Amanat Ko Uthata Sar-E-Dosh Kaam-E-Darvesh Mein Har Talakh Hai Manind-E-Nabat I would have much honoured this trust— All bitterness tastes sweet to the mouth of a dervish. غیر تفست رکز رئیس کی اس کو قبول جب کها اس نے بیسے میری خدائی کی زکا!

Ghairat-E-Faqr Magar Kar Na Saki Iss Ko Qabool Jab Kaha Uss Ne Ye Hai Meri Khudai Ki Zakaat! However, the self-respect of faqr could not accept it When He said: this is the charity of my Godhead.

(Bal-e-Jibril-041) Khudi Vo Beher Hai Jis Ka Koi Kinara Nahin

رر ر خودى وبحرہ حب کا کوئی لنارہ میں تو ابجی استحب اکر تو چارہ میں

Khudi Woh Behar Hai Jis Ka Koi Kinara Nahin Tu Aabjoo Usse Samjha Agar To Chara Nahin The self of man is ocean vast, and knows no depth or bound: If you take it for a stream, How can your mind be sound?

طلسكِم بَرِرُوولُ تُورِيكَ مِينِ أَجَاجِ كَى يَعَارَ الْحَارُ الْمَا عِلَى عَارَاتُ مُنْكِ فَا رَفِيسِ

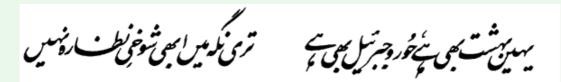
Tilism-e-Gunbad-e-Gardoon Ko Torh Sakte Hain Zujaj Ki Ye Amarat Hai, Sang-e-Khara Nahin The magic of this whirling dome we can set at naught: Not of stone but of glass its building has been wrought.

خورى مىر دۇرۇپىي كارۇپىي كارۇپىي كارۇپىي كارۇپىي كارۇپىي

Khudi Mein Doobte Hain Phir Ubhar Bhi Ate Hain Magar Ye Hosla-e-Mard-e-Haichkarah Nahin In Holy Trance in self we drown, and up we rise again; But how a worthless man can show so much might and main?

ترجيت مرتجب شاسركياطاني كنفاكب ندويج أبيستارنهس

Tere Maqam Ko Anjum Shanas Kya Jane Ke Khak-e-Zinda Hai Tu, Taba-e-Sitara Nahin Your rank and state cannot be told by one who reads the stars: You are living dust, in sooth, not ruled by Moon or Mars.



Yahin Behisht Bhi Hai, Hoor-o-Jibreel Bhi Hai Teri Nigah Mein Abhi Shaukhi-e-Nazara Nahin The maids of Ed'n and Gabriel eke in this world can be found, But, alas! You lack as yet glances bold and zeal profound.

مير نيز الكان المارة المهجب المسام وهيب بن مجيج بختا كهاره بارزهس

Mere Junoon Ne Zamane Ko Khoob Pehchana Woh Pairhan Mujhe Bakhsha Ke Para Para Nahin My craze has judged aright the bent of times wherein I am born: Love be thanked for granting me the gown entire and untorn.

Ghazab Hai, Ayin-e-Karam Mein Bukheel Hai Fitrat Ke Laal-e-Naab Mein Atish To Hai, Sharara Nahin Spite of Nature's bounty great, its guarding practice, mark! It grants the ruby reddish hue, but denies the heat of spark.

(Bal-e-Jibril-081) Shaur-o-Hosh-o-Khirad Ka Mu'amla Hai Ajeeb

تنوروبېوش وخرو کامعامله ہے عجیب مقام شوق میں بریب و افتطر کے قیب

Shaur-o-Hosh-o-Khirad Ka Maamla Hai Ajeeb Maqam-e-Shauq Mein Hain Sub Dil-o-Nazar Ke Raqeeb Knowledge and reason work in manner strange, In case of Love 'gainst heart and sight they range. ميرجانتا ہوں جاعت کا حشر کیا ہو کا سمال نظری میں گرجیسے خطیب

Mein Janta Hun Jamaat Ka Hashar Kya Ho Ga Masael-e-Nazari Mein Ulajh Gya Hai Khateeb The end of Muslim folk I know full well, On theoretic points their preachers dwell.

ار میزیشت میر کار را بے طواف مری نوامین نهدیر طب ائر هم کان صیب

Agarche Mere Nasheeman Ka Kar Raha Hai Tawwaaf Meri Nawa Mein Nahin Taair-e-Chaman Ka Naseeb Though bird of mead hovers my lodge around, Yet has no share of my melodious sound.

منائيئ مين نصخ رئيس ميم المعثم أن المسلم الم

Suna Hai Main Ne Sukhan Ras Hai Turk-e-Usmani Sunaye Kon Usse Iqbal Ka Ye Shair-e-Ghareeb The Turks, I hear, between the lines can read, Who can this verse so odd convey with speed?

سمجەرىپ دېرە بورىپ كوسم جارا نپا سمجەرىپ دېرىپ كوسم جارا نپا ساك جن كىشىمىت مېرىز ياد قىرىپ!

Samajh Rahe Hain Woh Yourap Ko Hum-Jawaar Apna Sitare Jin Ke Nasheman Se Hain Zaida Qareeb! "You take the West for neighbor sweet and dear, Though Stars to land of yours are close and near."

(Bal-e-Jibril-082) Qataa (Andaz-e-Bayan Garcha Bohat Shokh Nahin Hai)



Qataa SESTET

رنداربی رکرد بہت شوخ نہیں ہے شاید که اُتر جائے ترے ول میں مری بات

Andaz-e-Byan Gharche Bohat Shaukh Nahin Hai Shaid Ke Utar Jaye Tere Dil Mein Meri Baat Though I have little of rhetorician's art, Maybe these words will sink into your heart:

یا ُوسعتِ افسٹ لاک میں تعبسے سرسلسل یا ُوسعتِ افسٹ لاک میں تعبسے ومناجات یا خاک کے اغومشس میں بیسے ومناجات

Ya Wusaat-e-Aflak Mein Takbeer-e-Musalsal Ya Khak Ke Aghosh Mein Tasbeeh-o-Munajat A quenchless crying on God through the boundless sky— A dusty rosary, earth-bound litany—

رگر وه مذهبیب مردان حود آکاه و خدامست به مذهبیب ملا وجمادات نباتات

Woh Mazhab-e-Mardan-e-Khud Agah-o-Khuda Mast Ye Mazhab-e-Mullah-o-Jamadat-o-Nabataat So worship men self-knowing, drunk with God; So worship priest, dead stone, and mindless clod.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Makani Hun Ke Azad-e-Makan Hun

ر . برسبه ر مكانى ئېول كدارا دِ مكال ئيوں جمال بني كننو وسارا جها ئيوں مكانى ئېول كدارا دِ مكال ئيوں

> Makani Hun Ke Azad-e-Makan Hun Jahan Been Hun Ke Khud Sara Jahan Hun Am I bound by space, or beyond space? A world-observer or a world myself?

وه اپنی لام کانی میر میرست مجھے آننا بتا دیں میں کہاں مول ا

Woh Apni La-Makani Mein Rahain Mast Mujhe Itna Bata Dain Main Kahan Hun! Let Him remain happy in His Infinitude, But condescend to tell me where I am.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Zulaam-e-Behar Mein Kho Kar Sanbhal Ja

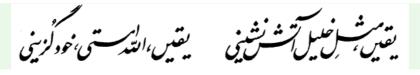
ظلام تحب رمير كه والسنجل جا مرجي الما كها كها كها كمالر بدل جا

Zulaam-E-Behar Mein Koh Kar Sanbhal Ja Tarap Ja, Paich Kha Kha Kar Badal Ja O wave! Plunge headlong into the dark seas, And change thyself with many a twist and turn;

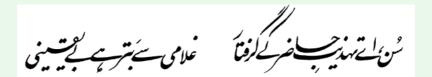
نه يباعل رقيمت ميں ايموج اُم اُم رُحب طن خطيخ بكل جا!

Nahin Sahil Teri Qismat Mein Ae Mouj Ubher Kar Jis Taraf Chahe Nikl Ja! Thou wast not born for the solace of the shore; Arise, untamed, and find a path for thyself

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Yaqeen, Misel-e-Khalil Aatish Nasheeni



Yaqeen. Misl-e-Khalil Atish Nasheeni Yaqeen, Allah Masti, Khud Guzini Faith, like Abraham, sits down in the fire; To have faith is to be drawn into God and to be oneself.



Sun, Ae Tehzeeb-e-Hazir Ke Giraftar Ghulami Se Bat-tar Hai Be-Yaqeeni Listen, you captive of modern civilization, To lack faith is worse than slavery!

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Koi Dekhe To Meri Ne Nawazi

ر کوئی میصے توسی نے نوازی نفس نیدئ تقانم سنداری

Koi Dekhe Tau Meri Ne Nawazi Nafs Hindi, Maqam-e-Naghma Tazi I wish someone saw how I play the flute— The breath is Indian, the tune Arabian!

رب ربحه الودهٔ انداز افٹ نک طبیعت نے نوی قبمت ایزی ا

Nigah Aaloodah Andaz-e-Afrang Tabiyat Ghaznavi, Qismat Ayyazi! My vision has a taint of the Western style; I am a Ghaznavi by temper, but my fate is that of an Ayaz!

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Har Ek Zarre Mein Hai Shaid Makeen Dil

ر بران تے میں شاید حمین ل اس جاؤت میں خاوت شین کی ا

Har Ek Zarre Mein Hai Shaid Makeen Dil Issi Jalwat Mein Hai Khalwat Nasheen Dil A restless heart throbs in every atom; It has its abode, alone, in a multitude; اسيروش ون داير لوين غلام كروش دورانب يرل

Aseer-e-Dosh-o-Farda Hai Walekin Ghulam-e-Gardish-e-Doran Nahin Dil Impaled upon the wheel of days and nights, It remains unchained by the tyranny of time.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Tera Andesha Aflaki Nahin Hai

تراندشاف لانهي ترى يۇازلولالى نەسىيىم تراندىشافى لانىسى تىرى يۇازلولالى نەسىيىم

Tera Andesha Aflaki Nahin Hai Teri Parwaz Loulaki Nahin Hai Your vision is not lofty, ethereal, You do not have the flight of a faith inspired;

مر المام المثن المنتي المنتسب المنتسب

Ye Mana Asal Shaheeni Hai Teri Teri Ankhon Mein Bebaki Nahin Hai You may be of an eagle breed, no doubt, You do not have those bold, piercing eyes.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Na Momin Hai Na Momin Ki Ameeri

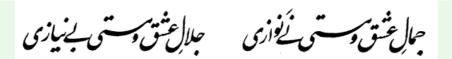
نەمۇمن ہے نەمۇمن كى امىرى رواھوقى ائتى روش خىمىرى

Na Momin Hai Na Momin Ki Ameeri Raha Sufi, Gyi Roshan Zameeri Neither the Muslim nor his power survives; The Sufi has outlived his radiant soul;

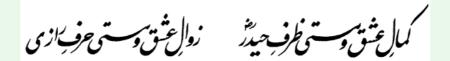
خدسے پر ہی قلب نظر مانک نہیں میں میں میں ایک نے میں

Khuda Se Phir Wohi Qalb-o-Nazar Mang Nahin Mumkin Ameeri Be-Faqeeri Ask God for the heart and soul of men of the past, Become a fakir, first, to regain thy power.

(Bal-e-Jibril-096) Jamal-e-Ishq-o-Masti Ne Nawazi



Jamal-e-Ishq-o-Masti Ne Nawazi Jalal-e-Ishq-o-Masti Be-Niazi The beauty of mystic love is shaped in song; The majesty of mystic love is abandon;



Kamal-e-Ishq-o-Masti Zaraf-e-**Haidar (R.A.)**Zawal-e-Ishq-o-Masti Harf-e-Razi
The peak of mystic love is **Hyder**'s power;
The decline of mystic love is **Razi**'s word.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Vo Mera Ronaq-e-Mehfil Kahan Hai

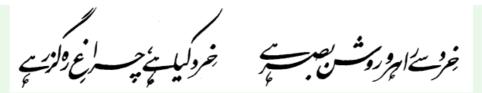
وہ میرار و نوٹی سے کہاں کا مرکب کی مراعا کر لہاں کا

Woh Mera Ronaq-e-Mehfil Kahan Hai Meri Bijli, Mera Hasil Kahan Hai Where is the moving spirit of my life? The thunder-bolt, the harvest of my life?

مقام م كا بخ ل الن الناس الناس

Maqam Iss Ke Hai Dil Ki Khalwaton Mein Khuda Jane Maqam-e-Dil Kahan Hai! His place is in the solitude of the heart, But I know not the place of the heart within.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Khirad Se Rahru Roshan Basar Hai



Khirad Se Rahru Roshan Basar Hai Khirad Kya Hai, Charagh-e-Rah Guzar Hai Reason makes the traveller sharp-sighted. What is reason? It is a lamp that lights up our path.



Duroon-e-Khana Hangame Hain Kya Kya Charagh-e-Rah Guzar Ko Kya Khabar Hai! The commotion raging inside the house— What does the traveller's lamp know of it!

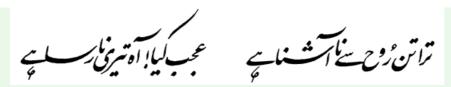
(Bal-e-Jibril-) Yehi Adam Hai Sultan Behar-o-Bar Ka

Yehi Adam Hai Sultan Behar-e-Bar Ka Kahun Kya Majra Iss Be-Basar Ka This Adam—is he the sovereign of land and sea? What can I say about such an incompetent being!

نة وبين نے خدا بين نے جہان يہي شہ کارتے سے رئے ہراؤا

Na Khudbeen, Ne Khuda-Been, Ne Jahan Been Yehi Shehkar Hai Tere Hunar Ka! He is not able to see anything—himself, God, or the world! Is this the masterpiece of Your art?

(Bal-e-Jibril-121) Tera Tan Rooh Se Na-Aashna Hai



Tera Tan Rooh Se Na-Ashna Hai Ajab Kya! Aah Teri Na-Rasa Hai Thy body knows not the secrets of thy heart, And so thy sighs reach not the heights of heaven;

تن بِرُوح سے بیزار ہے ت خدائے زندہ زندو کا حث اپ

Tan-e-Be-Rooh Se Bezar Hai Haq Khuda-e-Zinda, Zindon Ka Khuda Hai God is disgusted with bodies without souls; The living God is the God of living souls.

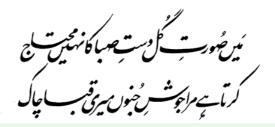
(Bal-e-Jibril-) Qataa - Iqbal Ne Kal Ahl-e-Khiyaban Ko Sunaya



Qataa

ر اقبت لنے کل الم خیب بار کوئنایا سے بیشعرِن ط اور و ٹیرسوز وطرب ال

Iqbal Ne Kal Ahl-e-Khayaban Ko Sunaya Ye Shair-e-Nishat Awar-o-Pursouz-o-Tarabnak Iqbal recited once in a garden in Spring A couplet cheerful and bright in tone and spirit:



Main Soorat-e-Gul Dast-e-Saba Ka Nahin Mouhtaj Karta Hai Mera Josh-e-Junoon Meri Qaba Chaak Unlike the rose, I need no breeze to blossom., My soul doth blossom with my ecstasy.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Ragon Mein Vo Lahoo Baqi Nahin Hai

ر رکوں میں ولہوُ باقی نہیں ہے وہ دل وہ آرزو باقی نہیں ہ

> Ragon Mein Woh Lahoo Baqi Nahin Hai Woh Dil, Woh Arzoo Baqi Nahin Hai That blood of pristine vigour is no more; That yearning heart's power is no more;

نم زوروزه وستبانی و ج سیب بق پی تُو باقی نست

Namaz-o-Roza-o-Qurbani-o-Hajj Ye Sub Baqi Hain, Tu Baqi Nahin Hai Prayer, fasting, hajj, sacrifice survive, But in thee nature's old dower is no more.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Khule Jate Hain Asrar-e-Nihani

ر <u>گفلے جاتے ہیں ہ</u>راہنهانی گیاؤورِ حدیث نِن ترانی ٔ

Khule Jate Hain Asrar-e-Nihani Gya Dour-e-Hadees-e-'Lan Tarani' The veiled secrets are becoming manifest— Bygone the days of you cannot see Me; Huwi Jis Ki Khudi Pehle Namoodar Wohi Mehdi, Wohi Akhir Zamani! Whosoever finds his self first, Is Mahdi himself, the Guide of the Last Age.

(Bal-e-Jibril-) Zamane Ki Ye Gardish Javidana

ز طانے کی پارٹ جب وزا تھے۔ ایک تی اق ضانہ

Zamane Ki Ye Gardish Javidana
Haqiqat Aik Tu, Baqi Fasana
This revolution of time is eternal;
Only you are real, the rest is nothing but tales and legends.

ر کسی نے دوٹ و تھیاہے نہ فردا فقط امروز ہے ہے لڑما نہ

> Kisi Ne Dosh Dekha Hai Na Farda Faqt Amroz Hai Tera Zamana No one has seen yesterday or tomorrow: Today is the only time that is yours!

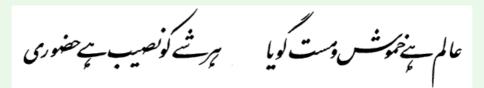
> > (Bal-e-Jibril-) Judai

جبُ دائي

Judai Separation

سُورج منبت ہے آرزرسے ونیاکے لیے روائے نوری

Suraj Bunta Hai Tar-e-Zar Se Dunya Ke Liye Rida-e-Noori The sun is weaving with golden thread A mantle of light about earth's head;



Alam Hai Khamosh-o-Mast Goya Har Shay Ko Naseeb Hai Huzoori Creation hushed in ecstasy, As in the presence of the Most High.

وریا، نسار، حب ند، تارے کیا جانیں بناق و ناصبوری

Darya, Kuhsar, Chand, Tare Kya Janain Faraaq-o-Nasaboori What can these know—stream, hill, moon, star— Of separation's torturing scar?

> شایاں ہے مجھے نے مجانی مین کے ہے۔ رم مُدائی

Shayaan Hai Mujhe Gham-e-Judai Ye Khak Hai Mehram-e-Judai Mine is this golden grief alone, To this dust only is this grief known.

(Bang-e-Dra-) Aik Prinda Aur Juggnu

ر ایک پرنده آورب ای

Aik Parinda Aur Jugnoo-Firefly And Bird

سرِث م ایک مزغ نغمه پیرا مسرکسی میشجی گار داشها

Sar-e-Shaam Aik Murhg-e-Naghma Paira Kisi Tehni Pe Baitha Ga Raha Tha Early one Evening the sweet voice was heard, As it sat on a twig, of a carolling bird.

ر میکتی چیزال وکمیمی زمیں پر اُڑا طائر اُسے بُخوسمجدار

Chamakti Cheez Ek Dekhi Zameen Par
Urha Taeer Usse Jugnu Samajh Kar
When it spied something glittering there on the ground
It flew to the place and a firefly it found.

کہا گئنونے او مرغے نواریز! نیکریکیس بینقار ہوس تیز

Kaha Jugnu Ne O Murgh-e-Nawa Raiz!
Na Kar Bekas Pe Manqar-e-Hawas Taiz
The firefly said: "Bird of the musical charm,
Take your sharp beak away: do a poor one no harm,

تحجیجس نے چہاکی لومهات اسی اللہ نے مجھ کو چہائی

Tujhe Jis Ne Chehak, Gul Ko Mehak Di Ussi Allah Ne Mujh Ko Chamak Di Allah granted you song and gave the flower scent: That same Allah to me did my lustre present.

بالسنورمين توريون يستوريون مين المنظور عجمال كالمورسون مين

Libas-e-Noor Mein Mastoor Hun Main Patangon Ke Jahan Ka Toor Hun Main My being is hidden in garments of light, The zenith of creatures that flutter in flight.

چىك تىرى شبِّ لوش كىم جىك يى ھى فردو برنظر ہے

Chehak Teri Behisht-e-Gosh Agar Hai Chamak Meri Bhi Firdous-e-Nazar Hai If your dulcet note has of Heaven the ear, The eye of that Heaven sees my gleaming clear.

یوں کومیے قدریے ضیا دی سنجھے اُس نےصدائے لُ بادی

Paron Ko Meri Qudat Ne Zia Di Tujhe Uss Ne Sadaye Dil Ruba Di While Nature with sparkle did cover my wing It gave you the song that charms hearts when you sing.

ترى نفت ركو كاناب هايا مجھے گزار كى ث مايا

Teri Manqar Kogana Sikhaya Mujhe Gulzar Ki Mashal Banaya It instructed yours beak in all musical grace And made me the torch of the garden's space.

ر چمک بخشی محطئے اواز تحمه کو دیاہے سور محمد کو ، ساز تحمد کو

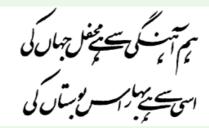
Chamak Bakhsi Mujhe, Awaz Tujh Ko Diya Hai Souz Mujh Ko, Saaz Tujh Ko Flashing it gave you: to me it gave voice. My portion is radiance: in song you rejoice.

مغالف از کامیخ انسین جهان پیاز کامیخ می شوز

Mukhalif Saaz Ka Hota Nahin Souz Jahan Mein Saaz Ka Hai Hum Nasheen Souz Radiance and song in this world are not foes; They cling to each other in harmony close.

قیام بزم سے سے انھی سے فہوراوج ویتی ہے انھی سے

Qayam-e-Bazm-e-Hasti Hai Inhi Se Zahoor-e-Auj-o-Pasti Hai Inhi Se Creation's firm frame is compact of the two: All heights and all depths are to both alike due.



Hum Aahangi Se Hai Mehfil Jahan Ki Iss Se Hai Bahar Iss Bostan Ki They mingle together to make every thing; In this garden from both comes the beauty of spring."

(Bang-e-Dra-) Jinhain Main Dhoondta Tha Asmanon Mein Zameenon Mein

جنعينَ مرقُ صوندُ ما تصانون من مينون وه ن<u>نگيمين ظلمت خان</u>ول مينويس

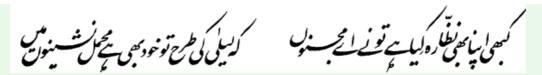
Jinhain Mein Dhondta Tha Asmanon Mein Zameenon Mein Woh Nikle Mere Zulmat Khana-e-Dil Ke Makeenon Mein The one I was searching for on the earth and in heaven Appeared residing in the recesses of my own heart

حسیت بنی انکھور کے نمایا حرج کی اپنی مکان کلا جائے خانہ ول مے کعینوں میں

Haqiqat Apni Ankhon Par Namayan Jab Huwi Apni Makan Nikla Humare Khana-e-Dil Ke Makeenon Mein When the reality of the self became evident to my eyes The house appeared among residents of my own heart

ر سے سر ارکھیا شناہوا ماقر خبر سائی سے توسکولتان بعیرہ الماقر جب بنوں

Agar Kuch Ashana Hota Mazaq-e-Jaba-Sayi Se To Sang-e-Astan-e-Kaaba Ja Milta Jabeenon Mein If it were somewhat familiar with taste of rubbing foreheads The stone of Ka'ba's threshold would have joined the foreheads



Kabhi Apna Bhi Nazara Kiya Hai Tu Ne Ae Majnoon Ke Laila Ki Tarah Tu Bhi Hai Mehmil Nasheenon Mein O Majnun! Have you ever glanced at yourself That like Layla you are also sitting in the litter

مهنے صل کے طربوں اصور کا تصابی میں مسلم اور ان کا انتہاں کی کرزتی ویرم سے نول میں اس میں میں میں میں میں میں م مہنے وہل کے طربوں ای مورک کے جائے تا

Mahine Wasl Ke Ghariyon Ki Soorat Urte Jate Hain Magar Ghariyan Judai Ki Guzerti Hain Mahinon Mein The months of the union continue flying like moments But the moments of separation linger for months!

مجے وی کا تُو انے خلا لیا غرق مونے سے کے جو ڈوبنا ہوڈو و جاتے ہیں خینوں یں

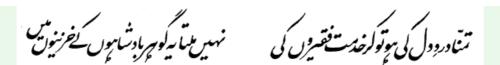
Mujhe Roke Ga Tu Ae Na-Khuda Kya Gharaq Hone Se Ke Jin Ko Doobna Ho, Doob Jate Hain Safeenon Mein O seaman, how will you protect me from being drowned As those destined to drowning get drowned in the boats also

چُھیا ایُسن کو لینے کلیم اللہ سے بس نے میں ایک افریں ہے جلوہ بیرا نازمین نول یا ایک اللہ سے بیادہ میں اللہ سے ب

Chupaya Husn Ko Apne Kaleem-Ullah Se Jis Ne Wohi Naz Afreen Hai Jalwa Pera Naaz Neenon Mein The one who concealed His Beauty from Kalim Allah The same Beloved is manifest among beloveds

میں اس کے اس کے اس کے اس کی اس کا اس کے ا

Jala Sakti Hai Shama-e-Kushta Ko Mouj-e-Nafas In Ki Elahi! Kya Chupa Hota Hai Ahl-e-Dil Ke Seenon Mein The breath of Lovers can light up the extinguished candle O God! What is kept concealed in the breast of the Lovers?



Tamanna Dard-e-Dil Ki Ho To Kar Khidmat Faqeeron Ki Nahin Milta Ye Gohar Badshahon Ke Khazeenon Mein Serve the fakirs if you have the longing for Love This pearl is not available in the treasures of kings

نە ئۇچلەن قىرىن دارى تەرىپەل كى ئىرىن كىلىن ئىلىلى ئىلىن ئىلىلىن كىلىن ك

Na Puch In Kharqa Poshon Ki, Iradat Ho To Dekh In Ko Yad-e-Baiza Liye Baithe Hain Apni Asteenon Mein Do not ask of these Devotees, if you have faith, you should look at them They have the illuminated palm up their sleeves

> رَستی نِیجًا، ارب جسے نظار نے معنی ورونق نجمن کہے اُنھی وت کونیوں ترستی نیج ، ارب جسے نظار نے

> Tarasti Hai Nigah-e-Narsa Jis Ke Nazare Ko Woh Ronaq Anjuman Ki Hai Inhi Khalwat Guzinon Mein The insightful eye for whose spectacle is tantalized That elegance of congregation is in these very recluses

کسی ایشرسے میپونک لینے خرمن ول کو سے کنوزید قبیات بھی ہوئیے شاہ میپنول

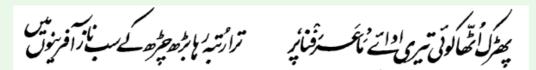
Kisi Aese Sharar Se Phoonk Apne Kharman-e-Dil Ko Ke Khursheed-e-Qayamat Bhi Ho Tere Khosha Cheenon Mein Burn the produce of your heart with some such spark That the Last Day's sun may also be among your gleaners

محتت محینے لیڈھونڈ کوئی ٹوٹنے الا میں میں جے جسے گھتے وین ال المبنوں

Mohabbat Ke Liye Dil Dhoond Koi Tootne Wala Ye Woh Mai Hai Jise Rakhte Hain Nazuk Abgeenon Mein For Love search for some heart which would become mortified This is the wine which is kept in delicate wine glasses

سراييس بي بي الماسي الم

Sarapa Husn Ban Jata Hai Jis Ke Husn Ka Ashiq Bhala Ae Dil Haseen Aesa Bhi Hai Koi Haseenon Mein The Beauty itself becomes the Lover of whose Beauty O Heart! Does someone among the beautiful has that beauty?



Pharak Utha Koi Teri Adaye 'MA ARAFNA' Par Tera Rutba Raha Barh Charh Ke Sub Naaz Afreenon Mein Someone became highly excited at your grace of Ma'arafna Your rank remained among the most elegant of all the Lovers

نمایار مولی الداد کے بھی ان کوجال اپنا ہمت میں سے جرچے دیرے باریک بینوں نمایار مولی العلادے بھی ان کوجال اپنا

Namayan Ho Ke Dikhla De Kabhi In Ko Jamal Apna Bohat Muddat Se Cherche Hain Tere Bareek Beenon Mein Manifest Yourself and show them Your Beauty some time Talks have continued among the sagacious since long time

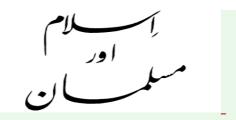
خوش اے لئے مرتجفل مرجی انہاں تھیا ۔ اوجہلا قریبے محبیکے قرینوں میں

Khamosh Ae Dil! Bhari Mehfil Mein Chillana Nahin Acha Adab Pehla Qareena Hai Mohabbat Ke Qareenon Mein Silent, O Heart! Crying in the full assembly is not good Decorum is the most important etiquette among the ways of Love

گراسمجھول نصین مجھے سنے ایسا بہنہ رست استحمول نصین مجھے سنے ایسا کی میں کرمذخر دھرتی مہول قبال ایٹ مکتہ حبینیوں

Bura Samajhun Inhain, Mujh Se To Aesa Ho Nahin Sakta Ke Main Khud Bhi To Hun Iqbal Apne Nukta Cheenon Mein It is not possible for me to deem my critics bad Because Iqbal, I am myself among my critics

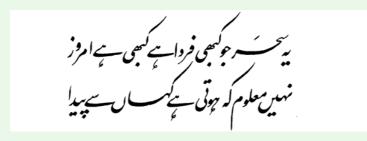
(Zarb-e-Kaleem-004)



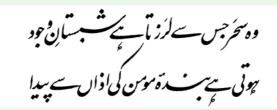
Islam Aur Mussalman



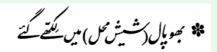
Subah-Dawn



Ye Sehar Jo Kabhi Farda Hai Kabhi Hai Amroz Nahin Maloom Ke Hoti Hai Kahan Se Paida The morn (morning) that shifts so soon tomorrow new, Whence it comes is only known to few:



Woh Sehar Jis Se Larazta Hai Shabistan-e-Wujood Hoti Hai Banda-e-Momin Ki Azan Se Paida The dark abode of being is shook by morn, Which by Muslim's call to prayer is born.

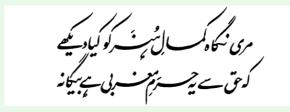


Bhopal (Sheesh Mehal) Mein Likhe Gye

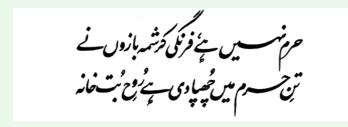
(Zarb-e-Kaleem-112)



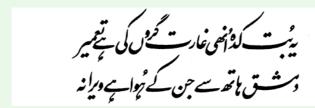
Paris Ki Masjid-Paris Mosque



Meri Nigah Kamal-e-Hunar Ko Kya Dekhe Ke Haq Se Ye Haram-e-Maghrabi Hai Begana What should my eyes, but an architect's Nimbleness, See in this shrine of the West? It knows nothing of God.



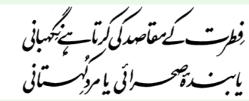
Haram Nahin Hai, Farangi Karishma Bazon Ne Tan-e-Haram Mein Chupa Di Hai Rooh-e-Butkhana Mosque?—the Frankish illusionists Have smuggled into the carcass of a shrine, an idol-hall's soul!



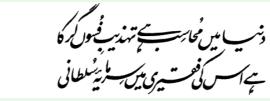
Ye But-Khuda Unhi Gharat Garon Ki Hai Tamer
Damishq Hath Se Jin Ke Huwa Hai Weerana
And who built this palace of idols?
The same robbers whose hands have turned Damascus into a desert.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-205-Book Complete)

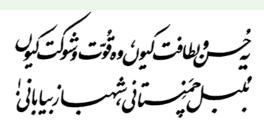
(20)



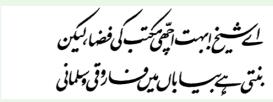
Fitrat Ke Maqasid Ki Karta Hai Nigehbani Ya Banda-e-Sehrai Ya Mard-e-Kuhistani The man of the desert of the mountains Alone can further the purposes of Nature.



Dunya Mein Muhasib Hai Tehzeeb-e-Fasoon Gar Ka Hai Iss Ki Faqeeri Mein Sarmaya-e-Sultani He is the critic of the culture that casts spell all around, His faqr is the first step to kingship.



Ye Husn-o-Latafat Kyun, Woh Quwwat-o-Shoukat Kyun Bulbul Chamanistani, Shahbaz Byabani! Why this beauty and charm, why that power and majesty? The nightingale of the garden and the hawk of the desert!



Ae Sheikh! Bohat Achi Maktab Ki Faza, Lekin Banti Hai Byaban Mein Farooqi-o-Salmani O Shaykh! The atmosphere in the school is so pleasant, But only in deserts are people like Faruq and Salman born. صدىوں مىركىس بىدا ہو تاہے دىنے سے كا تلوار تے ہے نئے سلمانی !

Sadiyon Mein Kahin Paida Hota Hai Hareef Uss Ka Talwar Hai Taizi Mein Sehbaye Musalmani! The rapturous wine of a Muslim is as keen as a sword, Its rival is hardly born after centuries.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-204)

(19)

زگاہ وہ نہ سی عرب خ وزردیہ پانے زگاہ وہ ہے کرمحت بے مسلم فیار نہیں

Nigah Woh Nahin Jo Surkh-o-Zard Pehchane Nigah Woh Hai Ke Mouhtaj-e-Mehr-o-Mah Nahin rue sight is not that distinguishes between red and purple, True sight is not dependent upon the sun and the moon.

> فرنگ سے بہت آئے ہے سنزلِ مومن قدم اٹھا!میمت ام انتہائے راہ نہیں

Farang Se Bohat Aage Hai Manzil-e-Momin Qadam Utha! Ye Maqam Intahaye Rah Nahin The destination of the believer is beyond the Frankish horizon; Take courage, it is not the end of your journey.

> کھنے ہیں۔ کے لیے جبوں کے بیخانے عث اوم تازہ کی سے تبیال ن نہیں

Khule Hain Sub Ke Liye Ghareebon Ke Maikhane Uloom-e-Taza Ki Sarmastiyan Gunah Nahin The taverns of the West are open for all: The ecstasy of the new learning is not a sin.

الى ئىسىئرورىي ئۇيىڭ يەموت بىجى ئىتىرى ترسىيىن مىن اكرىس دۇر لارالەئنىسى

Issi Suroor Mein Poshida Mout Bhi Hai Teri Tere Badan Men Agar Souz-e-'La Ilah' Nahin The exhilaration will lead you death If you do not have the burning of 'La Ilah'.

ئنىس كىيىسى ئى مەلاخانزادكان كىيىز؟ گىيم كويشس مۇر ئىي صاحب كلانهىي!

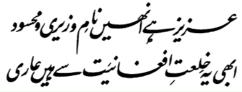
Sunain Ge Meri Sada Khanzadgan-e-Kabeer? Gileem Posh Hon Main Sahib-e-Kulah Nahin! Will the great Sirdar listen to my feeble voice? I am only a dervish lacking in worldly honor.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-203)

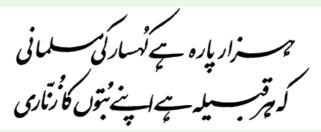
(18)

نیکحت خوب کہا مشیرشاہ سُوری نے کہ است یازِ قب الیس م ترخواری

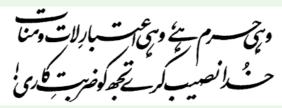
Ye Nukta Khoob Kaha Sher Shah Suri Ne Ke Imtiaz-e-Qabail Tamam Tar Khwari Sher Shah Suri has so well said: The distinction of tribes is the cause of all ruin.



Aziz Hai Unhain Naam-e-Waziri-o-Mehsood Abhi Ye Khilaat-e-Afghaniat Se Hain Aari Waziris and Mahsuds are names dearest to heart; Alas! They feel no pride in being Afghans.



Hazar Parah Hai Kuhasar Ki Musalmani Ke Har Qabeela Hai Apne Buton Ka Zunnari The Muslims of the mountains are divided into thousand tribes, And every tribe has its own idol.



Wohi Haram Hai, Wohi Itebaar-e-Laat-o-Manaat Khuda Naseeb Kare Tujh Ko Zarbat-e-Kari! The same sanctuary is filled with Lat and Manat; May God grant you power to break them all.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-202)

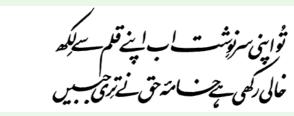
(17)

ار اکس کیٹیونک دیتی ہے برناوپیرلو لاکھوں میں ایک بھی چوالرصاحب بیقیں

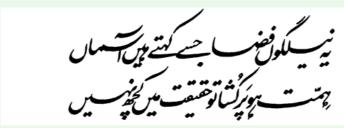
Aag Uss Ki Phoonk Deti Hai Barna-o-Peer Ko Lakhon Mein Aik Bhi Ho Agar Sahib-e-Yaqeen One man of certitude among millions Can set afire all old and young.

> ہو آہے کوہ و ڈست میں کاکھی ہی وہ مردب فقمت خرنف کو کرنے کیں

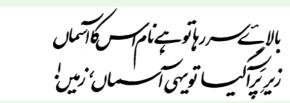
Hota Hai Koh-o-Dasht Mein Paida Kabhi Kabhi Woh Mard Jis Ka Faqr Khazaf Ko Kare Nageen Seldom is born a man in this world Whose faqr can transmute earth into gold.



Tu Apni Sar-Nawisht Ab Apne Qalam Se Likh Khali Rakhi Hai Khama-e-Haq Ne Teri Jabeen Write your destiny with your own hand; God's pen has written nothing in your book of fate.



Ye Neelgun Faza Jise Kehte Hai Asaman Himmat Ho Par Kusha To Haqiqat Mein Kuch Nahin This bluish heaven which people call sky, Is nothing if you are daring enough.



Balaye Sar Raha To Hai Naam Uss Ka Asman Zair-e-Par Aa Gya To Yehi Asam, Zameen! It is sky if it is above your head; If it is under your wings, it becomes earth.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-201)

(16)

Qoumon Ke Liye Mout Hai Markaz Se Juddai
Ho Sahib-e-Markaz To Khudi Kya Hai, Khudai!
It is death for the nations to be cut off from the Centre;
When khudi maintains this connection, becomes powerful as God.

ر از المرابی دورال کا کامیٹ جونفست رمیں باقی ہے انجی ٹوبٹے کلائی اُس ففست رمیں باقی ہے انجی ٹوبٹے کلائی

Jo Faqr Huwa Talkhi-e-Douran Ka Gila Mand Uss Faqr Mein Baqi Hai Abhi Bu-e-Gadai Faqr that complains of straitended circumstances, Savors of begging-profession.

اسے ئورمیں بھی مردحٹ اکو ہےئیسر معجب نرہ بربت کو نباسکتا ہے رائی

Iss Dour Mein Bhi Mard-e-Khuda Ko Hai Mayyasar Jo Maujaza Parbat Ko Bana Sakta Hai Rai Even today the man of God can show the miracle That can change a mountain into a mote!

ر عب رکه بے سورِ تو ذو قے نتواں یافت ایس نے مومن تو کھیسائی تو کھیسائی

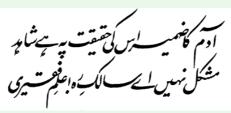
Dar Maarka Be-Souz-e-To Zauqe Natawaan Yaafat Ae Banda-e-Momin Tu Kujai, Tu Kujai O true believer! Where art thou? Without your ecstasy, there is no joy in the struggle.

خورث یاسلریژوشش ت کی کر پہنا مرے کہار کو ملبوسٹرٹ اُن

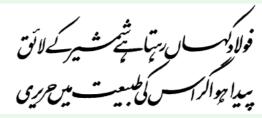
Khursheed! Sara Parda-e-Mashriq Se Nikl Kar Pehna Mere Kuhsar Ko Malboos-e-Hinai O Sun! Come out from behind the curtain of the East, Adorn my hills with your purple-colored rays.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-200)

(15)



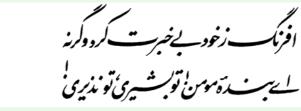
Adam Ka Zameer Iss Ki Haqiqat Pe Hai Shahid Mushkil Nahin Ae Salik-e-Rah! Ilm-e-Faqeeri The story of man is a witness to the truth: O wayfarer! The way of fagr is not difficult.



Foulad Kahan Rehta Hai Shamsheer Ke Laeek Paida Ho Agar Iss Ki Tabiat Mein Harairi Steel that develops the character of silk Ceases to be suitable for the sword.

> خود دارنه رفعت رتوت في سرالهي روصاحب غيرت توتيم سيريري

Khud-Dar Na Ho Faqr To Hai Qehr-e-Elahi Ho Sahib-e-Ghairat To Hai Tamheed-e-Ameeri When faqr is not self-reliant, it becomes God's wrath, When it is self-reliant, it is forerunner of kingship.



Afrang Zakhud Be-Khabarat Kard Wagarna Ae Banda-e-Momin! Tu Basheeri, Tu Nazeeri! The Franks have made you forgetful of yourself, Otherwise, O believer, you are a warner and bearer of tidings.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-199)

(14)

بے مُراَسِ ندانہ ہِرشش تے مُواہی اُرُو ہے قوی سس کا ، وہشت زرالہی بارُو ہے قوی سس کا ، وہشت زرالہی

Be Juraat-e-Rindana Har Ishq Hai Rubahi Bazoo Hai Qawi Jis Ka, Woh Ishq Yadullahi Without the boldness of an outspoken man, Love is deceit and fraud; Love that enjoys power is the hand of God.

> و بختی منسزل کوسامان عنسه سمجھ اروائة تن اسانی! ناپیدیے و در ای

Jo Sakhti-e-Manzil Ko Saman-e-Safar Samjhe Ae Waye Tan Asani! Na-Paid Hai Woh Raahi A wayfarer for whom the difficulties of the path Are like traveling provisions, is scarce these days.

> وشت بیجه کس تولئردگرمیانی! کساری شنوت شیع کیم خودگایی

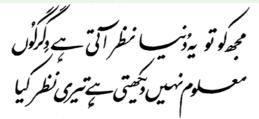
Wehshat Na Samajh Iss Ko Ae Mard-e-Maidani!
Kuhsaar Ki Khalwat Hai Taleem-e-Khud Aagahi
O man of the plains! Don't be surprised;
Solitude of the mountains produces sense of self-awareness.

وُسٰڀے۔دوایا تی عُقلی ہے۔ اماق درباز دوسے الم را'این ہست شہنٹائی

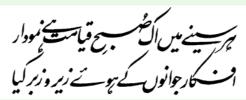
Dunya Hai Rawayati, Uqba Hai Manajati Darbaz Do-Alam Ra, Aeen Ast Shehanshahi! This world is mere story, that world is often sung about, True kingdom is to set aside both the worlds.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-198)

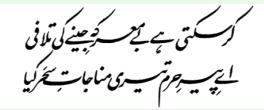
(13)



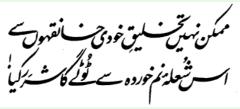
Mujh Ko To Ye Dunya Nazar Ati Hai Digargoon Maloom Nahin Dekhti Hai Teri Nazar Kya To me this world appears topsy-turvy; I don't know what you feel about it.



Har Seene Mein Ek Subah-e-Qayamat Hai Namoodar Afkar Jawanon Ke Huwe Zair-o-Zabar Kya Every heart is experiencing a Resurrection, Nothing strange if the young are feeling confused.



Kar Sakti Hai Be Maarka Jeene Ki Talaafi Ae Peer-e-Haram Teri Manajaat-e-Sehar Kya Old man of the harem, your morning prayers Can hardly bring the dead to life without bold exploits.



Mumkin Nahin Takhleeq-e-Khudi Khanqahon Se Iss Shaola-e-Nam Khorda Se Toote Ga Sharar Kya! These monasteries can't help in the development of the khudi, No spark can fall from half-choked flames.



Zamana Time

عِتانىن ئِ جِبِ نَهِ كَالِي كِالْعِلْمِ أَنْ قرية رَبِ نُوْدِس كَيْ أَسى كَانْتَ تَا تَنْ مِنْ أَنْ

Jo Tha Nahin Hai, Jo Hai Na Ho Ga, Yehi Hai Ek Harf-e-Mehrmana Qareeb Tar Hai Namood Jis Ki Ussi Ka Mushtaq Hai Zamana What was, has faded: what is, is fading: but of these words few can tell the worth; Time still is gaping with expectation of what is nearest its hour of birth.

> مری صراحی سے قطرہ قطرہ نئے حادث ٹیک رہے ہیں ئیرل نتی سیح روز وثب کا ششمار کر آ ہوں اندو ان

Meri Soorahi Se Qatra Qatra Naye Hawadis Tapak Rahe Hain Main Apni Tasbeeh-e-Roz-o-Shab Ka Shumar Karta Hon Dana Dana New tidings slowly come drop by drop from my pitcher gurgling of time's new sights, As I count over the beads strung out on my threaded rosary of days and nights.

ر پرایک کے شنا پوزائین جُامُارِس مراہ میری سی کاراک سی کارکب سی کومریت کے آزایت

Har Aik Se Ashna Hun, Lekin Juda Juda Rasme-o-Rah Meri Kisi Ka Raakab, Kisi Ka Markab, Kisi Ko Ibrat Ka Taziyana With each man friendly, with each I vary, and have a new part at my command: To one the rider, to one the courser, to one the whiplash of reprimand.

> ئەتھالد توشرائىڭ ئوسۇرىيدا ئىسالدىرا مراطرىق نىمىن كەركەلول كىي خاطرے شنبا

Na Tha Agar Tu Shareek-e-Mehfil, Qasoor Mera Hai Ya Ke Tera Mera Tareeka Nahin Ke Rakh Loon Kisi Ki Khatar Mai'ay Shabana If in the circle you were not numbered, was it your own fault or mine? To humor no-one am I accustomed to keep untasted the midnight wine!

> مرجب و پيچاونجومي لي آنوپوپ نتي نهير ۽ پرفڪ سيڪانه تريرائس کا نظر نهين جس کي ماوٽ ن

Mere Kham-o-Paich Ko Najoomi Ki Ankh Pehchanti Nahin Hai Hadaf Se Baigana Teer Uss Ka, Nazar Nahin Jis Ki Arfana No planet-gazer can ever see through my winding mazes; for when the eye That aims it sees by no lights from Heaven, the arrow wavers and glances by. ے شفق نهیں نے باکی فق رئی پر نیجئے خوال طعوع مسٹ ڈا کامنتظرہ کہ دوشش م امروز ہے فٹ

Shafaq Nahin Maghrabi Ufaq Par, Ye Jooye Khoon Hai, Ye Jooye Khoon Hai!
Tulu-e-Farda Ka Muntazir Reh Ke Dosh-o-Amroz Hai Fasana
That is no dawn at the Western skyline—it is a bloodbath, that ruddy glow!
Await to-morrow; our yesterday and to-day are legends of long ago.

وهب گُرُت خرب نے مُرایکے بے فطرت کی طاقتوں کو اُسی ایسیت بجلیوں سے خطر میں ہے اُس کا ہشتے نے

Woh Fikar-e-Ghustakh Ji Ne Uryaan Kiya Hai Fitrat Ki Taqaton Ko Ussi Ki Betab Bijliyon Se Khatr Mein Hai Uss Ka Ashiyana From Nature's forces their reckless science has stripped the garments away, until At last its own nesting-place is scorched by the restless lightning it cannot still:

> چوائیں اُن کی فضائیں اُن کی ہمندر اُن کے جہاز اُن کے کرہ بھٹور کی گھٹے تو کیونکڑ بھٹوریے تعت در کا بہنا

Hawaen Un Ki, Fazaen Un Ki, Sumundar Un Ke, Jahaz Un Ke Girah Bhanwar Ki Khule To Kyunkar, Bhanwar Hai Taqeer Ka Bahana To them the trade-wind belongs, the sky-way, to them the ocean, to them the ship— It shall not serve them to calm the whirlpool by which their fate holds them in its grip!

> حمان ئو ټور پاپ يا ، وه عالم پ مرر پاپ جين زين سرين جين زين س برس نين د يا په تمار خا

Jahan-e-Nau Ho Raha Hai Paida, Woh Alam-e-Peer Mar Raha Hai Jise Farangi Muqamiron Ne Bana Diya Hai Qimar Khana But now a new world is being born, while this old one sinks out of sight of men, This world the gamblers of Europe turned into nothing else than a gambling-den.

> ہُوا ہے کوئٹ فرتیزلیکی پراغ اپنا مبلارہے وہ مرد درویش حب کوحق نے دیے ہیں نداز خسوا

Hawa Hai Go Tund-o-Taiz Lekin Charagh Apna Jala Raha Hai Woh Mard-e-Darvesh Jis Ko Haq Ne Diye Hain Andaz-e-Khusarwana That man will still keep his lantern burning, however tempests blow strong and cold, Whose soul is centred on high, whose temper the Lord has cast in the royal mould.

> Dua Prayer

يارب! دارسلم او وه زند توت نے جواب اور مانے ورق کو ترميا دے

Ya Rab! Dil-e-Muslim Ko Woh Zinda Tamana De Jo Qalb Ko Garma De, Jo Rooh Ko Tarpa De Lord, fill the Muslim's heart with a desire so fervent That it will set his heart aflame and stir his soul.

میرادی فارال کے مرفت کوچھائے سے میراوی ماشائے میزوق تقاضائے

Phir Wadi-e-Faran Ke Har Zarre Ko Chamka De Phir Shauq-e-Tamasha De, Phir Zauq-e-Taqaza Light up again every speck of dust in the Valley of Faran. Make us long again for beautiful sights, and create in us the urge to make demands.

محرومهات لوپھرديدة بيان ديمائي ديماني اورونو مجي لھلائے

Mehroom-e-Tamasha Ko Phir Dida-e-Beena De Dekha Hai Jo Kuch Mein Ne Auron Ko Bhi Dikhla De Give piercing vision to those deprived of sight, and show to others what I have seen.

ر را بھند ہوئے آبولو میرفئے عرم لے جل مشند ہوئے آبولو میرفئے عرم لے جل

Bhatke Huway Aahu Ko Phir Soo'ay Haram Le Chal Iss Sheher Ke Khugar Ko Phir Wusaat-e-Sehra De Lead the stray gazelle back to the Sanctuary. It has grown used to the city - Give it back the vastness of the desert.

پیا دافرراں میر بھرشورش م حشر کر المحمل اِخالی کو میرش دلیلادے

Paida Dil-e-Weeran Mein Phir Shaurish-e-Mehshar Kar Iss Mehmil-e-Khali Ko Phir Shahid-e-Laila De Stir up again the ruins of the heart with a commotion like judgment Day. Let this empty litter once again seat a sweetheart - a Layla!

اسردور کظیمت میں برطب پریشاں کو وہ داغ محبّ سے جعیانہ کو شرمادے

Iss Dour Ki Zulmat Mein Har Qalb-e-Preshan Ko Woh Dagh-e-Mohabbat De Jo Chand Ko Sharma De In the darkness of this age give to every troubled heart Scars of love that would shame the moon.

رفت میقاصد کو بهدوش شریار خودداری اصل نے ازادی دمایے

Riffat Mein Maqasid Ko Humdosh-e-Surraya Kar Khuddari-e-Sahil De, Azadi-e-Darya De Let the goals be as high as the Pleiades. Give us the calm and poise of the shore, But the freedom of the sea.

بے کو شعبت ہوئے جباک صداقت ہم مسینوں میں جالاکر والصورت میا ہے

Be Lous Mohabbat Ho, Bebak Sadaqat Ho
Seenon Mein Ujala Kar, Dil Soorat-e-Meena De
Let love be selfless and truth fearless;
Let our breasts be flooded with light-Make our hearts clear as crystal.

ر امرزی و سین بیت فودا می امرزی و سین بیت فردا می

Ehsas Anayat Kar Asaar-e-Mosibat Ka Amroz Ki Shuarish Mein Andesha-e-Farda De Enable us to foresee the calamity that is coming; In the midst of today's upheaval give us a vision of tomorrow.

> ئىرىيى لۇلاچى _اكە اُمْرِكُىلىك كا تاتىرۇلسال يېزىكىت جازدا تىكىل

Main Bulbul-e-Nalan Hun Ek Ujre Gulistan Ka Taseer Ka Saa'il Hun, Mauhtaj Ko, Data De! I am a nightingale making my lament; I am from a garden which has been ravaged. I wish that my prayer would have effect—Give to a beggar, bounteous Lord!

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-011) Ilm-o-Ishq

علم وعشق

Ilm-o-Ishq KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE

علم نے مجھ سے کہا عثق ہے دیوا نہ پن عشق نے مجہ سے کہا علم ہے تخب ین ڈلن

Ilm Ne Mujh Se Kaha Ishq Hai Diwana-Pan Ishq Ne Mujh Se Kaha Ilm Hai Takhmeen-o-Zan Knowledge said to me, Love is madness; Love said to me, Knowledge is calculation—

> بت رضين وظن! رم کت بن عشق سرا پا حضور علم سرا پا ججابا

Band-e-Takhmeen-o-Zan! Kirm-e-Kitabi Na Ban Ishq Sarapa Huzoor, Ilm Sarapa Hijab! O slave of calculation, do not be a bookworm! Love is Presence entire, Knowledge nothing but a Veil.

> عثق گری سے ہے سے رکز کا ئنات علم مت مصفات ،عثق تماث نے ذات

Ishq Ki Garmi Se Hai Maarka-e-Kainat Ilm Maqam-e-Sifat, Ishq Tamasha-e-Zaat The universe is moved by the warmth of Love; Knowledge deals with the Attributes, Love is a vision of the Essence;

عثق سکُون وُنبات عِشق حیات ممات علم ہے پیلاسوال عثق ہے پنہاں جواب!

Ishq Sukoon-o-Sabat,Ishq Hayat-o-Mamat Ilm Hai Paida Sawal, Ishq Hai Pinhan Jawab! Love is peace and permanence, Love is Life and Death: Knowledge is the rising question, Love is the hidden answer.

> عثق کے ہیں عزات سلطنت وفقر و دیں عثق کے او نی عند ام صاحب تاج و تکسیں

Ishq Ke Hain Maujazat Saltanat-o-Faqr-o-Deen Ishq Ke Adna Ghulam Sahib-e-Taj-o-Nageen

Kingdom, faith and faqr are all miracles of Love;

عثق مکان ومکیر، عشق زمان وزمیں عثق سے راپایقین اور یقیر منتج اب!

The crowned kings and lords are base slaves of Love;

Ishq Makan-o-Makeen, Ishq Zaman-o-Zameen Ishq Sarapa Yaqeen, Aur Yaqeen Fatah-e-Bab! Love is the Space and the Creation, Love is Time and Earth! Love is conviction entire, and conviction is the key!

> شرع محبّت میں ہے عشرتِ منزل حرام شورِث رِطُوفاں علالُ لذّتِ ساحل حرام

Shara-e-Mohabbat Mein Hai Ishrat-e-Manzil Haraam Shorish-e-Toofan Halal, Lazzat-e-Sahil Haraam The luxury of destination is forbidden in the religion of Love; Fighting the storms is permitted, but the comfort of the shore is forbidden;

> عثق کیجب معلال عشق میں کے حرام علم ہے ابن الکتاب، عشق ہے اُم الکتاب!

Ishq Pe Bijli Halal, Ishq Pe Hasil Haraam
Ilm Hai Ibn-Ul-Kitab, Ishq Umm-Ul-Kitab!
Lightning is permitted to Love, Harvest is forbidden.
Knowledge is the child of the Book, Love is the mother of the Book.

(Bang-e-Dra-092) March 1907 (۱۹۰۷ مارچ)

March 1907

Zamana Aya Hai Behijabi Ka, Aam Didar-e-Yar Ho Ga Sakoot Tha Parda Dar Jis Ka, Woh Raaz Ab Ashkar Ho Ga Era has come for openness, so Beloved's Sight will be common. The secret which silence had concealed will be unveiled

گزرگیااب وه دَورِساتی کُرمُپ پیتے تھے پینے وا بنے کا ساراجہاں حیث نہ ، سرِکوئی بان خوار ہو کا

Guzar Gya Ab Woh Dor Saqi Ke Chup Ke Peete The Peene Wale Bane Ga Sara Jahan Maikhana, Har Koi Bada Khwar Ho Ga

O Cup-bearer! Time has gone when wine was taken secretly. The whole world will become a wine-seller shop, everyone will be drinking

> ر کسمی دو آ وارٔهٔ خنوں تھے موبستیوں میں تھے ابسیرے بیسے نے بائی وہی رہے گی ، مگر نیاحت رزار موکا

Kabhi Jo Awara'ay Junoon The, Woh Bastiyon Mein Phir Aa Basain Ge Barhna Payi Wohi Rahe Gi, Magar Naya Khar Zaar Ho Ga Those who once wandered insane, will return to habitations Lovers' wandering will be the same but deserts will be new

> سُنادیا گوشن نتظر کوهجب زکن خامشی نے آخر جوعبر جرائیوں سے باندھاکیا تھا ، پھرائٹ توار ہوگا

Suna Diya Gosh-e-Muntazir Ko Hijaz Ki Khamshi Ne Akhir Jo Ehad Sehraiyon Se Bandha Gya Tha, Phir Ustawar Ho Ga The Hijaz' silence has proclaimed to the waiting ear at last The agreements(promises) established with desert's inhabitants will be re-affirmed

> نکل مے سواھے بنے رومال مطنت کو اسٹ دیاتھا مُن ہے میڈور سیوس میں نئے وہٹ پر مورش ارمج

Nikl Ke Sehra Se Jis Ne Roma Ki Saltanat Ko Ulat Diya Tha Suna Hai Ye Qudsiyon Se Main Ne, Woh Sher Phir Hoshyar Ho Ga

Which coming out of deserts had overturned the Roman Empire

I have heard from the Qudsis (Angels) that the same 'Lion' will be re-awakened

کیا مرا تذکرہ حزب تی نے بادہ خواروں کی تجب ن میں تو پیرچین نرشن کے گئے گا کہ مدیمیٹ ہے خوار کچ

Kiya Mera Tazkara Jo Saqi Ne Badah Khawaron Ki Anjuman Mein To Peer-e-Maikhana Sun Ke Kehne Laga Ke Munh Phat Hai, Khuwar Ho Ga

As the cup-bearer mentioned me in the wine-drinkers' assembly The tavern's sage said,

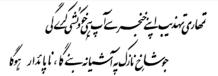
"He is insolent, he will be disgraced"

Maghrib Ke Rehne Walo! Khuda Ki Basti Dukan Nahin Hai

Diyar-e-

382

Khara Jise Tum Samajh Rahe Ho, Woh Ab Zr-e-Kam Ayaar Ho Ga O Western world's inhabitants, God's world is not a shop! What you are considering genuine, will be regarded counterfeit(fake)

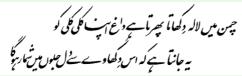


Tumhari Tehzeeb Apne Khanjar Se Ap Hi Khudkushi Kare Gi Jo Shakh-e-Nazuk Pe Ashiyana Bane Ga, Na Paidar Ho Ga Your civilization will commit suicide with its own dagger(knife) The nest built on the weak branch will not be permanent, stable



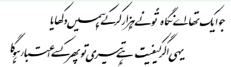
Safina'ay Barg-e-Gul Bana Le Ga Qafla Moor-e-Natawan Ka Hazar Moujon Ki Ho Kashakash Magar Ye Darya Se Paar Ho Ga

The caravan of the feeble ants will make fleet of rose petals However strong the ocean waves' tumult(uprising) be, it will cross the ocean



Chaman Mein Lala Dikhata Phirta Hai Dagh Apna Kali Kali Ko Ye Janta Hai Ke Iss Dikhawe Se Dil Jalon Mein Shumar Ho Ga

The Lala (a bird), shows its spots to every flower-bud in the garden. Knowing that by doing this it will be among the Love haters



Jo Aik Tha Ae Nigah Tu Ne Hazar Kar Ke Humain Dikhaya Yehi Agar Kaifiyat Hai Teri To Phir Kise Itibaar Ho Ga

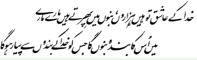
O Sight! That was the One you showed us as a thousand

If this is your state what will be your credibility?

کہا جقمری سے میں خلک ن سیاں کے آزادیا بڑل ہیں توغُنچے کہنے کیئے ہمارے چسسن کا یہ راز دار ہوگا

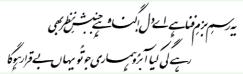
Kaha Jo Qumri Se Main Ne Ek Din, Yahan Ke Azad Pa Ba Gil Hain To Ghunche Kehne Lage, Humare Chaman Ka Ye Raazdaar Ho Ga

As I told the turtledove one day the free of here are treading on dust! The buds started saying that I must be the knower of the garden's secrets!



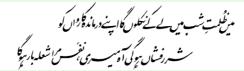
Khuda Ke Ashiq To Hain Hazaron, Bannu Mein Phirte Hain Mare Mare Mein Uss Ka Banda Bano Ga Jis Ko Khuda Ke Bandon Se Pyar Ho Ga

There are thousands of God's Lovers, who are roaming in the wilderness I shall adore the one who will be the lover of God's people



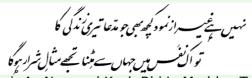
Ye Rasm-e-Bazm-e-Fana Hai Ae Dil! Gunah Hai Junbish-e-Nazar Bhi Rahe Gi Kya Abru Humari Jo Tu Yahan Be-Qarar Ho Ga

This is the world's custom, O Heart! Even winking is a sin What will our respect be if you will be restless here?



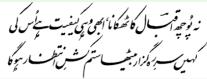
Mein Zulmat-e-Shab Mein Le Ke Niklun Ga Apne Darmandah Karwan Ko Sharar Fishan Ho Gi Aah Meri, Nafas Mera Shaola Bar Ho Ga

In the darkness of the night I shall take out my tired caravan My sigh will be shedding sparks my breath will be throwing flames



Nahin Hai Ghair Az Namood Kuch Bhi Jo Maddaa Teri Zindagi Ka Tu Ek Nafas Mein Jahan Se Mitna Tujhe Misl-e-Sharaar Ho Ga

If there is nothing but show in the aim of your life Your destruction from the world will be in a breath like spark



Na Pooch Iqbal Ka Thikana, Abhi Wohi Kaifiyat Hai Uss Ki Kahin Sar-e-Rah Guzar Baitha Sitam Kash-e-Intizar Ho Ga

Do not ask about the condition of Iqbal, he is in the same state Sitting somewhere by the wayside he must be waiting for oppression!

(Bang-e-Dra-117) Muslim



بِرْفُ لِقَبِ البِرَاهِ مِن تُوسِيعِ مِنْ مِنْ مُوالْ رَافْ بِلِيْ مِنْ مُوسِيعِ

Har Nafas Iqbal Tera Aah Mein Mastoor Hai Seena'ay Sozaan Tera Faryad Se Maamoor Hai Every breath you draw, Iqbal, is laden (loaded) with sighs; Your flaming chest is filled with lament.

نغمة أتب تبرى بربط ول ميزيس بمسمحة بين لياتي يحل مينسي

Naghama'ay Umeed Teri Barbat-e-Dil Mein Nahin Hum Samajhte Hain Ye Laila Tere Mahmil Mein Nahin The lute(a stringed instrument) of your heart has no song of hope: Your litter (curtained couch), we believe, has not his Layla.

ار المرات المراز من المرات المراد المرات المراد المرات المراد ال

Gosh Awaz-e-Surood-e-Rafta Ka Joya (Talash) Tera
Aur Dil Hungama'ay Hazir Se Be Parwa Tera
Your ears seek the sound of a song that has been sung and is no more,
Your heart is unconcerned with the commotion of the present.

قَصْدُ كُلْ مِ مُوامَا جِبِ نُسْتَتِهُ مِن الْمُحْتِ تَرَابِي مِلْ مُنْ سُنِينَا لِي اللَّهِ مُنْ سُنِينا لِي

Qissa'ay Gul Hum Nawayan-e-Chaman Sunte Nahin Ahl-e-Mehfil Tera Pegham-e-Kuhan Sunte Nahin Your fellow-singers of the garden would not hear the tale of the rose: The assembly would not listen to your message of old.

ك الشيخة بإنهاموش، بيهت ميالفرت يصداغاموش، الصين الفرت يصداغاموش،

Ae Dara'ay Karwan-e-Khufta Pa! Khamosh Reh Hai Bohat Yaas Afreen Teri Sada Khamosh Reh Quiet, O bell of the numb-footed caravan! Your voice causes much despair—quiet!

> زنده بحروص از ریاح تی نسی شع سے دِث رین میں نین پیکسی نسیں

Zinda Phir Woh Mehfil-e-Dairina Ho Sakti Nahin Shama Se Roshan Shab-e-Dosheena Ho Sakti Nahin It cannot be brought back to life, The assembly of olden times; Yester-night cannot be lit up with candles. بنشائي ومُورِي مَا مُعَالِمُ وَمُعِيدٍ مَا الْمُورِينِ مِنْ السَّاقِتِ لِزَلِ شَيْمَ وَالْمُونَ مِينَ

Hum Nasheen! Muslim Hun Mein, Touheed Ka Hamil Hun Main Iss Sadaqat Par Azal Se Shahid-e-Adil Hun Main I am a Muslim, my friend a bearer of the message of tawhid And a witness since eternity to that truth!

نبضره وات میں احرات سے ہے اور کم کے تی میں رہے ہے

Nabz-e-Moujudat Main Paida Hararat Iss Se Hai Aur Muslim Ke Takhiyyul Main Jasarat Iss Se Hai To tawhid is due the warm beat of the pulse of the existents; From it, too, the boldness in the Muslim's thought.

حَى نِي عَلَى اللَّهِ اللَّهِ

Haq Ne Alam Iss Sadaqat Ke Liye Paida Kiya Aur Mujhe Is Ski Hifazat Ke Liye Paida Kiya It is for the sake of this truth that God created the world, And to guard that truth He created me.

ورمنظ رست لربال رستى مرئيوا حق توسيط نفر الموسر ستى مرئع ا

Dehr Mein Gharat Gar-e-Batil Prasti Main Huwa Haq To Ye Hai Hafiz-e-Namoos-e-Hasti Main Huwa It was I who abolished the worship of falsehood— I, indeed, who proved to be the protector of the laws of existence.

سيئ تي پرين انعالم کئ سيد عانه سي ان الها کي ان الم

Meri Hasti Pairhan Uryani-e-Alam Ki Hai Mere Mit Jane Se Ruswayi Bani Adam Ki Hai My existence is a robe that covers the nakedness of the world: To destroy me would be a disgrace to mankind!

قىمتِ عالم كاسكركوك بنديم جس لى بانى سافسون كرشرمنديم

Qismat-e-Alam Ka Muslim Koukab-e-Tabinda Hai Jis Ki Tabani Se Afsoon-e-Sehar Sharminda Hai Of the fate of the world, The Muslim is the shining star— One whose brilliance puts to shame the spell cast by dawn.

اشكارا ميري كالمصوق كرحية كهنه يكت مني ميريكي حيا

Ashkara Hain Meri Ankhon Pe Asrar-e-Hayat Keh Nahi Sakte Mujhe Naumeed-e-Paikaar-e-Hayat The secrets of life are exposed to my view: I cannot be said to have despaired of waging the struggle of life.

المرابعة على المن المرابع المن المرابع المنابع المنابع

Kab Dra Sakta Hai Gham Ka Arzi Manzar Mujhe Hai Bharosa Apni Millat Ke Muqaddar Par Mujhe How can I be frightened by the transient scene of sorrow? I believe in the destiny of my Millat (My Community)!

يس كَغُنصر عبِ زاد يسلروز وراد فتح عامل فعب ريايي وش کارزار

Yaas Ke Unsar Se Hai Azad Mera Rozgaar Fateh-e-Kamil Ki Khabar Deta Hai Josh-e-Karzaar Of the element of despair my life is free: The heat of the battle gives notice of complete victory.

Haan Ye Sach Hai Chashme Bar Ehd-e-Kuhan Rehta Hun Main Ahl-e-Mehfil Se Purani Dastan Kehta Hun Mein Yes, my eyes are fixed on the age gone by, And to the assembly I tell the same old story.

Yad-e-Ehd-e-Rafta Meri Khak Ko Ikseer Hai Mera Mazi Mere Istaqbal Ki Tafseer Hai To the dust of my being is elixir the memory of the bygone age. My past is the exegesis (interpretation) of my future;

> ر سلف گفتام واُل دُورِ نشاطا فزالو مَیں ر دبیمتا ہودوش کے تینے میں فردا کومیں

Samne Rakhta Hun Uss Dour-e-Nishat Afza Ko Main Dekhta Hun Dosh Ke Aaeene Mein Farda Ko Main I keep in view that exciting age— In the mirror of the past I see the future.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-017) Touheed (توحيد) Oneness Of God

توجيسه

Touheed ONENESS OF GOD

زنده تُوت تمی جهان میں ہی توجب کبھی آج کیا ہے فہت قطال سستد علم کلام

Zinda Quwwat Thi Jahan Mein Yehi Touheed Kabhi Aaj Kya Hai, Faqat Ek Masla-e-Ilm-e-Kalaam Tauhid has been a living force in the days bygone; What is it these days? Merely a topic of theology.

روٹ ن اس ضُوسے الزفگرتِ کروار نہ ہو خور کمال سے ہے بوشیدہ سلماں کامقام

Roshan Iss Zou Se Agar Zulmat-e-Kirdar Na Ho Khud Musalman Se Hai Poshida Musalman Ka Maqam If its glory doesn't make the darkness of character radiant, Muslim cannot judge his elevated position.

> ئىں نے كے رہے ! تىرى ب يولى ہے . فَقُلْ مُواللّٰه كَي ثُنْ شير سے ظالى ہيں نيام

Main Ne Ae Meer-e-Sipah! Teri Sipah Dekhi Hai 'QUL HU WALLAH' Ki Shamsheer Se Khali Hain Nayam Chief of warriors, I have witnessed your array; Their sheaths are devoid of the sword of Say: 'He is Allah'

آه! بسر ازمے اقت ہے نہ مّل فیقت وحدت افکار کی بے وحد تب کڑا ہے خام

Aah, Iss Raaz Se Waqif Hai Na Mullah, Na Faqeeh Wahdat Afkar Ki Be-Wahdat-e-Kirdar Hai Kham Ah! Neither mullah nor faqih envisages the fact that Unity of thought without unity of action is imperfect.

> قرم لیاچیزے قوموں کی امامت کیاہے اس کو کیا تھیں یہ بیچارے دورکوت نے امام!

Qoum Kya Cheez Hai, Qoumon Ki Imamat Kya Hai Iss Ko Kya Samjhain Ye Bechare Do Rakat Ke Imam! What is a nation, or how to lead it?— What clue these leaders of prayers could have of that!

(Bang-e-Dra-163) Tulu-e-Islam (طلوع اسلام) (The Rise of Islam)

Tulu-e-Islam THE RISE OF ISLAM دلیل ضبع روشن ہے ساروں کی تنک بابی اُنٹی ہے آفا کے انھوا، کیا دور کران خوالی

Daleel-E-Subah-E-Roshan Hai Sitaron Ki Tunak Tabi Ufaq Se Aftab Ubhra, Gya Dour-E-Garan Khawabi The dimness of the stars is evidence of the bright morning. The sun has risen over the horizon; the time of deep slumber has passed.

> عنب رُوق مُردَّهٔ مشرق مین نُون زندگی وژا سمجھ سکتے نہیں اسس از اوسینا ونسال

Urooq-E-Murda'ay Mashriq Mein Khoon-E-Zindagi Dora Samajh Sakte Nahin Iss Raaz Ko Seena-O-Farabi The blood of life runs in the veins of the dead East: Avicenna and Farabi cannot understand this secret.

> سىل ئوسىل كردياطون بن فرنج كرام كلالم بت دياس سے لوم كي سيراني

Musalman Ko Musalman Kar Diya Toofan-E-Maghrib Ne Talatum Haye Darya Hi Se Hai Gohar Ki Seerabi The storm in the West made Muslims Muslims. Pearls are produced in abundance from the very buffetings of the sea.

> عطاموس کو بھر ورگاہ حق سے ہونے والاہم ر شکوہ ترکس نی، ذہرِن بنیدی بُطیق عساربی

Atta Momin Ko Phir Dargah-E-Haq Se Hone Wala Hai Shikoh-E-Turkamani, Zehan-E-Hindi, Nutq-E-Arabi The true believers are once more to receive from the court of God The glory of the Turkamans, the intellect of the Indians and the eloquence of the Arabs.

> ار کچه خواب فاغنچوں میں باقی ہے تو اے بلبال "نواراً ملخ تر می زن چو ذوقِ نعت سه کم یا لِیْ

Asar Kuch Khawab Ka Ghunchon Mein Baqi Hai To Ae Bulbul!

"Nawa Ra Talakh Tar Mee Zan Choo Zauq-E-Nagma Kmyabi"

If there is still some trace of sleep left in the buds, my nightingale,

Then make your songs more plaintive, for you found their desire to hear your melody too little.

Note: The italicized line is translated from the poet Urfi Shirazi. Iqbal also

زئب صحن حمین مین است بیاں مین شاخداد اماری نبالیائے سے بیو سکتی نہدیں تعت ریسیا بی used it in his poem 'Urfi'. Tarap Sehan-E-Chaman Mein, Ashiyan Mein, Shakhsaron Mein Juda Pare Se Ho Sakti Nahin Taqdeer-E-Seemabi Whether your agitation be in the courtyard of the garden, in the nest, in the leafy branches—

This quicksilver-destiny cannot be separated from mercury.

وچٹ ہاک ہیں کیون رسنت برستواں دیکھے نظر آتی ہے جس کو مرون زی کیجسکر آبی

Woh Chashm-E-Paak Been Kyun Zeenat-E-Bargistawan Dekhe Nazar Ati Hai Jis Ko Mard-E-Ghazi Ki Jigar Tabi Why should that pure-seeing eye look at the glitter of armour on the horse When it sees the valour of the holy warrior?

> ے ضمیب رلالہ میں روٹن حراغ ارزوکر نے جمن کے ذرّے ذرّے لوشہ پڑتے کو کر ہے

Zameer-E-Lala Mein Roshan Charagh-E-Arzoo Kar De Chaman Ke Zarre Zarre Ko Shaheed-E-Justujoo Kar De Make the lamp of desire bright in the heart of the tulip! Make every particle of the garden a martyr to search!

> ر سے بیا کا اُرپیدا فلیل اللہ کے دیا میں ہول کے بھر کہر پیدا

Sar Shak-E-Chashm-E-Muslim Mein Hai Neesan Ka Asar Paida **Khalil-Allah (A.S.)** Ke Darya Mein Hon Ge Phir Guhar Paida The effect of the spring-rain is born in the tears of the Muslims. Pearls will be born again in the sea of the Friend of God.

کتاب متب بینها کی پیرٹ پراز ہندی ہے بیٹ نے باشسی کرنے کو ہے پیررک وربیدا

Kitab-E-Millat-E-Baiza Ki Phir Sheeraza Bandi Hai Ye Shakh-E-Hashmi Karne Ko Hai Phir Barg-E-Bar Paida This book of the Radiant Community is receiving a new binding; The Hashimite branch is once more ready to bring forth new leaves and fruit.

ربود آن تُرک شیرازی دل تب برزو کابل ا صبارتی ہے بُوے گل سے اپنائیم نسپیدا

Rubood Aan Turk Sheerazi Dil-E-Tabraiz-O-Kabil Ra Saba Karti Hai Buay Gul Se Apna Hamsafar Paida The Turk of Shiraz has ravished the heart of Tabriz and Kabul; The morning breeze makes the scent of the rose its companion on the road.

> ارغانیوں پر کو چٹ ٹوٹا تو کیا عنہ کے کو نئو بھے سزار انجم سے ہوتی ہے تو پیدا

Agar Usmaniyon Par Koh-E-Gham Toota To Kya Gham Hai Ke Khoon-E-Sad Hazar Anjum Se Hoti Hai Sahar Paida If a mountain of grief collapsed upon the Ottomans, then why lament? For the dawn arises from the blood of a hundred thousand stars.

> جہاں بانی سے ہے وُشوار تر کارجہاں بنی حکر ُوں ہو توچشہ مِل میں ہوتی ہے نظر پیدا

Jahan Baani Se Hai Dushwar Tar Kar-E-Jahan Beeni Jigar Khoon Ho To Chashm-E-Dil Mein Hoti Hai Nazar Paida More difficult than the conquest of the world is the task of seeing the world; When the heart is reduced to blood, only then does the eye of the heart receive its sight.

ہزاروں سال رئس اپنی بے نوُری پرُوتی ہے بڑی کے سے ہو آہے جین میں دیدہ وَرسِیا

Hazaron Saal Nargis Apni Benoori Pe Roti Hai

Bari Mushkil Se Hota Hai Chaman Mein Didahwar Paida

For a thousand years the narcissus has been lamenting its blindness; With great difficulty the one with true vision is born in the garden.

نواپیرا ہو انتیب کہ کہ توبیرے ترزم سے کبوتر کے تن ازک میں شامیں کاجب کرپیدا

Nawa Pera Ho Ae Bulbul Ke Ho Tere Taranum Se Kabootar Ke Tan-E-Nazuk Mein Shaheen Ka Jigar Paida Burst into song, oh nightingale! so that from your melody The spirit of the royal falcon may arise in the delicate body of the dove!

> ترے سینے میں ہے پوشیدہ داز زند کی لہدیے مسلماں سے حدیث سوز وہ از زند کی لہدیے

Tere Seene Mein Hai Poshida Raaz-E-Zindagi Keh De Musalman Se Hadees-E-Soz-O-Saaz-E-Zindagi Keh De The secret of life is hidden in your breast—then tell it; Tell the Muslims the account of the burning and re-making of life.

خدائے لم یزل کا دستِ تُدرت تُو ، زباں تُوہِ یقیں بیدالرا سے غافل کو منعوب کماں تعہے

Khuda'ay Lam Yazil Ka Dast-E-Qudrat Tu, Zuban Tu Hai

Yaqeen Paida Kar Ae Ghafil Ke Maghloob-E-Guman Tu Hai You are the ever-powerful hand and the tongue of the eternal God; Give birth to certainty, of negligent one, for your are laid low by doubt.

> پرے ہے چرخ نیں فام سے نزاسیاں کی شاہے جس کی کردراہ ہوں ، وہ کارواں تعہے

Pare Hai Charakh-E-Neeli Faam Se Manzil Musalman Ki Sitare Jis Ki Gard-E-Rah Hon, Woh Karwan Tu Hai The goal of the Muslim lies beyond the blue sky; You are the caravan, which the stars follow as dust on the road.

سکارٹ نی کھیں آئی از آٹی ابد تیرا معالم احمن ہی پنیام ہے تُو، جاوداں توہیے خدا کا آحمن ہی پنیام ہے تُو، جاوداں توہیے

Makan Fani, Makeen Ani, Azal, Tera, Abad Tera Khuda Ka Akhiri Pegham Hai Tu, Javidan Tu Hai Space is transient; its inhabitants are transitory, but the beginning of time is yours; its end is yours.

> حابب وعروب لارے نُون بُ رتیرا تری بت سب ہی ہے معارجب التعہ

You are the final message of God; you are eternal.

Hina Band-E-Uroos-E-Lala Hai Khoon-E-Jigar Tera Teri Nisbat Baraheemi Hai, Mamaar-E-Jahan Tu Hai The blood of your heart is the henna which decorates the tulip-bride. You belong to Abraham; you are the builder of the world.

> تری فطرت میں ہے تنا ہے۔ جاں کے وُمِنِٹِس کا گویا استاں توہے

Teri Fitrat Ameen Hai Mumkanat-E-Zindagani Ki Jahan Ke Johar-E-Muzmar Ka Goya Imtihan Tu Hai Your nature is the trustee of all the possibilities of life; You are like the touchstone of the hidden essence of the world.

> ے جمانِ اسٹ کیل سے الم جب وید کی خاطر نبوت ساتھ جب کو کے لئی وہ ارمغاں توہے

Jahan-E-Aab-O-Gil Se Alam-E-Javed Ki Khatir Nabuwat Sath Jis Ko Le Gyi Woh Armgahan Tu Hai The One who left this world of water and clay for eternal life— The one whom the prophethood took with it—you are that gift.

> ر نیکت برکزنت مترب بیناسے پیدا کدا قوام زمین ایشیا کا پاسبان توہے

Ye Nukta Sargazhat-E-Millat-E-Baiza Se Hai Paida Ke Aqwam-E-Zameen-E-Asia Ka Pasban Tu Hai This principle rises from the story of the Radiant Community— You are the guardian of the nations of the land of Asia.

> سئِق بھر مڑھ صداقت کا ، عدالت کا ، شجاعت کا لیا عائے گا تجھ سے کام ذہب کی امات کا

Sabaq Phir Parh Sadaqat Ka, Adalat Ka, Shujaat Ka Liya Jaye Ga Tujh Se Kaam Dunya Ki Imamat Ka Read again the lesson of truth, of justice and valour! You will be asked to do the work of taking on responsibility for the world.

یهی مقصو فطر ت ہے، یہی رم بسلمانی افتات کی جہال کیری مجتب کی فراوانی

Yehi Maqsood-E-Fitrat Hai, Yehi Ramz-E-Muslamani Akhuwat Ki Jahangeeri, Mohabat Ki Farawani This is the destiny of nature; this is the secret of Islam— World-wide brotherhood, an abundance of love!

> ئتار کا می نور کو تورکر منت میں کم ہوجا نه نورانی رہے باقی نه ایرانی نه افعن نی

Butan-E-Rang-O-Khoon Ko Torh Kar Millat Mein Gum Ho Ja Na Toorani Rahe Baqi, Na Irani Na Afghani Break the idols of colour and blood and become lost in the community. Let neither Turanians, Iranians nor Afghan remain.

> ر سیارت خسارا صحبت من حین لب ک ترسے بازو میں ہے پرواز شاہر تیست انی

Miyan-E-Shakhsaran Sohbat-E-Murgh-E-Chaman Kab Talak!
Tere Bazu Mein Hai Parwaz-E-Shaheen-E-Kehsatani
How long will you keep company in the branches with the birds of the garden;
In your arms is the flight of the royal hawk of Quhistan.

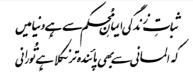
ر کان ابزیت میستیں مزب ساں کا بیان کشت اریک میشند کر بہانی

Guman Abad-E-Hasti Mein Yaqeen Mard-E-Musalman Ka Byaban Ki Shab-E-Tareek Mein Qindeel-E-Rahbani In the abode of doubts of existence is the certainty of the Muslim hero; In the darkness of the desert night is the candle of the monks.

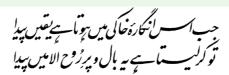
> مٹایقصہ روکسرلی کے استبدا و کوجس نے وہ کیا تھا ، زورجیڈڑ ، فقر ئوزڈ ، جیدق سلّمانی

Mitaya Qaisar-E-Kasra Ke Istabdad Ko Jis Ne
Woh Kya Tha, Zor-E-Haider (R.A.), Faqr-E-Bu Zar (R.A.), Sidq-E-Salmani (R.A.)
What was it that erased the tyranny of Caesar and Cyrus?
The power of Hyder (R.A.), the asceticism of Bu Dharr (R.A.), the truth of Salman (R.A.)!

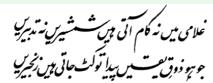
ئۇئے احرار بنت جادہ بىيات تىتىل سے تماشائىشكاف درسے میں صدیوں نے زندانی Huway Ahrar-E-Millat Jadah Pema Kis Tajamul Se Tamashayi Shagaaf-E-Dar Se Hain Sadiyon Ke Zindani How magnificently the heroes of the community have blazed the trail, And those who have been prisoners for centuries peer at them through a crack in the door.



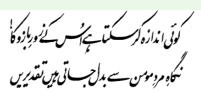
Sabat-E-Zindagi Aeeman-E-Muhkam Se Hai Dunya Mein Kah Almani Se Bhi Paenda Tar Nikla Hai Toorani The stability of life in the world comes from the strength of faith, For the Turanians have emerged firmer than even the Germans.



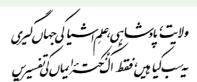
Jab Iss Angara'ay Khaki Mein Hota Hai Yaqeen Paida To Kar Leta Hai Ye Bal-O-Par-E-Rooh-ul-Ameen Paida When certainty is born in these embers of ashes, Then it gives birth to the wings of Gabriel.



Ghulami Mein Na Kaam Ati Hain Shamsheerain Na Tadbeerain Jo Ho Zauq-E-Yaqeen Paida To Kat Jati Hain Zanjeerain In slavery, neither swords or plans are effective, But when the taste for certainty is created, then the chains are cut.



Koi Andaza Kar Sakta Hai Uss Ke Zor-E-Bazu Ka!
Nigah-E-Mard-E-Momin Se Badal Jati Hain Taqdeerain
Can anyone even guess at the strength of his arm?
By the glance of the man who is a true believer even destiny is changed.



Walayat, Padshahi, Ilm-E-Ashiya Ki Jahangeeri Ye Sub Kya Hain, Faqat Ek Nukta-E-Aeeman Ki Tafseerain Empire, sainthood, the knowledge of things which holds the world in its sway— What are they all? Only commentaries on one small point of faith. سرائ يى نظرىپ دا مكرث كرستونى ب مۇسرمچىپ ئىچىپ كەسىنوں بىن بالىتى بىتى تصور ي

Baraheemi Nazar Paida Magar Mushkil Se Hoti Hai Hawas Chup Chup Ke Seenon Mein Bana Leti Hai Tasweerain But it is difficult to create the insight of **Abraham (A.S.)**; Desire insidiously paints pictures in our breasts.

> تسيز ببنده و افت فساد ادستين مذرك چيرونستان سخت ورفطرت آبعب زر

Tameez-E-Banda-O-Aaqa Fasad-E-Admiyat Hai Hazar Ae Cheerah Dastan! Sakht Hain Fitrat Ki Taazirain The distinction of servant and lord has put mankind into turmoil; Beware, oh powerful ones; the penalties of nature are harsh.

> حقیق ایا ہے ہوئے ان من کی بولڈ اُور ج انوزورٹ ید کائیے الزفتے کا دل ہے ہیں

Haqiqat Aik Hai Har Shay Ki, Khaki Ho Ke Noori Ho Lahoo Khursheed Ka Tapake Agar Zarre Ka Dil Cheerain There is one reality for everything, be it of earth or fire; The blood of the sun will drip, of we split the heart of an atom.

> یقیمی عبس پیم مجتب فاتے عالم جب د زند کانی میں ہیں بیر مردوں کششیری

Yaqeen Mohkam, Amal Peham, Mohabbat Faateh-E-Alam Jahad-E-Zindagani Mein Hain Ye Mardon Ki Shamsheerain Firm certainty, eternal action, the love that conquers the world— These are the swords of men in the holy war of life.

> حیہ باید مرد را طبع لیب دے مشرب نابے دلِ کرمے ، نکاہ یاک بینے ، جان بیت اب

Cha Bayad Mard Ra Tabaa-E-Bulanday, Mashrab-E-Naabay Dil-E-Garmee, Nigah-E-Pak Beenay, Jaan-E-Betabay What else does man need but a lofty spirit and pure character, A warm heart, a pure-sighted eye and a restless soul?

> عقابی ثان سے جھیٹے تھے ج^ہ بے بال و پر بکلے تاریے ثام کے ٹون شفق میں ڈوب کر سکلے

Auqabi Shan Se Jhapte The Jo, Bebaal-O-Par Nikle
Sitare Sham Ke Khoon-E-Shafaq Mein Doob Kar Nikle
Those who rushed forward with the splendor of the eagle emerged plucked of their wings
and plumage;
The stars of evening sank in the blood of the sunset but rose again.

ہُوئے مدفون دریا زیر دریا تسیب نے والے طمانیے موج کے کھاتے تھے جو' بن کر لہر سکلے

Huway Madfoon-E-Darya Zair-E-Darya Tairne Wale
Tamanche Mouj Ke Khate The Jo, Ban Kar Guhar Nikle
Those who swam under the sea were buried by the ocean,
But those who suffered the buffeting of the wave arose, and became pearls.

غب رره کزر میں بمیب پر نازتھا جن کو جبیٹ خال پر رکھتے تھے جو، اِک کرنکلے

Ghabar-Ereh Guzar Hain, Keemiya Par Naaz Tha Jin Ko Jibeenain Khak Par Rakhte The Jo, Ikseer Gar Nikle Those who prided themselves on their alchemy are the dust of the wayside; Those who kept their forehead upon the dust emerged as the makers of elixir.

م ما را زم روت صدیب مزندلایا خبر وتی تھیں جن و مجب لیاں وہ بے خبر نسکلے

Hamara Naram Ro Qasid Peyam-E-Zindagi Laya Khabar Deti Theen Jin Ko Bijliyan Woh Be-Khabar Nikle Our slow-running messenger brought the tidings of life; Those to whom the lightning gave news emerged unknowing.

حب رم رُسوا ہُوا پیرِسہ م لی امنکاہی سے جوا نارِ تبت اری کس میں درصاحب نظر سکلے

Haram Ruswa Huwa Peer-E-Haram Ki Kam Nigahi Se Jawanan-E-Tatari Kis Qadar Sahib-E-Nazar Nikle The Shrine was disgraced by the lack of foresight of the old keeper of the shrine; But how our Tartar heroes emerged as young men of vision!

> زمیں سے نُوریانِ اسساں پرواز کہتے تھے بینجالی زندہ تر؛ پائٹ دہ تر ، ماہٹ دہ تر نکلے

Zameen Se Nooriyan-E-Asman Parwaz Kehte The Ye Khaki Zinda Tar, Paenda Tar, Tabinda Tar Nikle Those who soar aloft and light the sky say this to the earth, 'These earth-bound creatures emerged more lively, more stable and more shining.'

جال میں الم ایمال صورتِ خورشیہ جیتے ہیں اوھرڈو کے اوھر سکے اُدھرڈو کے اوھر سکے

Jahan Mein Ahl-E-Aeeman Soorat-E-Khursheed Jeete Hain Idhar Doobe Udhar Nikle, Udhar Doobe Idhar Nikle In the world, the people of faith live like the sun; Here they sink, there they arise, there they sink, here they arise!

> یقیں ہے۔ او کا سے دائیعمیب بِلّت ہے یہی قوت ہے جوصورت کرتھت ریکلت ہے

Yaqeen Afrad Ka Sarmaya-E-Tameer-E-Millat Hai Yehi Quwwat Hai Jo Soorat Gar-E-Taqdeer-E-Millat Hai The certainty of individuals is the capital for building the community; This is the power which draws the portrait of the fate of the community.

> ر تُوراز کُن فعال ہے اپنی آنکھوں ریعیاں ہوجا خودی کا راز داں ہوجاجت دا کا ترجماں ہوجا

Tu Raaz-E-Kun Fakan Hai, Apni Ankhon Par Ayan Ho Ja Khudi Ka Raazdan Ho Ja, Khuda Ka Tarjuman Ho Ja

You are the secret of creation, see yourself in your eyes; Share the secret of your own self, become the spokesman of God.

> ہوس نے کر دیائے کڑئے کڑنے عانسا دھ اُڈت کاب سے اس وجامجت کی زباں ہوجا

Hawas Ne Kar Diya Tukre Tukre Nu-E-Insan Ko Akhuwat Ka Byan Ho Ja, Mohabbat Ki Zuban Ho Ja Greed has split mankind into little pieces; Become the statement of brotherhood, become the language of love.

> يىپ دى وچىڭ راسانئ بدافعن انئ و، تورانى تۇلىيىش رىندة ساحل! ئىچىل كرىك كران سوجا

Ye Hindi, Who Khurasani, Ye Afghani, Who Toorani Tu Ae Sharminda-E-Sahil! Uchal Kar Be-Karan Ho Ja Here are Indians, there people of Khurasan, here Afghans, there Turanians— You, who despise the shore, rise up and make yourself boundless.

> س طر غبارالودة رئاف نسئب بين بال تربيب تُوكِ مُرغ حسرم!أرْف سے بِيكِ رُفْتا يُوجا

Ghubar Aludah'ay Rang-O-Nasb Hain Baal-O-Par Tere Tu Ae Murgh-E-Hara! Urne Se Pehle Par-Fishan Ho Ja

Your wings and your plumage are soiled with the dust of colour and race; You, my bird of the holy shrine, shake your wings before you start to fly.

خودى ميں ڈوب جا غافل *ئيب ترزنگاني ہے* نڪل رصفت شام وحت رسيطاوداں ہوجا

Khudi Mein Doob Ja Ghafil! Ye Sir-E-Zindagani Hai Nikl Kar Halqa-E-Shaam-O-Sahar Se Javidan Ho Ja Immerse yourself in your self, my forgetful one, this is the secret of life; Come out from the fetters of evening and morning, become immortal.

> ئىصاف زندى مىرىسىية نولانېپ لگر ئىشىتان مىنىت مەجەر يۇرنيان سوما

Masaf-E-Zindagi Mein Seerat-E-Foulad Paida Kar Shabistan-E-Mohabbat Mein Harair-O-Parniyan Ho Ja On the battle-field of life adopt the nature of steel; In the bed-chamber of love become as soft as silk and painted brocade.

> ر گزرجا بن کے لیٹندئر وکوہ وہی بال گئلت مال اہ میں آئے توجوئے نغمہ خوال جوجا

Guzar Ja Ban Ke Seel-E-Tund Ro Koh-E-Byaban Se Gulistan Rah Mein Aye To Joo'ay Naghma Khawan Ho Ja

Pass like a river in full spate through the mountains and the deserts; If the garden should come your way, then become a melodiously singing stream.

ترے علم محتب کی نہیں ہے تہ کوئی نہیں ہے تھے سے بڑھ کر سازِ فطرت میں نواکوئی

Tere Ilm-O-Mohabbat Ki Nahin Hai Intaha Koi Nahin Hai Tujh Se Barh Kar Saaz-E-Fitrat Mein Nawa Koi There is no limit to your knowledge and love; In the instrument of nature there is no sweeter song than you.

> ر امجی ماک ادمی سیزربون شهرماری ہے فیامت ہے کہ انسان نوع انسان کا شکاری ہے

Abhi Tak Admi Sayd-E-Zaboon-E-Sheher Yari Hai Qayamat Hai Ke Insan Nu-E-Insan Ka Shikari Hai Even now, mankind if the miserable prey to imperialism; How distressing that man is hunted by man!

> ر نظر لو خیره کرتی ہے جہات تہذیب عاضر کی چیسٹناعی مکر حُبوٹے کموں کی ریزہ کاری ہے

Nazar Ko Kheerah Karti Hai Chamak Tehzeeb-E-Hazir Ki Ye Sanaee Magar Jhoote Nagon Ki Rezakari Hai The glitter of modern civilization dazzles the sight; But this clever craftsmanship is a mosaic of false jewels.

> وهکت نازتهاجس رخردمندان نرب کو پیوس کینجب نُونیس میں بینے کارزاری

Woh Hikmat Naz Tha Jis Par Khiradmandan-E-Maghrib Ko Hawas Ke Panja'ay Khoonin Mein Taegh-E-Karzari Hai That science, in which the scholars of the West took pride, Is the sword of warfare held in the bloody grip of greed.

> تد تر کی فئوں کاری محصر منہوب سے تا جہاں می**رب** ترمین کی بنام طریوداری م

Tadabur Ki Fasoon Kari Se Mohkam Ho Nahin Sakta Jahan Mein Jis Tamaddan Ki Bina Sarmayadari Hai That civilization of the world, which is founded on capitalism, Can never be become strong by spellbinding schemes.

> عمل سے زندلی نبتی ہے جبتت بھی جہتم بھی یہ خالی اپنی فطرت میں نہ نُوری ہے نہ ناری ع

Amal Se Zindagi Banti Hai Jannat Bhi, Jahanum Bhi Ye Khaki Apni Fitrat Mein Na Noori Hai Na Naari Hai By action life may become both paradise and hell; This creature of dust in its nature is neither of light nor of fire.

Kharosh Amoz-E-Bulbul Ho, Girah Ghunche Ki Wa Kar De Ke Tu Iss Gulistan Ke Waste Baad-E-Bahari Hai Teach the nightingale to send forth its clamour; Open the knot of the bud, for you are the spring breeze for this garden. ئىرائى بىڭ ياكى لەسىچىكارى تىت كى زمىن جولارگىلىك سى باياتىت رىپ

Phir Uthi Asia Ke Dil Se Chankari Mohabbat Ki Zameen Joulan Geh-E-Atlas Qabayan-E-Tatari Hai Once more the spark of love has arisen from the heart of Asia; The earth is the coursing-ground for the stain-cloaked Tartars.

> بیا پیداحن ریارست جب اِن ناتوانے را "پیس از مذت گذار افتا د برما کاروانے را

Baya Paida Khareedarst Jaan-E-Natoowane Ra "Pas Az Muddat Gudaz Aftaad Barma Karwame Ra" Arise! A buyer has come to our hapless life; After an age, the time has come for our caravan's departure.

> بیاس قی نواے مرغ زاراز شخصار کہ بہار آمد بھار آمد ، بھار آمد صرارامہ

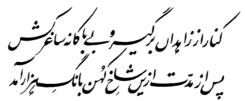
Baya Saqi Nawaye Murgh-E-Zaar Az Shakhsar Amad Bahar Amad Nigar Amad, Nigar Amad Qirar Amad Come, Saki! The song of the bird of the garden has come from the branches; The spring has come; the beloved has come; peace has come!

> کشید اربب رنجمی له ندر واد صحوب ا من ساز می راب از من راز کو بهاراً مر

Kasheed Abar-E-Bahari Khemah Andar Wai-O-Sehra Sada'ay Absharan Az Faraz-E-Kohsar Amad The spring cloud has pitched its tent in the valley and the desert; The sound of the waterfall has come from the summit of the mountains.

> سرت گروم توسم قانون شیس بازوه ساقی گرخیانعت مدیروازاقطب را نقرطب آرا

Sarat Gardam To Ham Qanoon-E-Paisheen Saazdah Saqi Ke Kheel-E-Naghma Pardazan Qitar Andar Qitar Amad I implore you; renew the law of the past! For the army of singers has come drove upon drove.



Kanar Az Zahadan Bargeer-O-Bebakana Saghar Kash Pas Az Muddar Azeen Shakh-E-Kuhan Bang-E-Hazar Amad Turn away from the ascetics and fearlessly drink wine from the jar; After an age the song of the nightingale has rung out from this old branch.

> به تا قان حدیث خواب بردون آفر بهت قان حدیث خواب تصرف به بین نش بحث ما شارامه

Ba Mushtaqan Hadees-E-**Khawajah (S.A.W.)**-E-Badar-O-Hunain Awar Tasarraf Haye Pinhanash Ba-Chashm Ashkar Amad Bring the account of the **Master of Badr and Hunain (PBUH)** to those who yearn; Its hidden mystic powers have been revealed to the eye.

> ر : در شاخ کسی ل از خُونِ ما نم الب می کردو بب زارِمحبت نقد ما کاماعی المد

Dgar Shakh-E-**Khalil (A.S.)** Az Khoon-E-Ma Namnaak Mee Gardad Babazaar-E-Mohabbat Nagad-E-Maa Kamil Ayar Amad

Again the branch of Khalil has been watered by the sap of our blood; In the marketplace of love our cash has proved to be perfect.

> ر سرِعال ِشہیب ہے برگ ہے۔ لالدی ہے۔ ر کہ زوشس ہنہال بھتے اس زکار کہ

Sir-E-Khak Shaheeday Barg Haye Lala Mee Pasham Ke Khawinsh Banihal-E-Millat Ma Saazgar Amad I scatter the pearls of tulips upon the dust of the martyrs, For their blood has proved to be effective for the saplings of the community.

> "بيا ما كل بفيثانب ومع درساغراندازير "بيا ما كل بنفيثانب ومع درساغراندازيم فلاس اسقف بشكالمنسيم وطرح دمكراندازيم

"Baya Ta Gul Bifasha-Neeyam Wa May Dar Saghar Andazyam Falak Ra Saqaf Bashagafiyam Wa Tarah-E-Deegar Andazyam" Come, so that we may strew roses and pour a measure of wine in the cup! Let us split open the roof of the heavens and think upon new ways.

(Bal-e-Jibril-132) Zauq-o-Shauq (Ecstasy)

Zauq-o-Shauq (In Asha'ar Mein Se Aksar Palestine Mein Likhe Gaye) **Ecstasy**

(Most of these verses were written in Palestine)

(1)

'Daraig Amdam Zaan Hama Bostan Tahi Dast Raftan Suay Dostan' —Saadi I could not go to my friends empty handed From an orchard! —Saadi

(2)

Qalb-o-Nazar Ki Zindagi Dast Mein Subah Ka Saman Chasma'ay Aftab Se Noor Ki Nadiyan Rawan Life to passion and ecstasy—sunrise in the desert: Luminous brooks are flowing from the fountain of the rising sun

Husn-e-Azal Ki Hai Namood, Chaak Hai Parda'ay Wajood Dil Ke Liye Hazar Sood, Aik Nigah Ka Ziyan The veil of being is torn, Eternal Beauty reveals itself: The eye is dazzled but the soul is richly endowed.

Surkh-o-Kabood Badaliyan Chor (Chodh) Gaya Sihab-e-Shab Koh-e-Idm Ko De Gaya Rand Barang Teelsiyan

The heavy night-cloud has left behind it red and blue cloud-lets: It has given a head-dress of various hues to the Mount Idam to wear.

(5)

کروسے بال ہے ہوا، برگر نخیل وصل کئے ریاب نعام کاطن مدزم سیے شبل رنیاں

Gard Se Pak Hai Hawa, Barg-e-Nakheel Dhul Gaye Raig-e-Nawah-e-Kazimah Naram Hai Misl-e-Parniyan Air is clean of dust particles; leaves of datepalms have been washed; The sand around Kazimah is soft like velvet.

> (۵) آگرنجهی نیموتی اوسرس^ر تُو^ا

کیا خبر اس مقام سے کزرے ہیں گننے کارواں ا

Aag Bujhi Hui Idhar, Tooti Hui Tanab Udhar Kya Khabar Iss Maqam Se Guzaray Hain Kitne Karwan The remains of burnt-out fire are observable here and a piece of tent-rope there: Who knows how many caravans have passed through this tract.

> (7) انی صدائے جبر ل تیراعت م ہے یہی اہلِ نے اِق کے کیے شیٹ ردوام ہے یہی

Ayi Sada'ay Jibreel, Tera Maqam Hai Yehi
Ahl-e-Faraak Ke Liye Ayesh-e-Dawam Hai Yehi
I heard the angel Gabriel saying to me: This indeed is your station—
For those acquainted with the pleasure of separation, this is the everlasting comfort.

کسے کہوں کہ زمرے میں لیے نے حیا کہنے برم کا نات، نازہ ہیں میرے وارد آ

Kis Se Kahon Ke Zehar Hai Mere Liye May'ay Hiyat Kuhna HAi Bazm-e-Kainat, Taza Hain Mere Wardaat To whom should I say that the wine of life is poison to me: I have new experiences while the universe is decadent entire.

(9)

کینه سی او برسه زنوی کارگر حیات میں بیٹھے ہیں کب سے نتظر الم جسے میں میں

Kiya Nahin Aur Ghaznavi Kargah-e-Hiyat Mein Baithe Hain Kab Se Muntazir Ahl-e-Harm Ke Soumanaat

Is there not another Ghaznavi in the factory of Life?—
The Somnaths of the People of the Harem have been awaiting a blow for long.

(10) زکرِءرب کے سوز میں فٹ رِعجر کے سازمیں نے عرکبی مشاموات نے عجمی شخست لا

Zikr-e-Arab Ke Souz Mein, Fikr-e-Ajam Ke Saaz Mein Nay Arabi Mushahidaat, Nay Arbi Takhayyulaat The Arabian fervour and the Persian comfort Have both lost the Arabian acuteness and the Persian imagination.

(11) قافت لهٔ حجاز میں ایائے۔ ٹیسٹن بھی نہیں رچہ ہے باب دار ابھی کسیوئے وجلہ و فرا

Kafla'ay Hijaz Mein Aik Hussain(R.A.) Bhi Nahin Garcha Hai Tabdaar Abhi Gaisu'ay Dajla-o-Firat The Caravan of Hijaz has not another Husain amongst it— Although the tresses of the Tigris and the Euphrates are still as bright as ever.

> (12) عقل و دل ونهاه کا مُرث باقرلیں پیچشق ت عشق نه چوتوٹ رع و دِین بت کدهٔ تصورا

Aqal-o-Dil-o-Nigah Ka Murshid-e-Awaleen Hai Ishq Ishq Na Ho Tou Sharaa-o-Deen, Bott Khudda'ay Tasawwarat Intellect, heart and vision, all must take their first lessons from Love— Religion and the religious law breed idols of illusion if there is no Love.

> صدقِ خلیل بھی ہے عشق حُبرِ سین بھی ہے عشق صدقِ خلیل بھی ہے عشق حُبرِ سین بھی ہے عشق معب رکۂ ونجو میں بدر وسٹ ین بھی ہے عشق

Sidq-e-Khalil(A.S.) Bhi Hai Ishq, Sabr-e-Hussain(R.A.) Bhi Hai Ishq Maarka'ay Wajood Mein Badar-o-Hunain Bhi Hai Ishq The truthfulness of Abraham is but a form of Love, and so is the patience of Husain—And so are Badr and Hunayn in the battle of existence.

(14) - آية کائنت کاعسنی دریایب تُو اینهٔ کائنت کاعسنی دارا - کلے تری ماشن میں قافلہ ہائے زنگ و بُو

Aaya'ay Kainat Ka Ma'ani-e-Deeryaab tu Nikle Teri Talash Mein Kafla Ha'ay Rang-o-Bu The universe is a verse of God and you are the meaning to be grasped at last; Colour and scent are the caravans that set forth to seek you.

> (15) جلوتت ن مررک کورنهاه و نمرده ذوق خلوتت ن مے کدہ کم طلب تهی کڈو

Jalwatiyan-e-Madrasah Kour Nigah-o-Murda Zauq Khalwatiyan May Kuda Kam Talab-o-Tahi Kadu The disciples in the schools are insipid and purblind; The esoteric of the monastery have low aims with empty bowls;

> (16) سے کمیں کہ مری غزل میں ہے اسٹ پر فقہ کا نے افتہ میری تہا مسرکزنت کھوئے نہوؤں کی جشجو

Main Ke Meri Ghazal Mein Hain Aatish-e-Rafta Ka Suragh Meri Tamam Sarguzhast, Khuay Huwon Ki Justajoo I—whose ghazal reflects the flame that has been lost, All my life I pined after the type of men that exists no more.

(17) باجِسبالی موج سے نشو و مُلے خار وْس سے میر نے فس کی موج سے نشو و مُلے کے ارزو

Baad-e-Saba Ki Mouj Se Nashonuma'ay Khar-o-Khs Mere Nafs Ki Mouj Se Nashonuma'ay Arzoo The zephyr nurtures thorn and straw, While my breath nurtures passion in hearts;

(18)

ئون دل وب کرسے ہیری نوالی بروژس ہے رکیب زمیں واں صاحب نے کالمو

Khoon-e-Dil-o-Jigar Se Hai Meri Nawa Ki Parwarish Hai Rag-e-Saaz Mein Rawan Sahib-e-Saaz Ka Lahoo My song thrives upon my lifeblood:

The strings of the instrument become alive with the blood of the musician.

(19)

' فُرصتِ کُ مُن مدہ ایں دلِ بے تسرار را کیا ہے دوش من زیادہ کُن کیپوے ماہدار را'

'Fursat-e-Kashmakash Madah Ayen Dil-e-Beqarar Ra Yak Do Shikan Ziada Kun Ghaisu'ay Tabdaar Ra'

Give not occasion for conturbation to this restless heart; Bright are your tresses, brighten them even more.

(20)

ر نوح مبی تو، سیلم مبی تُو، سیاوجود الکتاب رئیس کی میکی میں حباب گنیبرانبسی ندرنگ سیسے محیطے میں حباب

Loh Bhi Tu Qalam Bhi Tu, Tera Wajood Al-Kitab Gunbad-e-Abgina Rang tere Muheet Mein Habab

You are the Sacred Tablet, You are the Pen and the Book; This blue-colored dome is a bubble in the sea that you are.

(21

عالَم آب و خال می*ت بیشند کے طہور سے فرو*غ وَرَهٔ ریک کو ویا تُونے طب دیے افت ب

Alim-e-Aab-o-Khak Mein Tere Zahoor Se Faroug Zarra'ay Raig Ko Diya Tu Ne Tulu-e-Aftab You are the lifeblood of the universe:

You bestowed the illumination of a sun upon the particles of desert dust.

(22)

شولتِ شرب م سي جب ال كي نمود فقر خب نيدو بالزّتيب إحال نے نعاب

Shoukat-e-Sanjar-o-Saleem Tere Jalal Ki Namood Faqr-e-Junaid(R.A.)-o-Bayazeed(R.A.), Tera Jamal-e-Be-Naqab The splendour of Sanjar and Selim: a mere hint of your majesty;

The faqr of Junaid and Bayazid: your beauty unveiled.

(23) شوق ترا الرنه چومسیب ری نماز کا امام میراقسیام بھی حجاب میراسجود بھی حجاب

Shauq Tera Agar Na Ho Meri Namaz Ka Imam Mera Qiyam Bhi Hijab, Mera Sajood Bhi Hijab If my prayers are not led by my passion for you, My ovation as well as my prostrations would be nothing but veils upon my soul.

> (24) تسیسری نتاہ نازسے دونوں مراد با گئے عقل غیاب وشتج،عثق صنور وضطراب

Teri Nigah-e-Naaz Se Dono Murad Pa Gaye Aqal Ghiyab-o-Justajoo, Ishq Huzoor-o-Iztarab A meaningful glance from you redeemed both of them: Reason—the seeker in separation; and Love—the restless one in Presence.

> (25) تہيہ و تارہے جہاں کروشس افتاہے طبیع زمانہ تازہ کرجب وہ بے حجاہے

Teerah-o-Taar Hai Jahan Gardish-e-Aftab Se Taba-e-Zamana Taza Kar Jalwa'ay Behijab Se The world has become dark since the sun has set down; Unveil your beauty to dawn upon this age.

> (26) تیری نظر میں ہیں تمام میرے کزشتہ روزوشب مجھ لؤھب رنہ تھی کہ ہے علم نجیل بے رُطُب

Teri Nazar Mein Hain Tamam Mere Guzishta Roz-o-Shab Mujh Ko Khabar Na Thi Ke Hai Ilm-e-Nakheel-e-Be-Rutab You are a witness on my life so far: I did not know that Knowledge is a tree that bears no fruit.

> (27) تازه مرضے سیسر میں سے رکئے کئن رُبوا عثق تمس مصطفی جقل تہ م اُولیک

Taza Mere Zameer Mein Ma'arka'ay Kuhan Huwa Ishq Tamam Mustafavi(S.A.W.), Aqal Tamam Bu-Lahab The old battle was then revived in my conscience: Love, all Mustafa; Reason, all Abu Lahab. (28) گاهٔ محیب له می مرد ، کاه بزور می کث عثق کی ابتداعجب عشق کی انتهاعجب

Gah Bahila Mee Burad, Gah Bazor Mee Kusah Ishq Ki Ibtada Ajab, Ishq Ki Intaha Ajab It persuaded me with art, it pulled me by force: Strange is Love at the beginning, strange in its perfection!

> (29) عالم سوز وساز میں صل سے بڑھ کے ہے فراق ت وصل میں مرکب ارز وہیجب میرلنڈ تبطلب

Alim-e-Souz-o-Saaz Mein Wasal Se Barh Ke Hai Firaaq Wasal Mein Marg-e-Arzoo, Hijar Mein Lazzat-e-Talab Separation is greater than union in the state of ecstasy; For union is death to desire while separation brings the pleasure of longing.

> (30) عین وسال میں مجھے دوس انہ نظر نہ تھا کرچہ بہانہ 'جو رہی سیسے بن کا فیا دب

Ayen-e-Wisal Mein Mujhay Hosla'ay Nazar Na Tha Gharcha Bahana Joo Rahi Meri Nigah-e-BeAdab In the midst of the union I dared not cast a glance; Though my audacious eye was looking for a pretence (pretend).

> (31) ارمی زومنداق ثورث ہے ویڑون اق مرمی کی متحومن ان قطرے کی آبرومن اق

Garmi-e-Arzoo Firaaq, Shorish-e-Ha'ay-o-Hu Firaaq Mouj Ki Justajoo Firaaq, Qatre Ki Abroo Firaaq! Separation is the warmth of hot-pursuit; it is at the heart of fond lamentation— It is why the wave is in search; it is why the pearl is precious.

(Bang-e-Dra-001) Hamala (The Himalayas)



The Himalayas

(1)

المراسس عيماني المعالية والمراسل المراسل المرا

ae hamala! ae faseel e kishwar e hindustan choomta ha teri paishani ko jhuk ker aasman O Himalah! O rampart of the realm of India! Bowing down, the sky kisses your forehead

(2)

تجديد كُوپيدانهد دِس يندوزي نشا تُوجال بِيكر بْرْتْم وسَرُكِ دِسِين

tujh mein kuch paida nahin derina rozee ke nishan
tu jawan hai gardish e sham o saher ke darmiyan
Your condition does not show any signs of old age
You are young in the midst of day and night's alternation

(3)

ایک علوہ تھا کلیم طوبِ بیا کے لیے تُوتحبتی ہے سراہ شِسے بینا کے لیے

aik jalwa tha kaleem e toor e sina ke liye tu tajali hai sarapa chasm e beena ke liye

The Kaleem of Tur Sina witnessed but one Effulgence For the discerning eye you are an embodiment of Effulgence

(4)

متحانی مدّه فعام رمیں دوہر ستائے تُو پاسبال نیائے تُو ویوار سنڈستاں ہے تُو

imtihan e didah zahir mein kohistan hai tu pasban apna hai tu, dewar e hindustan hai tu

To the outward eye you are a mere mountain range

In reality you are our sentinel, you are India's rampart

(5)

مطبع اوّل فلك حبر كابيروه وديواسية تُو مُسْوَضِوتٌ كَاهِ ولا أَرْثِ بِإِنْ سِيرَتُو

matla e awwal falak jis ka ho vo diwan hai tu suay khilwat gah e dil daman kash e insan hai tu You are the divan whose opening verse is the sky You lead Man to the solitudes of his heart's retreat

(6)

رفنے باندھی ہے تافیسیت سریے خندہ ن ہے جو کلاہ سبرعالم ماب

barf ne bandhi hai dastar e fazilat tere sar khanda zan hai kalah e meher e aalam taab par Snow has endowed you with the turban of honor Which scoffs at the crown of the world-illuminating sun

(7**)**

تىرى عرفِرت كى كى الى ان ہے تاریخون ماروں میں برین کا كی طبا مَنْ خِرِ سِنْ مِنْ كَا كَیْ طُلِمَا مَنْ خِرِ بِ تىرى عمرفِرت كى الى ان ہے تاریخون ماروں میں برین کا كی طبا مَنْ خِرِ بِ نِنْ مِنْ كَا كَیْ طُلِمَا مَنْ خِرِ ب

> teri umar e rafta ki ek aan hai ehad e kuhan wadiyon mein hain teri kali ghataen khema zan

Antiquity is but a moment of your bygone age

Dark clouds are encamped in your valleys

(8)

چٹاتىپ ئىرتاسى مىسركرم خن ئۇزىيس راورىپنات فلاتىپ لروطن

chotiyan teri surayya se hain sargaram e sukhan
tu zameen per aur pehna e falak tera watan
Your peaks are matching with the Pleiades in elegance
Though you are standing on earth your abode is sky's expanse

(9)

چشتہ دامن را آئی۔ نُسیّال ہے دامن موج ہواجس کے لیے ٔ ومال ہے

chasma e daman tera aaeena siyyal hai daman e mouj e hawa jis ke liye rumal hai The stream in your flank is a fast flowing mirror For which the breeze is working like a kerchief

(10)

ابركے ہتھوں میں ہوار ہواکے واکسطے آزیانہ نے یابرق کے اُسار نے

abar ke hathon mein rahwar e hawa ke waste taziyana de diya barq e sar e kohsar ne

The mountain top's lightning has given a whip

In the hands of cloud for the ambling horse

(11)

اليهالدُونَى بازى في تُومِي جي وتِ وَسَيْ بنايي عِنامِ كِي

Ae hamala koi bazi gah hai tu bhi, jise
dast e qudrat ne banaya hai aanasir ke liye
O Himalah! Are you like a theatre stage
Which nature's hand has made for its elements?

(12)

ر ہے کیا فرطوطرب میں حکومت جا تہار میل بے رنجے کے کھورت اُڑا جا تا ہے ار

haye kya firat e tarab mein jhoomta jata hai abar feel e be zanjeer ki surat ura jata hai abar Ah! How the cloud is swaying in excessive joy The cloud like an unchained elephant is speeding

(13)

بُخْبِث بِموج نَسِيم بِسَع كهوار وہنی مُجْمُوتی ہے نَشِیم یہی میں مِرِکُل کی کلی بُخبِث بِموج نسیم بسط کہوار وہنی

junbish e mouj e naseem e subah gehwara bani
jhoomti hai nasha e husti mein har gul ki kali
Gentle movement of the morning zephyr is acting like a cradle
Every flower bud is swinging with intoxication of existence

(14)

yun zuban e berg se goya hai iss ke khamshi
dast e gulcheen ki jhatak mein ne nahin dekhi kabhi
The flower bud's silence with the petal's tongue is saying
"I have never experienced the jerk of the florist's hand

(15)

کهربی ہے میری موشی ہی افسانه مرا مرکنج خلوت خائہ قدرت ہے کا شاندمرا

keh rahi hai meri khamoshi hi afsana mera kunj e khalwat khana e qudrat hai kashana mera

Silence itself is relating the tale of mine

The corner of nature's solitude is the abode of mine"

(16)

اتى نىچە جىنسەلز كوه كەتى بوئى كۆرۈسىنىم كى موجى كوشىلاتى بوئى

aati hai nadi faraz e koh se gati huwi

kausar o tasneem ki moujon ko sharmati huwi

The brook is melodiously descending from the high land

Putting the waves of Kawthar and Tasnim to embarrassment

(17)

المناسات المرقدرت محمد وكعلاتي يونى النب مسكر كالمبيتي كالأنكمراتي يونى

aaeena sa shahid e qudrat ko dikhlati huwi sang e reh se gah bachti gah takrati huwi As if showing the mirror to Nature's beauty Now evading now rowing against the rock in its way

(18)

چھٹرتی جا ہی عراقِ د لنشیں کے سازم سے سے مسلسرال مجھاہیے رمی وازلو

chairti ja iss iraq e dil nasheen ke saaz ko
ae musafir dil samjhta hai teri awaz ko
Play in passing this orchestra of beautiful music
O wayfarer! The heart comprehends your music

(19)

سين ب لمولتي ہے اکے جب ُلفِ سے وارن اکسینیتی ہے اب وسی کی مدا

laila e shab kholti hai aa ke jab zulf e rasa daman e dil khenchti hai aabsharon ke sada

When the night's Layla unfurls her long hair

The sound of water-falls allures the heart

(20)

و فرحموشی شم کی بس ریکقم بروفدا و و ذرحتو تربیب کر کاسار حمی یا بُوا

vo khamoshi sham ki jis per takalum ho fida vo darkhton per tafakkur ka saman chaya huwa That silence of the night whose beauty surpasses speech That state of silent meditation overshadowing the trees

(21)

كانىيا ئىرىلىپ كىيارنىڭ ئىلىرىر ئۇنىيا ئىرىلىپ ئىرىكى ئىلىرىر ئۇنىيا كىرىس ئىرىكى ئىلىرىر

kanpta phirta hai kya rang e shafaq kohsar per khushnuma lagta hai ye ghazah tere rukhsar per That dusk's beauty which shivers along the mountain range Very beautiful looks this rouge on your cheeks

(22)

اے ہمالا رہتا اُس قت لی کوئی سُن مسکن ابسے انسان جب بناد ہن را

ae hamala! dastan uss waqt ki koi suna
maskan e aabaay insan jab bana daman tera
O Himalah! Do relate to us some stories of the time
When your valleys became abode of Man's ancestors

(23)

kuch bata uss seedhi sadi zindagi ka majra
dagh jis par ghaza rang e takalluf ka na tha
Relate something of the life without sophistication
Which had not been stained by the rouge of sophistication

(24)

ہاں کھانے اے تصور بھروہ صبح شام تُو وڑیسے کے لاف اے رہشر آیام تُو

Haan dikha de ae tasawwar phir woh subah o sham tu
dorh piche ki taraf ae ghardish e ayyam tu
O Imagination! Bring back that period
O Vicissitudes of Time speed backwards

(Bang-e-Dra-002) Gul-e-Rangeen (The Colorful Rose)



Gul-e-Rangeen
The Colorful Rose

(1) تُوشناسائے خراشب عُقد مُشکونہیں اے کُول رَکدیں تریب پومیش یہ والنہیں

tu shanasa e kharash e auqda mushkil nahin ae gul e rangeen tere pehlu mein shaid dil nahin You are not familiar with the hardships of solving enigmas O Beautiful Rose! Perhaps you do not have sublime feelings in your heart

> (2) زیجنل چ^{ار بر}یش ورشس مخفانه مین سی میزاغت بزم بستی بیمجیم عالنه می

zaib e mehfil hai, shareek e shorish e mehfil nahin ye faraghat bazm e hasti mein mujhe hasil nahin Though you adorn the assembly yet do not participate in its struggles In life's assembly I am not endowed with this comfort

> 3) اس حمین مین میں سے اپایوزوساز ارزو اس میں اور سے کداز ارزو

iss chaman mein mein sarapa souz o saaz e aarzu aur teri zindagani be gudaz e aarzu In this garden I am the complete orchestra of Longing And your life is devoid of the warmth of that Longing

(4) توژلینا شاخ سے تجھ کو مرا آئین نہیں نینظر نے راز نگاہ شہر میں ہوت بین نہیں

> torh lena shakh se tujh ko mera aaeen nahin ye nazar ghair az nagah e chasm e surat been nahin

To pluck you from the branch is not my custom This sight is not different from the sight of the eye which can only see the appearances

(5) را يه درت جفا حُول زندين نهدير من مسطح تحجه لوييم جمعا وّل رندين نهدير المركم يوني من المركم يوني من المركم يوني من المركم يوني المركم المركم يوني المركم يوني المركم المركم يوني المركم الم

> ah! ye dast e jafa ju ae gul e rangeen nahin kis tarah tujh ko ye samjhaun ke main gulcheen nahin Ah! O colourful rose this hand is not one of a tormentor How can I explain to you that I am not a flower picker

> > **(6)**

کام مجدلودیدهٔ جلسے انجھیٹروں سے لیا دیم سے میں کرتا ہوں نظارہ ترا

kam mujh ko didah e hikmat ke uljhairon se kya didah e bulbul se main karta hun nazara tera I am not concerned with intricacies of the philosophic eye Like a lover I see you through the nightingale's eye

(7) ئوزبانوں رپھبی خاموشی تھے منطوئے داروہ کیا ہے <u>ترکے سینے میں ج</u>رت ہو ہے

so zubanon par bhi khamoshi tuhje manzoor hai raaz woh kya hai tere sine mein jo mastoor hai In spite of innumerable tongues you have chosen silence What is the secret which is concealed in your bosom (heart)?

(8) میری صورت تُوسِی ال برگِ ریاض طُوسیے میرح بن سنے ورموِل تُوسی عبن سنے وسیے میری صورت تُوسی ال برگِ ریاض طُوسیے

meri soorat tu bhi ek berg e riyaz e toor hai main chaman se door hun, tu bhi chaman se door hai Like me you are also a leaf from the garden of Tur Far from the garden I am, far from the garden you are

> (9) مُطمئن ہے تو پرثیاث لُورہاہوں یں زخمی شیر ذوق جستج رہاہوں میں

matmaen hai tu, preshan misl e bu rehta hun main zakhmi e shamsheer e zauq justuju rehta hun main You are content but scattered like fragrance I am Wounded by the sword of love for search I am

(10) پررپشنی مری سامار جیعت نه ہو میکر سوزج پراغ خانه حکمت سنے ہو

ye preshani meri saman e jamiat na ho ye jigar sauzi charagh e khana e hikmat na ho This perturbation of mine a means for fulfillment could be This torment a source of my intellectual illumination could be

(۱۱) ناتوانی ہی مری سرمائیة قوت ندہو کشب مراآئینة حیرت ندہو اللہ مائینہ حیرت ندہو کے مراآئینہ حیرت ندہو

natawani hi meri sarmaya e quwwat na ho rashk e jam e jim mera aaeena e hairat na ho This very frailty of mine the means of strength could be This mirror of mine envy of the cup of Jam could be یة نکاش مُتَّصل شبع جهال فرونید رسین توسن اوراک اسساس کوخرام اموئید

ye talash e muttasil shama e jahan afroz hai tosin e idraak e insan ko kharam aamuz hai This constant search is a world-illuminating candle And teaches to the steed of human intellect its gait

(Bang-e-Dra-003) Ehad-e-Tifli (The Age of Infancy)

عهدفل

Ehad-e-Tifli The Age of Infancy

(1)

تھ دیارِنُوز مین اسساں سرے لیے وست اغوشس ار ال جہاں ہے لیے

thay diyar e nau zameen o aasman mere liye wussat e aaghaush e madar ek jahan mere liye The earth and sky were unknown worlds to me Only the expanse of mother's bosom was a world to me

(2)

تھی اِلْجُنبْنِ نُسْانِ مُلفِطِ میے لیے موبِ بُطِلبِ بھی ووسیزی اسے لیے

thi har ek junbish nishan e lutf e jaan mere liye harf e be matlab thi khud meri zuban mere liye Every movement was a symbol of life's pleasure to me My own speech was like a meaningless word to me

(3)

درولجفنی میراکر کوئی ُرلا ہمت مجھے شورٹ زنجبر دِرمد یُطف آ ہمتھا مجھے

dard, tiflee mein agar koi rulata tha mujhe shorish e zanjeer e dar mein lutf aata tha mujhe During infancy's pain if somebody made me cry The noise of the door chain would comfort me

(4)

ر رویشی بائے! وہ پیرس کا کے ایک سے تقر میں ہے بادل میں لیا وازیا اُس کا مفر

takte rehana haye! vo pehron talak suay qamar vo phate badal mein be aawaz e paa uss ka safar Oh! How I stared at the moon for long hours Staring at its silent journey among brokenclouds

(5) کر و سرمر ہ کے اس کے لوہ وصحالی خبر اور وہ حریت فروغ صلحت! ہ

pochna reh reh ke uss ke koh o sehra ki khabar

aur vo herat darogh e muslahat aamaz per I would ask repeatedly about its mountains and plains And how surprised would I be at that prudent lie

> ر انگهه وقف پیتھیٰ سب ماللُ نقارتھا دل نه تھامیا ہے۔ رایا دوق ہتف اڑھا

aankh waqaf e deed thi, lab mayal e guftar tha dil na tha mera, sarapa zauq e istafsar tha My eye was devoted to seeing, my lip was prone to speak My heart was no less than inquisitiveness personified

(Bang-e-Dra-005) Abar-e-Kohsar

ارکوسیار ابرکوسیار

Abar-e-Kohsar (or Kuhsar کېسار) The Cloud On The Mountain

يين ي فل يون ميزا الرئساريونُ لي بيس يا امريرا

Hai Bulandi Se Falak Bos Nasheman Mera Abar E Kuhsar Hun Gul Pash Hai Daman Mera Elevation bestows the sky's nearness to my abode I am the mountain's cloud, my skirt sprinkles roses

كيضى البقى كذار يح ميرا شهب رورانه مرائجب رمرا، بُن ميرا

Kabhi Sehra, Kabhi Gulzar Hai Maskan Mera Sheher O Wirana Mera, Beher Mera, Ban Mera Now the wilderness, now the rose garden is my abode City and wilderness are mine, ocean is mine, forest is mine

> کسی ادی میں جنظور پوسونامجدلو سبزوکو میجس کا بحیونامجدلو

Kisi Wadi Mein Jo Manzoor Ho Sona Mujh Ko Sabza E Koh Hai Makhmal Ka Bichona Mujh Ko If I want to return to some valley for the night The mountain's verdure is my carpet of velvet

مجدلو تُدرت نصر من مائي الشائع الله المؤرث كاحت من والنوا

Mujh Ko Qudrat Ne Sikhaya Hai Dur Afsan Hona Naqa E Shahid E Rehmat Ka Hudi Khawan Hona Nature has taught me to be a pearl spreader To chant the camel song for the camel of the Beloved of Mercy عن إلى ولا المرزيوس الناس ونق رزم حوانان كالمستان ونا

Ghamzada E Dil E Afsurda E Dehqan Hona Ronaq E Bazm E Jawanan E Gulistan Hona To be the comforter of the dispirited farmer's heart To be the elegance of the assembly of the garden's trees

> بن كىكىيوئىچىپتى يېھېرعا با بې تانة روب مرص سے نورعا تا بې

Ban Ke Gaisu Rukh E Hasti Pe Bikhar Jata Hun Shana E Moja E Ser Ser Se Sanwar Jata Hun Mein I spread out over the face of the earth like the locks I get arranged and adorned by the breeze's

دُورسے مین آمید کو ترب آمیو کی کریتی سے جو خاموث کر رجا آ ہو

Door Se Didah E Umeed Ko Tersata Hun Mein Kisi Basti Se Jo Khamosh Guzar Jata Hun I tantalize the expecting eye from a distance As I pass silently over some habitation

ئىرلىتا ئىراتى بىلىنىڭ ئوكۇداب كىپناتا بو

Saer Kerta Huwa Jis Dam Lab E Ju Aata Hun Baliyan Neher Ko Gerdab Ki Pehnata Hun As I approach strolling towards a brook's bank I endow the brook with ear rings of whirlpools

> سبزة مزعِ نوخيب رئيسي مين زاري جب يون رود ، خورث يوسي

Sabza E Mazere Nokhaiz Ki Umeed Hun Mein Zadah E Beher Hun, Perwerdah E Khurshid Hun I am the hope of the freshly grown field's verdure I am the ocean's offspring, I am nourished by the sun

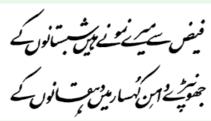
چمنہ کوہ کو دی شورٹ میں نے اور پرندوں کو کسی محتِرتم میں نے

Chasma E Koh Ko Di Shorish E Qulzum Mein Ne Aur Perindon Ko Kiya Mehev E Tarannum Mein Ne

I gave ocean's tumult to the mountain spring I charmed the birds into thrilling chants

سرریب کے گھٹے ہے کہ اُقم میں نے نخیب کُل کو دیا ذوقِ تعتم میں نے

Ser Pe Sabze Ke Khare Ho Ke Kaha Qum Mein Ne Gunchae Gul Ko Diya Zauq E Tabassum Mein Ne I pronounced "Rise" standing by the verdure's head I conferred the taste for smile to the rose bud



Faiz Se Mere Namoone Hain Shabistanon Ke Jhonpare Daman E Kuhsar Mein Dehqanon Ke By my benevolence farmers' huts on the mountain side Are converted into bed chambers of the opulent

(Bang-e-Dra-006) Aik Makra Aur Makhi

ایک مخزااور تھی (انوز) بتیں کے لیے

Aik Makra Aur Makhi (Makhooz) - Bachon Ke Liye A SPIDER AND A FLY (Adopted for Children)

ال دن کسی تحقی سے بیر کنے لکا ملزا اسٹ او سے ہو ماہیے کزر دوزتی را

Ek Din Kisi Makhi Se Ye Kehne Laga Makra Iss Rah Se Hota Hai Guzar Roz Tumhara One day a spider said to a fly Though you pass this way daily

كىكن مرى كُنْياكى نە حاكى كىجى قىمت ئىجۇل كىلىجى تىم نے يہاں اور شرالما

Lekin Meri Kutiya Ki Na Jagi Kabhi Kismat Bhoole Se Kabhi Tum Ne Yahan Paun Na Rakha My hut has never been honored by you By making a chance visit inside by you

غیر*ن سے نبر طبیے* ہو کوئی ہات نہیں ہے ۔ اپنوں سے خرط سے یو کوئی ہات نہیں ج

Ghairon Se Na Miliye To Koi Baat Nahin Hai Apno Se Magar Chahiye Yun Khinch Ke Na Rehna Though depriving strangers of a visit does not matter Evading the near and dear ones does not look good

ر او جومے لھر مدتوعزّت ہے مدیری وہ <u>سامنے می</u>ھی ہے جو شطور ہو انا

Aao Jo Mere Ghar Mein To Izzat Hai Ye Meri Woh Samne Seerhi Hai Jo Manzoor Ho Ana My house will be honored by a visit by you A ladder is before you if you decide to step in ر متھی نے سنی بات جو ملڑے کی تو بو سے حضرت اِسیٰ دان کو دیسے کا نے صو کا

> Makhi Ne Suni Baat Jo Makre Ki To Boli Hazrat! Kisi Nadan Ko Dijiye Ga Ye Dhoka Hearing this the fly said to the spider, "Sire, you should entice some simpleton thus

> > ریر سے بر اسطال میں میں کھی انے کی نہدیے سے اب جواب لی سٹرھی میچڑھا میے نہدیل ترا

Iss Jaal Mein Makhi Kabhi Aane Ki Nahin Hai Jo Aap Ki Seerhi Pe Charha, Phir Nahin Utra This fly would never be pulled into your net Whoever climbed your net could never step down"

كمزے نے كها واه! فريبي مجھ سمجے تم ساكوئى ناوان زمانے ميش ہوكا

Makre Ne Kaha Wah! Farebi Mujhay Samjhe Tum Sa Koi Nadan Zamane Mein Na Ho Ga The spider said, "How strange, you consider me a cheat I have never seen a simpleton like you in the world

منظورتمهاری مصحفے خاطرتھی ولرنہ سیمچھ فائدہ اپیا تو مرا اس مین نہیں تھا

Manzoor Tumhari Mujhe Khatir Thi Wagarna Kuch Faida Apna To Mera Iss Mein Nahin Tha I only wanted to entertain you I had no personal gain in view

ر بر برائی ہوخدا جانے کہا ہے مشہروج مے گھرمی تو ہے اس میں براکیا ۔ اُڑتی ہوئی اُئی ہوخدا جانے کہا ہے

Urti Huwi Ayi Ho Khuda Jane Kahan Se Thehro Jo Mere Ghar Mein To Hai Iss Mein Bura Kya! You have come flying from some unknown distant place Resting for a while in my house would not harm you

الطه وسي كني أو و كلف كي وي چيزي بالمرسي نظراته المبي حيوثي سي كياف

Iss Ghar Mein Khai Tum Ko Dikhane Ki Hain Cheezain Bahir Se Nazar Ata Hai Chotti Si Ye Kutiya

Many things in this house are worth your seeing Though apparently a humble hut you are seeing

ر لٹکے ہوئے رواز والی باریک بیس رو دوروں کو آئیٹ و سے میں نے سجایا

> Latke Huay Darwazon Pe Bareek Hain Parde Diwaron Ko Aaeyno Se Hai Mein Ne Sajaya Dainty drapes are hanging from the doors And I have decorated the walls with mirrors

مهانوں کے آرام کو خاک رویں مجھیا شرخص کو ساماں یو میز سے ہوتا

Mehmanon Ke Aaram Ko Hazir Hain Bichone Her Shaks Ko Saman Ye Mayaser Nahin Hota Beddings are available for guests' comforts Not to everyone's lot do fall these comforts."

Makhi Ne Kaha Khair, Ye Sub Theek Hai Lekin Mein Aap Ke Ghar Aaun, Ye Umeed Na Rakhna The fly said, "All this may very well be But do not expect me to enter your house

> ان رم محمیونوں سے خدا مجدلو بیائے سوجائے لوئی ان بہتو بھیاً مٹھنہ میں ست

In Naram Bichonon Se Khuda Mujh Ko Bachaye So Jaye Koi In Pe To Phir Uth Nahin Sakta "May God protect me from these soft beds Once asleep in them getting up again is impossible"

کرے نے کہاول میں نے جائس کی سے بھانسوں کیے سطح میکم بھیے وانا

Makre Ne Kaha Dil Mein, Suni Baat Jo Uss Ki Phansun Issay Kis Tarha Ye Kambakhat Hai Dana The spider spoke to itself on hearing this talk "How to trap it? This wretched fellow is clever

مُوافِم شامس نطق برجهان وكليه وجع نيامين وشاركا بيب ا

So Kaam Khushamad Se Nikalte Hain Jahan Mein Dekho Jise Duniya Mein Khushamad Ka Hai Banda Many desires are fulfilled with flattery in the world All in the world are enslaved with flattery"

ييوچ كي من سے كهاأس نے بڑی كیا اللہ نے بختا ہے بڑا آپ كو رتبا

Ye Soch Ke Makhi Se Kaha Uss Ne Bari Bee! Allah Ne Bakhsha Hai Bara Aap Ko Rutba

Thinking this the spider spoke to the fly thus! "Madam, God has bestowed great honours on you!

ہوتی ہے اُسط کی کھوئے محبت سپومب کے نسمی کی سنطراب و وہمیا

Hoti Hai Ussay Aap Ki Soorat Se Mohhabat Ho Jis Ne Kabi Aik Nazar Aap Ko Dekha Everyone loves your beautiful face Even if someone sees you for the first time المنسي بركيسي لى كنيتى بيونى كنيان سراب فارنته نے كلنی سے سجایا

Aankhain Hain Ke Heeray Ki Chamakti Huwi Kaniyan Ser Aap Ka Allah Ne Kalgi Se Sajaya Your eyes look like clusters of glittering diamonds God has adorned your beautiful head with a plume

ئیسن یہ بوشاک، یہ وہن مصفائی میراسی قیام سے یہ اُٹے ہوئے گانا

Ye Husn, Ye Poshak, Ye Khubi, Ye Safai Phir Iss Pe Qayamat Hai Ye Urte Huay Gana This beauty, this dress, this elegance, this neatness! And all this is very much enhanced by singing in flight".

كىتى نے ئىنى جب بينو شامد تولى يى بولى كەنسىيا كىسى مجدلولۇئى كەشھا

Makhi Ne Suni Jab Ye Khushamad To Pasiji Boli Ke Nahin Aap Se Mujh Ko Koi Khatka The fly was touched by this flattery And spoke, "I do not fear you any more

انعار کی عات کو مسجمتی میونرامی سیج میہ ہے کہ دل توڑ نااحیانہ میریج تا

Inkar Ki Aadat Ko Samajhti Hun Bura Mein Sach Ye Hai Ke Dil Torna Acha Nahin Hota I hate the habit of declining requests Disappointing somebody is bad indeed"

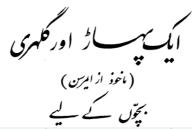
یہ بات کہی اور اُڑی اپنی گھیا ہے ۔ پیسل فی تو ملڑے نے میں اُسے میرا

Ye Baat Kahi Aur Uri Apni Jagha Se Paas Ayi To Makre Ne Uchal Ker Ussay Pakra Saying this it flew from its place When it got close the spider snapped it

> ر کیر نموه تھالئی فنسے اب ہتھ جو آئی ر کریر ارام سے لھر بیٹھ کے متھی لواڑایا

Bhooka Tha Kai Roz Se, Ab Hath Jo Ayi Aaram Se Ghar Baith Ke Makhi Ko Uraya The spider had been starving for many days The fly provided a good leisurely meal

(Bang-e-Dra-007) Aik Pahar Aur Gulehri



Aik Pahar Aur Gulehri (Makhooz Az Emerson) - Bachon Ke Liye A MOUNTAIN AND A SQUIRREL (Adopted for Children from Ralph Waldo Emerson)

کوئی مہاڑیہ کتا ال کلمری سے تجھے پیڑسم تو پانی میں طائے دوب مر

Koi Pahar Ye Kehta Tha Ek Gulehri Se Tujhe Ho Sharam To Pani Mein Ja Ke Doob Maray A mountain was saying this to a squirrel Commit suicide if you have self-respect

Zara Si Cheez Hai, Iss Pe Garoor, Kya Kehna Ye Aqal Aur Ye Samajh, Ye Shaur, Kya Kehna! You are insignificant, still so arrogant, how strange! You are neither wise, nor intelligent! not even shrewd!

ر خدالی ثبان ہے اچیز حیز برند میں جو بیشور ہوں یوں اتمیز برند میں

Khuda Ki Shan Hai Na-Cheez, Cheez Ban Baithen Jo Be-Shaur Hon, Yun Ba-Tameez Ban Baithen It is strange when the insignificant pose as important! When the stupid ones like you pose as intelligent!

تری باطب لیامیری ن کے آئے نمیں کے تیمری ن بان کے آئے

Teri Bisat Hai Kya Meri Shan Ke Aagay Zameen Hai Passt Meri Aan Baan Ke Aagay You are no match in comparison with my splendour Even the earth is low compared with my splendour

> ءِ بات مجھ مینی بجھ کو وہ نےصب کها بھلاہی اڑ کہا ن جانورغریب کہا

Jo Baat Mujh Mein Hai, Tujh Ko Vo Naseeb Kahan Bhala Pahar Kahan, Janwar Gareeb Kahan! The grandeur of mine does not fall to your lot The poor animal cannot equal the great mountain!

كى يەن ئىڭ كىلىرى نے مُنىنىغال الله كىلى يېرى كى ساخىيىن كالۇرا

Kaha Ye Sun Ke Gulehri Ne, Munh Sambhal Zara Ye Kachi Baatain Hain Dil Se Inhain Nikal Zara

On hearing this the squirrel said, Hold your tongue! These are immature thoughts, expel them from your heart! ے جائدینٹ ی نہتیں۔ ری طرح تو لیارٹیا نہیں ہے تو بھی یواخر مرطی ہے جیوٹیا

> Jo Mein Bari Nahin Teri Tarah To Kya Parwa Nahin Hai Tu Bhi To Aakhir Meri Tarah Chotta I do not care if I am not large like you! You are not a pretty little thing like me

مرائي چيزے پيداخدا کی قدر سے کوئی بڑا کوئی ھيوٹا' يُراس انجاسے

Her Aik Cheez Se Paida Khuda Ki Qudrat Hai Koi Bara, Koi Chotta, Ye Uss Ki Hikmat Hai Everything shows the Omnipotence of **God** Some large, some small, is the Wisdom of **God**

رِّاحِب ن مِی تُحمِدُ لو بنا دیا مُسنے مجھے دفت پیمٹر شار میا کہ ان کے

Bara Jahan Mein Tujh Ko Bana Diya Uss Ne Mujhe Darakht Pe Charhna Sikha Diya Uss Ne He has created you large in the world And He has taught me climbing large trees

قرم اُٹھانے لی طاقت نہدین آنجیویں بزی ٹرائی ہے خوبی ہے اور لیا تجہیں

Qadam Uthane Ki Takat Nahin Zara Tujh Mein Niri Barai Hai, Khubi Hai Aur Kya Tujh Mein You are unable to walk a single step Only large size! What other greatness have you?

جُوْرِ اللهِ مِنْ مِنْ اللهِ المِلْمُلِي المِلْمُلِي المِلْمُلِي المُلْمُلِي اللهِ اللهِ اللهِ

Jo Tu Bara Hai To Mujh Sa Hunar Dikha Mujh Ko Ye Chaliya Hi Zara Tor Ker Dikha Mujh Ko If you are large show me some of the skills I have Show me how you break this beetle nut as I can

> نہیں ہے چیز کمتی لوئی زمانے میں کوئی بُرانہیں قدرت کے کا بضانے میں

Nahin Hai Cheez Nakami Koi Zamane Mein Koi Bura Nahin Qudrat Ke Karkhane Mein Nothing is useless in this world Nothing is bad in **God's** creation

(Bang-e-Dra-009) Bache Ki Dua

بیتے کی ڈع (اخوز) بیّوں کے لیے

Bache Ki Dua (Makhooz) Bachon Ke Liye The Child's Invocation (Adopted For Children)

ں پہ اتی ہے وُعا بن کے متّ سری زندگی شعبے کی صورت ہوحت ایا سیری

Lab Pe Aati Hai Dua Ban Ke Tamanna Meri Zindagi Shamma Ki Surat Ho Khudaya Meri My Longing Comes To My Lips As supplication Of Mine O ALLAH! May Like The Candle The Life Of Mine

دُور ونی کا مرے دُم سے ندھیا ہوجائے مرحبگہ سرے حیث سے اُجالا ہوجائے

Door Dunya Ka Mere Dam Se Andhera Ho Jaye Har Jagha Mere Chamakne Se Ujala Ho Jaye May The World's Darkness Disappear Through The Life Of Mine! May Every Place Light Up With The Sparkling Light Of Mine!

> ہو مرے وَم سے یونہی میرے وطن کی زیت حلامے میگول سے ہوتی ہے چین کی زینت حلامے میگول سے ہوتی ہے چین کی زینت

Ho Mere Dam Se Yunhi Mere Watan Ki Zeenat Jis Tarha Phool Se Hoti Hai Chaman Ki Zeenat May My Homeland Through Me Attain Elegance As The Garden Through Flowers Attains Elegance

زندگی ہو مری پروانے کی صورت یارب علم کی شعبے سے رہو مجھ کومخبت یارب!

Zindagi Ho Meri Parwane Ki Surat **Ya RAB** Ilm Ki Shamma Se Ho Mujh ko Mohabbat **Ya RAB!** May My Life Like That Of The Moth Be O **LORD** May I Love The Lamp Of Knowledge O **LORD!**

ہو مرا کام عنسر بیوں کی حمب یت کرنا دروسن وں سئے ضعیفوں سے مبت کرنا

Ho Mera Kaam Garibon Ki Himayat Karna Dardmando Se Zaifon Se Mohabbat Karna May Supportive Of The Poor My Life's Way Be May Loving The Old, The Suffering My Way

مرے اللّٰہ! بُرائی سے سجب نا نجمہ کو سیک جو راہ ہو اسس رہ یہ حیانا مجھ کو Be

Mere ALLAH Burai Se Bachana Mujhko Naik Jo Rah Ho, Ussi Reh Pe Chalana Mujhko O ALLAH! Protect Me From The Evil Ways Show Me The Path Leading To The Good Ways

(Bang-e-Dra-010) Hamdardi

ممدروی (ماخوذ از لیپ م کوپر) بیچوں کے لیے

Hamdardi (Makhooz Az William Cowper) Bachon Ke Liye Sympathy (Adapted for Children from William Cowper)

شهنی به کستی جب رکی نهب میمانی اوب رمیشیا شهنی به کستی جب رکی نهب

> Tehni Pe Kisi Shajar Ki Tanha Bulbul Tha Koi Udas Baitha Perched on the branch of a tree Was a nightingale sad and lonely

کتا تھا کہ رات سریہ آئی اڑنے چیکنے میں دن کزارا

Kehta Tha Ke Raat Ser Pe Aayi Urne Chugne Mein Din Guzra "The night has drawn near", He was thinking "I passed the day in flying around and feeding

پنچورک ملح کشیارک میرسیزیش کیا اندهیرا

Pohenchun Kis Tarah Aashiyan Tak Her Cheez Pe Cha Gya Andhera How can I reach up to the nest Darkness has enveloped everything"?

شن کرنمب ل کی اہ وزاری مستحبانو کوئی پاسس ہی سے بولا شن کرنمب ل کی اہ وزاری

> Sun Kar Bulbul Ki Aah-O-Zari Jugnu Koi Pas Hi Se Bola

Hearing the nightingale wailing thus A glow-worm lurking nearby spoke thus

ماضر بُون مدو کو جان و ول سے کیسٹرا ہوں کر حیہ میں فراسا

Hazir Hun Madad Ko Jaan O Dil Se Keera Hun Agarche Mein Zara Sa "With my heart and soul ready to help I am Though only an insignificant insect I am

کیاغم ہے جورات ہے اندھیری کمیں راہ میں روشنی کروں کا

Kya Gham Hai Jo Raat Hai Andheri Main Rah Mein Roshani Karon Ga Never mind if the night is dark I shall shed light if the way is dark

اللہ نے دی ہے مجھ کوشعل چمکا کے مجھے دیا بنایا

Allah Ne Di Hai Mujh Ko Mishal Chamka Ke Mujhay Diya Banaya God has bestowed a torch on me He has given a shining lamp to me

ہیں لوگ وہی جہاں میں اتھے اتے ہیں جو کام دوسروں کے

Hain Log Wohi Jahan Mein Ache Aate Hain Jo Kaam Dusron Ke The good in the world only those are Ready to be useful to others who are

(Bang-e-Dra-011) Maan Ka Khawab

ماں کا خواب (ماخز) برتہ سے ا

Maan Ka Khawab (Makhooz - Bachon Ke Liye) A Mother's Dream (Adopted For Children From William Cowper)

میں سوئی جواک شب تو دکھا یہ خواب برٹھا اورجب سے مراط لیاب

Mein Soyi Jo Ek Shab To Dekha Ye Khawab Barha Aur Jis Se Mera Iztarab As I slept one night I saw this dream Which further increased my vexation ر ر بیه دمکیها که ئیں حب رہی ہولکہیں اندھیراہیے اور راہ مبتی نہیں یں

> Ye Dekha Ke Mein Ja Rahi Hun Kahin Andhera Hai Aur Rah Milti Nahin I dreamt I was going somewhere on the way Dark it was and impossible to find the way

لززائمت ورسے مرابال ال مرم کا تھا دیشت اٹھنامحال

Larazta Tha Der Se Mera Baal Baal Qadam Ka Tha Dehshat Se Uthna Mahal Trembling all over with fear I was Difficult to take even a step with fear was

Jo Kuch Hosla Pa Ke Aagay Berhi To Dekha Qitar Aik Larkon Ki Thi With some courage as I forward moved I saw some boys as lined in nice array

زُمر وسی بیٹ کے پہنے ہوئے ویا کے باتھوں میں جاتے ہوئے

Zumurad Si Poshak Pehne Huay Diye Sub Ke Hathon Mein Jalte Huay Dressed in emerald-like raiment they were Carrying lighted lamps in their hands they were

Woh Chup Chap Thay Agay Peche Rawan Khuda Jane Jana Tha Un Ko Kahan They were going quietly behind each other No one knew where they were to go

اسی سوچ میں تھی کرمیس اربیر مجھے اُسس جباعت میں آیانظر

Iss Soch Mein Thi Ke Mera Pisar Mujhe Uss Jamat Mein Aya Nazar Involved in this thought was I When in this troupe my son saw I

وہ پیچھے تھا آورسے نہ عبت نہ تھا ویا اُس کے ہاتھوں میں حبت انہ تھا

Woh Peche Tha Aur Taez Chalta Na Tha Diya Uss Ke Hathon Mein Jalta Na Tha He was walking at the back, and was not walking fast The lamp he had in his hand was not lighted كهائيس في يحب ن كرميري عاب مجمع حيور كرات كئة تم كها ف

Kaha Mein Ne Pehchan Ker, Meri Jaan! Mujhe Chor Ker Aa Gye Tum Kahan?

Recognizing him I said "O My dear! Where have you come leaving me there?

عُدائی میں رمتی ہوں میں بے قرار پروتی ہوں ہرروز ہے کے ا

Judai Mein Rehti Hun Main Be-Qarar Paroti Hun Her Rouz Ashkon Ke Haar Restless due to separation I am Weeping every day for ever I am

نه پرواسم اری فراتم نے کی گئے چیوڑ احقی وفاتم نے کی ا

Na Perwa Humari Zara Tum Ne Ki Gye Chor, Achi Wafa Tum Ne Ki! You did not care even a little for me What loyalty you showed, you left me"!

جے نے بھی مراہیج و ہ ۔ ریائٹ نے ٹینے بھیرکر یوں جاب

Jo Bache Ne Dekha Mera Peach O Taab Diya Uss Ne Munh Phair Ker Yun Jawab As the child saw the distress in me He replied thus, turning around to me

رُلاتی ہے تھے کو جبُ دائی مری نہیں اس میں کھیے تھی بائی مری

Rulati Hai Tujh Ko Juddai Meri Nahin Uss Mein Kuch Bhi Bhalai Meri "The separation from me makes you cry Not least little good does this to me"

ر المراده کچه دریک میپ علی ویا میپردکف کرید کفت که

Ye Keh Ker Vo Kuch Dair Tak Chup Raha Diya Phir Dikha Ker Ye Kehne Laga He remained quiet for a while after talking Showing me the lamp then he started talking

> سمجسی ہے تُو بِہُا کے کیا اسے ر ترے انسے وَل نے مجھایا لسے!

Samajhti Hai Tu Ho Gaya Kya Issay? Tere Aanasuon Ne Bhujaya Issay! "Do you understand what happened to this? Your tears have extinguished this"!

(Bang-e-Dra-012) Parinde Ki Faryad (The Bird's Complaint)

برندے کی نباد پرندے کی سے لیے

Prinde Ki Faryad Bachon Ke Liye THE BIRD'S COMPLAINT (For Children)

این ہے یاد مجھ کو گزراہوا زمان وہ باغ کی بہارین وہ سب کا چھپانا

Ata Hai Yaad Mujh Ko Guzra Huwa Zamana Woh Bagh Ki Baharain, Woh Sub Ka Chehchana I am constantly reminded of the bygone times Those garden's springs, those chorus of chimes

ر ازادیاں کہاں واب اپنے کھونسکے کی اپنی خوشی سے نا'اپنی خوشی سے جانا

Azadiyan Kahan Woh Ab Apne Ghonsle Ki Apni Khushi Se Ana, Apni Khushi Se Jana Gone are the freedoms of our own nests Where we could come and go at our own pleasure

لگتی ہے چوٹ ل بڑتا ہے ایو جس م مسلم کے انسوؤں رکھیوں کا مسکوا نا

Lagti Hai Chot Dil Per, Ata Hai Yad Jis Dam Shabnaam Ke Ansuon Per Kaliyon Ka Muskarana My heart aches the moment I think Of the buds' smile at the dew's tears

وہ پیاری پارٹی ک وہ کامنی ہی ور ابادجس کے دم سے تھامیا آتشیا نا

Vo Payari Payari Soorat, Vo Kamni Si Moorat Abad Jis Ke Dam Se Tha Mera Ashiyana That beautiful figure, that Kamini's form Which source of happiness in my nest did form

> اقتی نهی امیراُس کی مستضری توتی مری ہاتی اے کاش میے بسریں!

Ati Nahin Sadaen Uss Ki Mere Qafas Mein Hoti Meri Rehai Ae Kash Mere Bus Mein! I do not hear those lovely sounds in my cage now May it happen that my freedom be in my own hands now! کیا نیصیر مین کمیرکوترس با بیوں ساتھی تو ہوٹیطن میئی قید مدیر شاہوں

Kya Badnaseeb Hun Mein Ghar Ko Taras Raha Hun Sathi To Hain Watan Mein, Main Qaid Mein Para Hun How unfortunate I am, tantalized for my abode I am My companions are in the home-land, in the prison I am

ا بن بهار کلیاں مُیولوں کی بندر ہوں ۔ انی بہار کلیاں مُیولوں کی بندر ہوں ۔ نمایس نیسے کھرمتے میں کوروہا ہوں

> Ayi Bahar, Kaliyan Phoolon Ki Hans Rahi Hain Mein Iss Andhere Ghar Mein Kismat Ko Ro Raha Hun Spring has arrived, the flower buds are laughing On my misfortune in this dark house I am wailing

> > اس قید کا الٰہیٰ وُکھٹڑا کیے سُناؤں ڈریے ہمد تیفش میں میٹی سے مرنہ عباؤ

Iss Qaid Ka Elahi! Dukhra Kise Sunaun Der Hai Yahin Qafas Mein Main Gham Se Mer Na Jaun O God, To whom should I relate my tale of woe? I fear lest I die in this cage with this woe (grief)!

جب سيجين جُرشي سيخ ميتال موليات واغم كوكهار بالبيخ م ول كوكهار بالبيح

Jab Se Chaman Chuta Hai, Ye Haal Ho Gya Hai Dil Gham Ko Kha Raha Hai, Gham Dil Ko Kha Raha Hai Since separation from the garden the condition of my heart is such My heart is waxing the grief, my grief is waxing the heart

ر میں میں ہونے میں استے ہوئے اور اور اور میں اور میں اور میں اور میں استے ہوئے دار اور اور میں استے ہوئے دار ا

Gana Issay Samajh Ker Khush Hon Na Sunne Wale Dukhe Huwe Dilon Ki Faryad Ye Sada Hai O Listeners, considering this music do not be happy This call is the wailing of my wounded heart

> ر ازادمجمد کوکردئے اقدیکرنے والے! میں بے زبائی ق میری توصیو کردعا ہے

Azad Mujh Ko Ker De, O Qaid Kerne Wale! Main Bezuban Hun Qaidi, Tu Chor Ker Dua Le O the one who confined me make me free A silent prisoner I am, earn my blessings free

(Bang-e-Dra-014) Shama-o-Parwana

شمع و پروانه

Shama-o-Parwana Moth And Candle

رواز تحبر سے تاہے کے سعابیارکیوں یہ جان بے قرائے تحدیریٹ کیوں

Parwana Tujh Se Karta Hai Ae Shama! Pyar Kyun Ye Jaan-e-Be-Qarar Hai Tujh Par Nisar Kyun Why is the moth your lover, O flame, Giving life in a yielding move?

سیاب وار رکھتی ہے تسری اوا اسے ۔ اوا بیشن ٹونے بیلھائے ہیں کیا گے۔ سیاب وار رکھتی ہے تسری اوا اسے ۔

Seemabwaar Rakhti Hai Teri Ada Isse Adab-e-Ishq Tu Ne Sikhaye Hain Kya Isse? You make its ways the quicksilver's ways. You taught it, what rites of love?

كرة يديطواف ترى حب وه كاه كالم مينيون كانجوا بيسي ترى برق نكاه كأ

Karta Hai Ye Tawaf-e-Teri Jalwagah Ka Phoonka Huwa Hai Kya Teri Barq-e-Nigah Ka? The creature circles around your flare. How burnt in your flash of sight!

ر را در المراب المراب

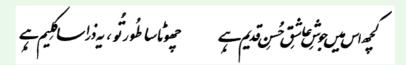
Azaar-e-Mout Mein Isse Aram-e-Jaan Hai Kya? Shaole Mein Tere Zindagi-e-Javidan Hai Kya? Does it know life's peace in the throes of death? Life endures in your ardour bright?

غم ن نهٔ جهان میں جرتبری ضیانی ہو استفت برانی و

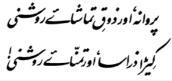
Ghumkhana-e-Jahan Mein Jo Teri Zia Na Ho Iss Tafta Dil Ka Nakhle-e-Tamana Hara Na Ho Had your lustre not been in the world's house of woe The tree of hot love had not been green.

گرنا تر حضور میں ہس کی نازیے نتھے سے ل میں لذتِ موزوکدا نیے

Girna Tere Huzoor Mein Iss Ki Namaz Hai Nanhe Se Dil Mein Lazzat-e-Souz-o-Gudaz Hai Moth sinks before you making its prayer, Frail heart to feel scorching keen.



Kuch Iss Mein Josh-e-Ashiq-e-Husn-e-Qadeem Hai Chota Sa Toor Tu, Ye Zara Sa Kaleem Hai It must throb like one loving the beauty of old: Small prophet! small mountain of fire!



Parwana, Aur Zauq-e-Tamashaye Roshni Keera Zara Sa, Aur Tamanaye Roshni! The moth with its urge to envisage the flame! Poor worm, with its light's desire!

(Bang-e-Dra-015) Aqal-o-Dil

عقا و دِل

Aqal-o-Dil Reason And Heart

عقت نے ایک ن ٹیل کے ا

Aqal Ne Aik Din Ye Dil Se Kaha Bhoole Bhatke Ki Rahnuma Hun Main One day reason said to the heart: 'I am a guide for those who are lost.

بيون زمين بري گزر فلاك بيرمرا و ميمد توكس قدر رسا بيون مين

Hun Zameen Par, Guzr Falak Pe Mera Dekh To Kis Qadar Rasa Hun Main I live on earth, but I roam the skies just see the vastness of my reach.

کام دنب میں تیہ ہی ہے ا شرخ جستہ یا ہوں میں

Kaam Dunya Mein Rahbari Hai Mera Misl-e-Khizr-e-Khajasta Pa Hun Main My task in the world is to guide and lead, I am like Khizr of blessed steps.

بيون مفيتركت ببيتى كى مظهرِث ركب ريا بيون ميں

Hun Mufassir-e-Kitab-e-Hasti Ki Mazhar-e-Shan-e-Kibriya Hun Main I interpret the book of life, And through me Divine Glory shines forth.

بوندال خون کی ہے تُوںک ن غیرتِ تعلِ بے بہاہوں میں

Boond Ek Khoon Ki Hai Tu Lekin Ghairat-e-Laal-e-Be Baha Hun Main You are no more than a drop of blood, While I am the envy of the priceless pearl!

دل نے مُن کر کہا یہ سب سبج ہے ۔ پر مجھے بھی تو دیکھ کہتے ہوں میں

Dil Ne Sun Kar Kaha Ye Sub Sach Hai Par Mujhe Bhi To Dekh, Kya Hun Main The heart listened, and then said: 'This is all true, But now look at me, And see what I am.

رازِ سے کو تو سجمتی ہے اور آنکھوں سے دیمقاہوں میں!

Raaz-e-Hasti Ko Ti Samajhti Hai Aur Ankhon Se Dekhta Hun Main! You penetrate the secret of existence, But 1 see it with my eyes.

ہے تجھے واسطے مظاہرے اور باطن سے آشنا ہول میں

Hai Tujhe Wasta Mazahir Se Aur Batin Se Ashna Hun Main You deal With the outward aspect of things, I know what lies within.

علم تجدسے تومعرفت مجدسے توحندا جو حندانا ہوں میں

Ilm Tujh Se To Maarifat Mujh Se Tu Khuda Joo, Khuda Numa Hun Main Knowledge comes from you, gnosis from me; You seek God, I reveal Him.

علم کی آہا ہے ہے آبی اسس مرض کی مکر دوا ہوں میں

Ilm Ki Intiha Hai Betaabi Iss Marz Ki Magar Dawa Hun Main Attaining the ultimate in knowledge only makes one restless— I am the cure for that malady.

مشیع توسیم توسی است کی برم کا رویا بیوں میں

Shama Tu Mehfil-e-Sadaqat Ki Husn Ki Bazm Ka Diya Hun Main You are the candle of the Assembly of Truth; 1 am the lamp of the Assembly of Beauty. تُوزمان ومكال سے رشتہ بیا مسلم سر سردہ تهشنا ہوں میں

Tu Zaman-o-Makan Se Rishta Bapa Taeer-e-Sidra Se Ashna Hun Main You are hobbled by space and time, While I am the bird in the Lotus Tree.

کسیب بی پہنے ت مرا عرش رہے ہیں کا ہوں میں ا

Kis Bulandi Pe Hai Maqam Mera Arsh Rab-e-Jaleel Ka Hun Main! My status is so high— I am the throne of the God of Majesty! (Bang-e-Dra-016) Sada'ay Dard

صدائے درد

Sadaye Dard The Painful Wail

على إيون كانهيس بري كسي بيومجه الرقروف المعيطاب لنكا تومجه

Jal Raha Hun Kal Nahin Parti Kisi Pehlu Mujhe Haan Dabo De Ae Muheet-e-Aab-e-Ganga Tu Mujhe Consumed with grief I am, I get relief in no way O circumambient waters of the Ganges drown me

ئرمىلىنى قىيمتكى نفاق ئىيزىم مولىيا ياتواك قُربِ فراق أميزىم

Sarzameen Apni Qayamat Ki Nafaq-Angaiz Hai Wasl Kaisa, Yaan To Ek Qurb-e-Firaq Angaiz Hai Our land foments excessive mutual enmity What unity! Our closeness harbors separation

بدك يك بي وياشنائي خضب ايك خي من دانون مي أي خيضب

Badle Yak Rangi Ke Ye Nashnayi Hai Ghazab Aik Hi Khirman Ke Danon Mein Judai Hai Ghazab Enmity instead of sincerity is outrageous Enmity among the same barn's grains is outrageous

كے ولوں مان قت كى بواا أينسس أحب بين مديكو أي طف نغم پيراً ينه مي

Jis Ke Phoolon Mein Akhuwat Ki Hawa Ayi Nahin Uss Cchaman Mein Koi Lutf-e-Naghma Pairayi Nahin If the brotherly breeze has not entered in a garden No pleasure can be derived from songs in that garden لڏت فرهب متى ريمهٔ اجا ايون مي اختلاط وجب مساحل سي طراراس مي

Lazzat-e-Qurb-e-Haqiqi Par Mita Jata Hun Main Ikhtilat-e-Mouja-o-Sahil Se Ghabrata Hun Main Though I exceedingly love the real closeness I am upset by the mixing of waves and the shore

وانة خرمنى بي شمسعېز بيان جونه غرمن تي سرانے کي تي گران

Dana-e-Khirman Numa Hai Shayar-e-Maujiz Byan Ho Na Khirman Hi To Iss Dane Ki Hasti Phir Kahan The miraculous poet is like the grain from the barn The grain has no existence if there is no barn

خن بولیا خود ناجب کوئی مآل بنی برو شمع کو جلنے سے کی طلب محفل بنی برو

Husn Ho Kya Khudnuma Jab Koi Maeel Hi Na Ho Shama Ko Jalne Se Kya Matlab Jo Mehfil Hi Na Ho How can beauty unveil itself if no one is anxious for sight Lighting of the candle is meaningless if there is no assembly

دوق کویائی نسب از کنهای سیخ الیا کمیون سیخ الیان کمیون کمی

Zauq-e-Goyai Khamoshi Se Badalta Kyun Nahin Mere Aaeene Se Ye Johar Nikalta Kyun Nahin Why does the taste for speech not change to silence Why does this brilliance not appear out from my mirror

> كنِ بالكمول بمار لنَّتِ كُفارنے! مُيولُ الاجم يِن الشركارين مُيولُ الاجم يِن الشركارين

Kaab Zuban Kholi Humari Lazzat-e-Guftar Ne! Phoonk Dala Jab Chaman Ko Aatish-e-Paikar Ne Alas! My tongue poured its speech down When war's fire had burnt the garden down

(Bang-e-Dra-017) Aftab

ا قباب (ترمه گائتری)

Aftab (Tarjuma Gayatri) The Sun

(Translated from Gautier)

ك أفتاب رُوح وروان جهال بيُّو شيرزه بندفوت ركوفي كال بيُّو

Ae Aftab! Rooh-o-Rawan-e-Jahan Hai Tu Shiraza Band-e-Daftar-e-Kaun-o-Makan Hai Tu O Sun! The world's essence and motivator you are The organizer of the book of the world you are باعث ہے تُو وجو وعِ م کی نمود کا ہے سبز ترینے مسے پہنے بود کا

Baees Hai Tu Wujood-o-Adam Ki Namood Ka Hai Sabz Tere Dam Se Chaman Hast-o-Bood Ka

The splendor of existence has been created by you The verdure of the garden of existence depends on you

قَامَ يُغِصُونِ كَامَاتُ تَحِيى عِنْ مِنْ مِنْ مُدَلِي كَالْعَاصِ الْحِيى سے ہے

Qaeem Ye Unsaron Ka Tamasha Tujhi Se Hai Har Shay Mein Zindagi Ka Taqaza Tujhi Se Hai The spectacle of elements is maintained by you The exigency of life in all is maintained by you

ہرشے و تیری عبو ، کری سے ثباہے تیرایی وزور ماز سرایا جی

Har Shay Ko Teri Jalwagari Se Sabat Hai Tera Ye Souz-o-Saaz Sarapa Hayat Hai Your appearance confers stability on everything Your illumination and concord is completion of life

وه افتاب سنے مانے میں نور ہے وال کئے خرد ہے روح وال ہے سعور ع

Woh Aftab Jis Se Zamane Mein Noor Hai Dil Hai, Khird Hai, Rooh-e-Rawan Hai, Shaur Hai You are the sun which establishes light in the world Which establishes heart, intellect, essence and wisdom

لے فتاب ہم کوضیائے شور ہے چٹم خرد کواپنی سے نور دے

Ae Aftab! Hum Ko Zia-e-Shaur De Chashm-e-Khird Ko Apni Tajalli Se Noor De O Sun! Bestow on us the light of wisdom Bestow your luster's light on the intellect's eye

مَعِينِ وجود كاساما طِلِ إِزَّةُ يَرُوانِ ساكن إِنْ تَيْنِ فِينِ لِزَنُو

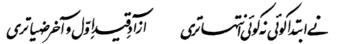
Hai Mehfil-e-Wujood Ka Saman Taraz Tu Yazdan-e-Sakinan-e-Nashaib-o-Faraz Tu You are the decorator of necessaries of existence' assemblage You are the Yazdan of the denizens of the high and the low

تىراكىك لىتى پېرىب ندارىي تىپ رى مودىت ئەكومهارىي

Tera Kamal Hasti-e-Har Jandar Mein Teri Namood Silsila-e-Kohsar Mein Your excellence is reflected from every living thing The mountain range also shows your elegance

برحب نركى حيات كاير روكارتُو زائب گان نُور كابتِ اجب ارتُو

Har Cheez Ki Hayat Ka Parwardigar Tu Zaeedgan-e-Noor Ka Hai Tajdar Tu You are the sustainer of the life of all You are the king of the light's children



Ne Ibtida Koi Na Koi Intiha Teri Azad-e-Qaid-e-Awwal-o-Akhir Zia Teri There is no beginning and no end of yours Free of limits of time is the light of yours

(Bang-e-Dra-018) Shama



بزم جهان مين مي ينمو بالشمع دومند فرياد درگره صفت دانهُ سيند

Bazm-e-Jahan Mein Main Bhi Hun Ae Shama! Dardmand Faryad Dar Gira Sift-e-Dana-e-Sapand O Candle! I am also an afflicted person in the world assembly Constant complaint is my lot in the manner of the rue

دى عَثْق نِي حِرارتِ سوزِ درُوں تِحِيدِ اورگُل فروٹ بِل شائن قُلُول لِيا مجھ

Di Ishq Ne Hararat-e-Souz-e-Duron Tujhe Aur Gul Farosh-e-Ashak-e-Shafaq-Goon Kiya Mujhe Love gave the warmth of internal pathos to you It made me the florist selling blood-mixed tears

> مِ شِيعِ رَبِّم شِيلُ لَكْسِيعِ مِزَارَتُو مِرِ مال الثَّالِغُم سِيمٍ مِهِ بَارْتُو مِر مال الثَّالِغُم سِيمٍ مِهِ بَارْتُو

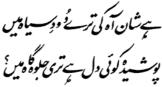
Ho Shama-e-Bazm-e-Aysh Ke Shama-e-Mazar Tu Har Haal Ashak-e-Gham Se Rahi Humkinar Tu Whether you be the candle of a celebrating assembly or one at the grave In every condition associated with the tears of sorrow you remain

كب بيت رئيط خصيفَتِ عاشقاران ميسري گاه مائيات و بستياز

Yak Been Teri Nazar Sift-e-Ashiqan-e-Raaz Meri Nigah Maya-e-Ashob-e-Imtiaz Your eye views all with equity like the Secret's Lovers My eye is the pride of the tumult of discrimination

کعیدیں کی سے کھیاں رہنیا میں ہت یاز درجہ مرس کے نیام

Kaabe Mein, Bukade Mein Hai Yaksaan Teri Zia Main Imtiaz-e-Dair-o-Haram Mein Phansa Huwa Your illumination is alike in the Ka'bah and the temple I am entangled in the temple and the Haram's discrimination



Hai Shan Aah Ki Tere Dood-e-Siyah Mein Poshida Koi Dil Hai Teri Jalwagah Mein? Your black smoke contains the sigh's elegance Is some heart hidden in the place of your manifestation?

عبتی ہے تو کہ برق سی سے والے سی سے در دسی سے اور کو سی کے اور ہے

Jalti Hai Tu Ke Barq-e-Tajalli Se Door Hai Be-Dard Tere Souz Ko Samjhe Ke Noor Hai You burn with pathos due to distance from Tajalli's Light Your pathos the callous ones consider your light

تُوجل رہی ہے اور تجھے نیچربنہیں ہیناہے اور سوزورُوں رنیظرنہ میں توجل رہی ہے اور تجھے نیچربنہیں

> Tu Jal Rahi Hai Aur Tujhe Kuch Khabar Nahin Beena Hai Aur Souz-e-Darun Par Nazar Nahin Though you are burning you are unaware of it all You see but do not encompass the internal pathos

ئىرى جۇشىرلىن طارىجىسىيات ارىمبى تىكى ۋەلىمطراب لى بىلىن خوارىمبى

Main Josh-e-Iztirab Se Seemabdar Bhi Agah-e-Iztirab-e-Dil-e-Beqarar Bhi I quiver like mercury with the excitement of vexation As well I am aware of vexations of the restless heart

> تھا یہ بھی کوئی نازکسی بنے از کا اس سے یا محصے لینے کداز کا

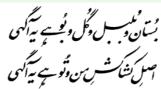
Tha Ye Bhi Koi Naaz Kisi Be Niaz Ka Ehsas De Diya Mujhe Apne Gudaz Ka This was also the elegance of some Beloved Which gave me perception of my own pathos

ر المراس مع المعتى المراس الم

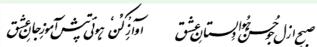
Ye Aghi Meri Mujhe Rakhti Hai Be-Qarar Khawabida Iss Sharar Mein Hain Atish Kade Hazar This cognition of mine keeps me restless Innumerable fire temples are asleep in this spark

يەت يازۇقت وپتى اسى سىنى كىلى مىلىن شاب يىت كاسى سى

Ye Imtiaz-e-Riffat-o-Pasti Issi Se Hai Gul Mein Mehak, Sharab Mein Masti Issi Se Hai Discrimination between high and low is created by this alone! Fragrance in flower, ecstasy in wine is created by this alone!



Bustan-o-Bulbul-o-Gul-o-Bu Hai Ye Aghi Asal-e-Kashakash-e-Man-o-Tu Hai Ye Aghi Garden, nightingale, flower, fragrance this Cognition is Root of the struggle of 'I and you' this Cognition is



Subah-e-Azal Jo Husn Huwa Dilstan-e-Ishq Awaz-e-'KUN' Huwi Tapish Amoz-e-Jaan-e-Ishq At creation's dawn as Beauty became the abode of Love The sound of "Kun" taught warmth to the spirit of Love

يت م تعالدُ فُشْنُ بُن كَيْب دِيكِهِ الكَّابِكُه لِكَ عَالِي شَاكِراً لَكُهُ

Ye Hukm Tha Ke Gulshan-e-'KUN' Ki Bahar Dekh Aik Ankh Le Ke Khawab-e-Pareshan Hazar Dekh The command came Beauty of Kun's garden to witness With one eye a thousand dreadful dreams to witness

مجه سنخبرنه پوچه چاب عود کی شام نساق سبح تعیم برنی و کی

Mujh Se Khabar Na Puch Hijab-e-Wujood Ki Sham-e-Firaq Subah Thi Meri Namood Ki Do not ask me of the nature of the veil of being The eve of separation was the dawn of my being

وه دن گئے کہ قبید سے نمیل شنانہ تھا نہیں درختِ طُور مرا آتشیانہ تھا

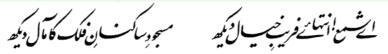
Woh Din Gye Ke Qaid Se Main Ashna Na Tha Ziab-e-Darakht-e-Toor Mera Ashiyana Tha Gone are the days when unaware of imprisonment I was That my abode the adornment of the tree of Tur was

قىدى بِ اوْرْفُس لوحين جانتا ہوں میں غرت نے م کیے کو وطن جانتا ہوں ی

Qaidi Hun Aur Qafas Ko Chaman Janta Hun Main Ghurbat Ke Ghamkade Ko Watan Janta Hun Main I am a prisoner but consider the cage to be a garden This exile's hovel of sorrow I consider the homeland

> يادِ وطن فسُرد كي بِيسب بنى شوق نط بريم كيم في وقطلب بنى شوق نط بيم كيم في وقطلب بنى

Yaad-e-Watan Fasurdagi-e-Be-Sabab Bani Shauq-e-Nazar Kabhi, Kabhi Zauq-e-Talab Bani Memories of the homeland a needless melancholy became Now the desire for sight, now Longing for search became



Ae Shama! Intihaye Faraib-e-Khiyal Dekh Masjood-e-Sakinan-e-Falak Ka Maal Dekh O Candle! Look at the excessive illusion of thought Look at the end of the one worshipped by celestial denizens

مضمو فراق کا ہوں تریات تی ہیں ۔ انہاک طبع بالنے کو فرسکا جو میں

Mazmoon Firaaq Ka Hun, Sureya Nishan Hun Main Ahang-e-Taba-e-Nazim-e-Kaun-o-Makan Hun Main Theme of separation I am, the exalted one I am Design of the Will of the Universe's Lord I am

باندهامجھے جُس نے تو چاہم بری موصل تحر کرار دیاسٹر یوان ہے بور

Bandha Mujhe Jo Uss Ne To Chahi Meri Namood Tehreeh Kar Diya Sir-e-Diwan-e-Hast-o-Bood He desired my display as He designed me When at the head of Existence' Divan He wrote me

الور روشت فاك مين بياب ندي الديسي مفهور مين

Gohar Ko Musht-e-Khak Mein Rehna Pasand Hai Bandish Agarche Sust Hai, Mazmoon Buland Hai The pearl likes living in a handful of dust Style may be dull the subject is excellent

چشنے علط بلر کا بیس را تصور ع

Chashm-e-Ghalat Nigar Ka Ye Sara Qasoor Hai Alam-e-Zahoor-e-Jalwa-e-Zauq-e-Shaur Hai Not seeing it rightly is the fault of shortsighted perception The universe is the show of effulgence of taste for Cognizance

يب سيدزمان مكال كالمستدم موقع كار يُحسن تماثيات ندع

Ye Silsila Zaman-o-Makan Ka, Kumand Hai Tauq-e-Gulooye Husn-e-Tamasha Pasand Hai This network of time and space is the scaling ladder of the Universe It is the necklace of the neck of Eternal Beauty

منزل کا شیق ہے کم کروہ او ہوں ایشیع! میل سیفرنی مہوں

Manzil Ka Ishtiaq Hai, Gum Karda Rah Hun Ae Shama! Main Aseer-e-Faraib-e-Nigah Hun I have lost the way, Longing for the goal I am O Candle! Captive of perception's illusion I am صيّاداً ب علقت والمستم عبي بالمحمد م عبي طائر باجم م المبي بالمحمد م المبي بالمحمد م المبي بالمحمد م المبي بالمحمد م

Sayyad App, Halqa-e-Daam-e-Sitam Bhi App Baam-e-Haram Bhi, Taeer-e-Baam-e-Haram Bhi App! I am the hunter as well as the circle of tyranny's net! I am the Haram's roof as well as the bird on Haram's roof

Main Husn Ke Ishq-e-Sarapa Gudaz Hun Khulta Nahin Ke Naaz Hun Main Ya Niaz Hun Am I the Beauty or head to foot the melting love am I? It is not clear whether the beloved or the Lover am I?

> بال شنائيل ندازُلُه ركهي عرص خور فرمات قصة دارورُس كهي

Haan, Ashnaye Lab Ho Na Raaz-e-Kuhan Kahin Phir Chir Na Jaye Qissa-e-Daar-o-Rasan Kahin I am afraid the old secret may come up to my lips again Lest story of suffering on the Cross may come up again.

(Bang-e-Dra-019) Aik Arzoo

ر ایک ارزو

Aik Arzoo A Longing

ر برار المعادل منظمان اليابيون بارب المسالط المبري المعادل المربي المرب

Dunya Ki Mehfilon Se Ukta Gya Hun Ya Rab! Kya Lutf Anjuman Ka Jab Dil Hi Bujh Gya Ho O Lord! I have become weary of human assemblages! When the heart is sad no pleasure in assemblages can be

شورش جال ہون افھونڈ تا ہے اِ ایساسٹوت جس بیوت رہو ہے۔

Sourish Se Bhagta Hun, Dil Dhoondta Hai Mera Aesa Sukoot Jis Par Taqreer Bhi Fida Ho I seek escape from tumult, my heart desires The silence which speech may ardently love!

مراہوخاشی رئیدارز و ہے۔ ہی دہن میرکوئے ال جیوٹا ساجنوپ ٹرا

Merta Hon Khamashi Par, Ye Arzoo Hai Meri Daman Mein Koh K Ek Chota Sa Jhonpara Ho I vehemently desire silence, I strongly long that A small hut in the mountain's side may there be ر ادا و فلرسے ہوئے زات میں گرارو میں انکے شیاعت کا ول سے انٹ کا گرارو

Azad Fikr Se Hon, Uzlat Mein Din Guzaron Dunya Ke Gham Ka Dil Se Kanta Nikl Gya Ho Freed from worry I may live in retirement Freed from the cares of the world I may be

لذَّت سرُولي وَ بِسرُونِ كَيْ حِيهِ وَلَى عَلَيْ مِي الْمَاسِجِ رَوْلِي وَلَيْ مِي الْمَاسِجِ رَوْلٍ

Lazzat Surood Ki Ho Chiryon Ke Chehchon Mein Chashme Ki Shourishon Mein Baja Sa Baj Raha Ho Birds' chirping may give the pleasure of the lyre In the spring's noise may the orchestra's melody be

Gul Ki Kali Chatak Kar Paigham De Kisi Ka Saghir Zara Sa Goya Mujh Ko Jahan Numa Ho The flower bud bursting may give God's message to me Showing the whole world to me this small wine-cup may be

رو ہاتھ کا سُرِ جانا 'سبزے کا ہو بھیا

Ho Hath Ka Sarhana, Sabze Ka Ho Bichona Sharmaye Jis Se Jalwat, Khalwat Mein Woh Ada Hi My arm may be my pillow, and the green grass my bed be Putting the congregation to shame my solitude's quality be

مانورل قدر موصور سي مندي لي منظم المنازي المنظم الم

Manoos Iss Qadar Soorat Se Meri Bulbul Nanhe Se Dil Mein Uss Ke Khatka Na Kuch Mera Ho The nightingale be so familiar with my face that Her little heart harboring no fear from me may be

صف اند دون جانب اُوٹر سے سر ل تری کا صافت بانی تصویر سے رہاء

Sift Bandhe Dono Janib Boote Hare Hare Hon Nadi Ka Saaf Pani Tasveer Le Raha Ho Avenues of green trees standing on both sides be The spring's clear water providing a beautiful picture be

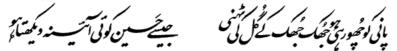
سودل فریب ایسالسار فاطن و یانی بھی موج بن کرائٹھ اٹھ کے ویسٹا

Ho Dil Faraib Aesa Kuhsar Ka Nazara Pani Bhi Mouj Ban Kar, Uth Uth Ke Dekhta Ho The view of the mountain range may be so beautiful To see it the waves of water again and again rising be

ا اغوشس مین میں ک ویائیوا ہوسبزہ میر کھر کے جھاڑیوں میں بانی حکب ہو

> Aghosh Mein Zameen Ki Soya Huwa Ho Sabza Phir Phir Ke Jhariyon Mein Pani Chamak Raha Ho

The verdure may be asleep in the lap of the earth Water running through the bushes may glistening be



Pani Ko Chu Rahi Rahi Ho Jhuk Jhuk Ke Gul Ki Tehni Jaise Haseen Koi Aaeena Dekhta Ho

Again and again the flowered boughs touching the water be As if some beauty looking at itself in mirror be

مندی لگئے ہوج جب شام کی دھوئو سے شخص بیے شہری ہر مُول اقب ہو

Mehndi Lage Suraj Jab Sham Ki Dulhan Ko Surkhi Liye Sunehri Har Phool Ki Qaba Ho When the sun apply myrtle to the evening's bride The tunic of every flower may pinkish golden be

راتوں کو جینے والے جائیں تھاکے جوم است اُن کی سے اُنوٹا ہوا دیاؤ

Raton Ko Chalne Wale Reh Jaen Thak Ke Jis Dam Umeed Un Ki Mera Toota Huwa Diya Ho When night's travelers falter behind with fatigue Their only hope my broken earthenware lamp may be

بحلی حمیک کے اُن کو نشیامری کھائے جب سب ساں پیرٹر و باول کیوا ہوا ہو

Bijli Chamak Ke Un Ko Kutiya Meri Dikha De Jab Asman Pe Har Soo Badal Ghira Huwa Ho May the lightning lead them to my hut When clouds hovering over the whole sky be.

مِحْدِيدِ بِهِ كَى لُوْلُ وَصِّبِ عَلَى مُوَدِّنِ مَنْ مِنْ لِلْ سَلِّى مِنْ لُوا بِولُ مِي مِنْ الْوَا

Pichle Pehr Ki Koeel, Woh Subah Ki Mouzan Main Uss Ka Hamnawa Hun, Woh Meri Humnawa Ho The early dawn's cuckoo, that morning's mu'adhdhin May my confidante he be, and may his confidante I be

کانوں یہ ہوندیسے وکروسے م کااصا روزن ہی حفوب ٹری کا مجھ کوسخرنا

Kanon Pe Ho Na Mere Dair-o-Haram Ka Ehsan Rozan Hi Jhonpari Ka Mujh Ko Sehr Numa Ho May I not be obligated to the temple or to the mosque May the hut's hole alone herald of morning's arrival be

نمپولوں لوائے جرنم شبنم وضوالے رونا مرا وضو ہو، نالہ مری وعی آئو

Phoolon Ko Aye Jis Dam Shabnam Wazoo Karne Rona Mera Wazoo Ho, Nala Meri Dua Ho When the dew may come to perform the flowers' ablution May wailing my supplication, weeping my ablution be اس خاشی میں جائمیں اتنے بلند کے تاروں کے قافلے کوسیری سالے

Iss Khamashi Mein Jaen Itne Buland Naale Taron Ke Qafle Ko Meri Sada Dra Ho In this silence may my heart's wailing rise so high That for stars' caravan the clarion's call my wailing be

> ہردروسٹ ڈل کو رونامرا رُلا دے بروش جرشے ہیں مدانھ دیکا دے

Har Dardmand Dil Ko Rona Mera Rula De Behosh Jo Pare Hain, Shaid Inhain Jaga De May every compassionate heart weeping with me be Perhaps it may awaken those who may unconscious be

(Bang-e-Dra-020) Aftab-e-Subah

ب. افتا<u>ب</u>

Aftab-e-Subah The Morning Sun

شورشم خانة انسال عالاتر تيو زنت رز فلاصحب وه غريسي تو

Shourish-e-Maikhana-e-Insan Se Baalatar Hai Tu Zeenat-e-Bazm-e-Falak Ho Jis Se Woh Saghir Hai Tu Far from the ignoble strife of Man's tavern you are The wine-cup adorning the sky's assemblage you are

ہوڈرِلوٹ عِروب صبح وہ کو ہرتے ۔ جس پیلے اُفق نازاں ہو وہ کورہے تو

Ho Dar-e-Gosh-e-Uroos-e-Subah Woh Gohar Hai Tu Jis Pe Seemaye Ufaq Nazaan Ho Woh Zaiwar Hai Tu The jewel which should be the pearl of the morning's bride's ear you are The ornament which would be the pride of horizon's forehead you are

> صفحة ايّام سے إغ ملاوشب مِثْ سال سفقتْ الطل كلاح كوكب مِثْ اسمال سنقشِ الطل كلاح كوكب مِثْ

Safha-e-Ayyam Se Dagh-e-Madaad-e-Shab Mita Asman Se Naqsh-e-Batil Ki Tarah Koukab Mita The blot of night's ink from time's page has been removed! The star from sky like a spurious picture has been removed!

حُسن سرِ حِبُ ابام فلا سے حبارہ کر سے مار کا مصال کے میں مار سے کا ا

Husn Tera Jab Huwa Baam-e-Falak Se Jalwa-Gar Ankh Se Urta Hai Yak Dam Khawab Ki Mai Ka Asar When from the roof of the sky your beauty appears Effect of sleep's wine suddenly from eyes disappears نورمیے۔ سورموجا باہے دامان نظر سے کھولتی ہے تیے با مرکوضیا تیری مگر

Noor Se Maamoor Ho Jata Hai Damaan-e-Nazar Kholti Hai Chashm-e-Zahir Ko Zia Teri Magar Perception's expanse gets filled with light Though opens only the material eye your light

> وُسُونُد تی در حرکو انکه وه تماشا چاہیے وُسُونُد تی در حرک انکه وه تماشا چاہیے چشم اطرجس کی کے اساتے و جلوا چاہیے

Dhoondti Hain Jis Ko Ankhain Woh Tamasha Chahiye Chashme-e-Batin Jis Se Khul Jaye Woh Jalwa Chahiye The spectacle which the eyes seek is desired The effulgence which would open the insight is desired

یہ ازادی کے نیامین بھے <u>حصلے</u> زندگی مقرب رنجیرِت میں ہے

Shauq-e-Azadi Ke Dunya Mein Na Nikle Hosle Zindagi Bhar Qaid Zanjeer-e-Taaluq Mein Rahe The desires for freedom were not fulfilled in this life We remained imprisoned in chains of dependence all life

زیر و بالاایک دین ترین گاہوں کے لیے ارزو ہے کچھے اسی ہے ہماتا کی مجھے

Zair-o-Bala Aik Hain Teri Nigahon Ke Liye Arzoo Hai Kuch Issi Chashm-e-Tamasha Ki Mujhe The high and the low are alike for your eye I too have longing for such a discerning eye

> ر آنگه میری ورک غمر میں سرسک بادیو انتماز مِّلت فی آئیں سے ک زادیو

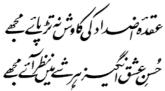
Ankh Meri Aur Ke Gham Mein Sar Shak Abad Ho Imtiaz-e-Millat-o-Aaeen Se Dil Azad Ho May my eye shedding tears in sympathy for others' woes be! May my heart free from the prejudice of nation and customs be!

بتهٔ زاخِصوصت نه مومیزی با نوع انسان قوم پومیری وطن میراجهان

Basta-e-Rang-e-Khasusiat Na Ho Meri Zuban Noo-e-Insan Qoum Ho Meri, Watan Mera Jahan May my tongue be not bound with discrimination of color May mankind be my nation, the whole world my country be

ديدة باطن مدرازنطم قدرت بوعي ميونناس فلات سيختل كا وصوال

Didah-e-Batin Pe Raaz-e-Nazm-e-Qudrat Ho Ayan Ho Shanasaye Falak Shama-e-Takhiyul Ka Duhwan May secret of Nature's organization clear to my insight be May smoke of my imagination's candle rising to the sky be



Uqda-e-Azdad Ki Kawish Na Tarpaye Mujhe Husn-e-Ishq Angaiz Har Shay Mein Nazar Aye Mujhe

May search for secrets of opposites not make me restless! May the Love-creating Beauty in everything appear to me!

مه روا به المراب المرابي المر

Sadma Aa Jaye Hawa Se Gul Ki Patti Ko Agar Ashak Ban Kar Meri Ankhon Se Tapak Jaye Asar If the rose petals get damaged by the breeze May its pain dropping from my eye as a tear be

ول مین سوزمختب کا وہ حیوٹا شام سے نورسے سے بلاز حقیقت کی خبر

Dil Mein Ho Souz-e-Mohabbat Ka Woh Chota Sa Sharar Noor Se Jis Ke Mile Raaz-e-Haqiqat Ki Khabar May the heart contain that little spark of Love's fire The light of which may contain the secret of the Truth

> ڭ ډژەرت گائىينۇدل مىرانىپو سەرئىخ بىمېدردىانسالۇن ۋانىۋ

Shahid-e-Qudrat Ka Aaeena Ho, Dil Mera Na Ho Sar Mein Juz Hamdardi-e-Insan Koi Souda Na Ho May my heart not mine but the Beloved's mirror be! May no thought in my mind except human sympathy be!

تُواكْرْزِمت يَشِيبِ بِهُ عِلَمْهِينِ فَيضِيتُ فَاتْنَالِ مِنْتِيرِكُ مِنْهِ مِنْ مِنْ مِنْ مِنْ مِنْ مِنْ مِ

Tu Agar Zehmat-Kash-e-Hangama-e-Alam Nahin Ye Fazilat Ka Nishan Ae Naiyyar-e-Azam Nahin If you cannot endure the hardships of the tumultuous world O the Great Luminary that is not the mark of greatness!

ر منهیں میرکیٹ زون الب است و تو محرم نهیں میرکیٹ زون خاکب رادم نهیں

Apne Husn-e-Alam Aara Se Jot U Mehram Nahin Humsar-e-Yak Zarra-e-Khak-e-Dar-e-Adam Nahin As you are not aware of your world-decorating beauty You cannot be equal to a speck of dust at the Man's door!

> نورسج و مَاک رمّ ماث سی روا رور تومنّت نیے رصبح من دا ہی روا

Noor-e-Masjood-e-Malak Garam Tamasha Hi Raha Aur Tu Minnat Pazeer-e-Subah-e-Farda Hi Raha The light of Man eager for the Spectacle ever remained And you obligated to the tomorrow's morning ever remained

ر ارزونوچِقت کی بمارے لہیں ، سیپوذوقِ طلب کا گھراسمی میں ،

> Arzoo Noor-e-Haqiqat Ki Humare Dil Mein Hai Laila-e-Zauq-e-Talab Ka Ghar Issi Mehmil Mein Hai

Longing for the Light of the Truth is only in our hearts Abode of Lailah of desire for search is only in this litter

كرقدرلد كشورع عند شكل بيت الطف صلصابيان عي بي صال بين

Kis Qadar Lazzat Kushood-e-Aqdah-e-Mushkil Mein Hai Lutf-e-Sad Hasil Humari Saee-e-Behasil Mein Hai Opening of the difficult knot, Oh what a pleasure it is! The pleasure of universal gain in our endless effort is!

> وروب فهام فحاقف رابداونسس مُتعجِ بِير ازِقُدرتُ كاثنا ساتونسي

Dard-e-Istafhaam Se Waqif Tera Pehlu Nahin Justujoo-e-Raaz-e-Qudrat Ka Shanasa To Nahin Your bosom is unacquainted with the pain of investigation You are not familiar with searching of the secrets of Nature

(Bang-e-Dra-021) Dard-e-Ishq

ورو**ج**شق

Dard-e-Ishq Pathos Of Love

اے دروشق نے کہ آب ارثو نمور میں دیکھ نہ ہوائشکار تو!

Ae Dard-e-Ishq! Hai Guhr-e-Abdar Tu Na-Mehramon Mein Dekh Na Ho Ashkara Tu! O Pathos of Love! You are a glossy pearl Beware, you should not appear among strangers

ینهاں تہ نقاتے ی علوہ کا ہے نے اس رپرست محسن را کو کی کا ہے

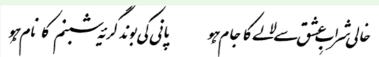
Pinhan Teh-e-Niqab Teri Jalwagah Hai Zahir Parast Mehfil-e-Nau Ki Nigah Hai The theatre of your display is concealed under the veil The modern audience' eye accepts only the visible display

ائی نئی ہے اب من سے بورمیں کے دروعشق! اب سی لڈت مورمیں

Ayi Nayi Hawa Chaman-e-Hast-o-Bood Mein Ae Dard-e-Ishq! Ab Nahin Lazzat Namood Mein New breeze has arrived in the Existence' garden O Pathos of Love! Now there is no pleasure in display

وں نو ذمائیوں کی تح<u>م</u>ے جونیو منت پُدرِ اُلیّب کو تُونیو

Haan, Khud Numaeeyon Ki Tujhe Justujoo Na Ho Minnat Pazeer Nala-e-Bulbul Ka Tu Na Ho! Beware! You should not be striving for ostentation! You should not be obligated to the nightingale's lament!



Khali Sharab-e-Ishq Se Lale Ka Jam Ho Pani Ki Boond Girya-e-Shabnam Ka Naam Ho The tulip's wine-cup should be devoid of wine The dew's tear should be a mere drop of water

نهال درُونِ بنه کهیں داز جو ترا اشکبِ عبرکداز نیمت زہوترا

Pinhan Duroon-e-Sina Kahin Raaz Ho Tera Ashak-e-Jigar Gudaz Na Ghammaz Ho Tera Your secret should be hidden in the bosom somewhere Your heart-melting tear should not be your betrayer

گویاز بابن شعرز نوریب شهر مین اواز نے مین کووُوت نهاں نه ہو

Goya Zuban-e-Shayar-e-Rangeen Byan Na Ho Awaz-e-Ne Mein Shikwa-e-Fursat Nihan Na Ho The flowery-styled poet's tongue should not be talking Separation's complaint should not be concealed in flute's music

> ىدۇۇرنكىتە چىي ئىچكەر ئىچىكىچى بىلىھەرە جەرلىد ئومكىس ئىچۇرگىچىچى بىلىھەرە

Ye Dour Nukta Cheen Hai, Kahin Chup Ke Baith Reh Jis Dil Mein Tu Makeen Hai, Wahin Chup Ke Bath Reh This age is a critic, go and somewhere conceal yourself In the heart in which you are residing conceal yourself

عافل تي تحبيب صيت علم أفريد وكميوا المساح بانه سي ترمي نكم ارسيد وكميد

Ghafil Hai Tujh Se Hairat-e-Ilm Afrida Dekh! Joya Nahin Teri Nigah-e-Na Raseeda Dekh The learning's surprise is neglecting you, beware! Your immature eye is not the seeker of Truth, beware

رہنے نے تب مین البارکو میں حریت میں حمور دیرہ کامت پندکو

Rehne De Justujoo Mein Khiyal-e-Buland Ko Hairat Mein Chor Deedah-e-Hikmat Pasand Ko Let the elegant thought remain in search of Truth Let your wisdom-loving eye remain in astonishment

جس کی بب اُڑو ہو یا ایام نہیں قابل زی مود کے یہ جب نہیں

Jis Ki Bahar Tu Ho Ye Aesa Chaman Nahin Qabil Teri Namood Ke Ye Anjuman Nahin This is not the garden whose spring you may be This is not the audience worthy of your appearance

يه تجن بِحُث بَهُ نِفّارة محب أز مقصد ترى تُكاه كافلوت سائيلاز

Ye Anjuman Hai Kushta-e-Nazara-e-Majaz Maqsad Teri Nigah Ka Khalwat Saraye Raaz

This audience is the lover of the material sights The purpose of your sight is the closet of secrecy

> ہرول مے خیال کی ستی ہے تو ہے مسال کی اور احکل کے کلمیوں کا طُوریج

Har Dil Mai-e-Khiyal Ki Masti Se Choor Hai Kuch Aur Aaj Kal Ke Kaleemon Ka Toor Hai Every heart is intoxicated with the wine of thinking Something different is the Tur of the Kalims of this age.

(Bang-e-Dra-024) Mah-e-Nau

ماونو

Mah-e-Nau The New Moon

مر المراكث مي وَفَعْرَقَابِ بِيلِ المُدِينِ المُدِينِ المِينِ المُدِينِ الم

Toot Kar Khursheed Ki Kashti Huwi Gharqab-e-Neel Aik Tukra Tairta Phirta Hai Rooye Aab-e-Neel he day's bright launch has floundered in the whirlpool of the Nile, On the river's face one fragment floats eddyingly awhile;

Tasht-e-Gardoon Mein Tapakta Hai Shafaq Ka Khoon-e-Naab Nashtar-e-Qudrat Ne Kya Kholi Hai Fasd-e-Aftab Into the bowl of heaven the twilight's crimson blood-drops run— Has Nature with her lancet pricked the hot veins of the sun?

> چرخ نے بال م ال ہے عرب شام کی نیں کے پانی میں ایمیسی ہے میم میں

Charakh Ne Bali Chura Li Hai Uroos-e-Shaam Ki Neel Ke Pani Mein Ya Machli Hai Seem-e-Khaam Ki —Is that an earring, that the sky has thieved from Evening's bride, or through the water does some silvery fish, quivering, glide? قامت تىرادوان بەستىپانگەددا ئىسگوشلانسان ئىدىپىتا ترى آواز يا

Qafla Tera Rawan Be-Minnat-e-Bang-e-Dra Gosh-e-Insaan Sun Nahin Sakta Teri Awaz-e-Pa Your caravan holds on its way, though no trumpet be blown; Your voice still murmurs, though no mortal ear may catch its tone.

Ghatne Barhne Ka Saman Ankhon Ko Dikhlata Hai Tu Hai Watan Tera Kidhar, Kis Dais Ko Jata Hai Tu

All shapes of life that wanes and grows before us you display: Where is your native land? towards what country lies your way?

ساتھ كے تيارة ثابت كالے جلے مجھ فارصرت فاش كھتے ہے كے المجھ

Sath Ae Sayyara-e-Sabit Numa Le Chal Mujhe Khar-e-Hasrat Ki Khalish Rakhti Hai Ab Be Kal Mujhe You who still wander yet still keep your path, take me with you, Take me now while these throbbing thorns of torment pierce me through!

> نوركا طالى كى كى كى المايدول ستى مى يى يى مىلىل ساب بايدوك تى يى يى يى يى

Noor Ka Talib Hun, Ghabrata Hun Iss Basti Mein Main Tiflak-e-Seemab Pa Hun Maktab-e-Hasti Mein Main I grope for light, I anguish in this earth-abode, a child In the schoolroom of existence, like pale mercury quick and wild.

(Bang-e-Dra-025) Insan Aur Bazm-e-Qudrat

. إنسان اور بزم فُدرت

> Insan Aur Bazm-e-Qudrat Man And Nature

صبح ورث در شرات الوجود كيماس نے برم معورة سرتى سے يو كوچيا ميں نے

Subah Khursheed-e-Durakhsan Ko Jo Dekha Main Ne Bazm-e-Maamoora-e-Hasti Se Ye Pucha Main Ne Watching at daybreak the bright sun come forth I asked the assembled host of heaven and earth—

پرتومبرکے مسے اُج الا تیرا سیم سیال ہے پانی ترین ریاؤں کا

Par Tu-e-Mehr Ke Dam Se Hai Ujala Tera Seem-e-Sayyal Hai Pani Tere Daryaon Ka Your radiant looks are kindled by that glowing orb's warm beams That turns to rippling silver your flowing streams;

مرنے نور کا زیور تھے پہنایا ہے تیری خل کو اس مے نے کھا ہے

Mehr Ne Noor Ka Ziawar Tujhe Pehnaya Hai Teri Mehfil Ko Issi Shama Ne Chamkaya Hai That sun it is that clothes you in these ornaments of light, And whose torch burns to keep your concourse bright.

ا المراد المرحبُ لد تي تصورين من سيم مي مُورهُ وَأَمْسَ لَي تَصَيري مِن اللهِ اللهِ

Gul-o-Gulzar Tere Khuld Ki Tasveerain Hain Ye Sabhi Surah-e-'Wa Shamas' Ki Tafseerain Hain Your roses and rose-gardens are pictures of Paradise Where the Scripture of The Sun paints its device;

سُرخ دِیْال ہے میولوں کی دختوں کی برا ترجی سے سرکوئی سے برکوئی لال رہی

Surkh Poshak Hai Phoolon Ki, Darakht Ki Hari Teri Mehfil Mein Koi Sabz, Koi Laal Pari Scarlet the mantle of the flower, and emerald of the tree, Green and red sylphs of your consistory;

ية ترخيمية رُوُّون كيطبِ لا تي حباله بليان لال سي آتي بينُ فق ريوطنسه

Hai Tere Khaima-e-Gardoon Ki Talayi Jhalar Badliyan Laal Si Ati Hain Ufaq Par Jo Nazar Your tall pavilion, the blue sky. Is fringed with tasselled gold When round the horizons ruddy clouds are rolled,

ر سر سر سر سر المسال المسلم المسلم المسلم المسلم المسلم المستعر الله المسلم ال

Kya Bhali Lagti Hai Ankhon Ki Shafaq Ki Laali Mai-e-Gulrang Khum-e-Shaam Mein Tu Ne Dali And when into evening's goblet your rose-tinted nectar flows How lovely the twilight's soft vermilion glows!

المترتبرا المان برى تيميان برائن المرائن المرا

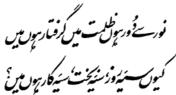
Rutba Tera Hai Bara, Shan Bari Hai Teri Parda-e-Noor Mein Mastoor Hai Har Shay Teri Your station is exalted, and your splendor: over all Your creatures light lies thick, a dazzling pall;

صبح الگیت را پیتے ری ساوت کا زیز ورث پرنشان کے جی نہیں ظامت کا

Subah Ek Geet Sarapa Hai Teri Sitwat Ka Zair-e-Khursheed Nishan Tak Bhi Nahin Zulmat Ka To your magnificence the dawn is one high hymn of praise, No rag of night lurks on it in that sun's blaze.

ئىي جى بادىيولىن نوركىت مى يىكىر جىڭ يائىچىرى تىت دىر كانتەركىنى كىز

Main Bhi Abad Hun Iss Noor Ki Basti Mein Magar Jal Gya Phir Meri Taqdeer Ka Akhtar Khunkar? And I—I too inhabit this abode of light; but why Is the star burned out that rules my destiny?



Noor Se Door Hun Zulmat Mein Griftar Hun Main Kyun Siyah-e-Roz, Sayah Bakht, Siyah Kar Hun Main? Why chained in the dark, past reach of any ray, Ill-faring and ill-fated and ill-doing must I stay?

ئیں پہلتا تھا کہ اواز کہ سے آئی ہام کرووں سے ویصحرنی میں سے آئی

Main Ye Kehta Tha Ke Awaz Kahin Se Ayi Baam-e-Gardoon Se Ya Sehan-e-Zameen Se Ayi Speaking, I heard a voice from somewhere sound, From heaven's balcony or near the ground—

ہے تری نورسے اب تدمری بود ونبود باغباں ہے تری ہے گازار و

Hai Tere Noor Se Wabasta Meri Bood-o-Nabood Baghban Hai Teri Hasti Bay-e-Gulzar-e-Wujood You are creation's gardener, flowers live only in your seeing, By your light hangs my being or not-being;

انجر شخص ن کی شخی ترمی تصور رسوم سے مشکل اور میں میں انگری سے میں انگری سے میں انگری سے میں انگری سے میں انگری

Anjuman Husn Ki Hai Tu, Teri Tasveer Hun Main Ishq Ka Tu Hai Sahifa, Teri Tafseer Hun Main All beauty is in you: I am the tapestry of your soul; I am its key, but you are Love's own scroll.

میر کیرسے کا مول کوبنا یا تونے بارج مجدسے اٹھا وہ اٹھے یا تونے

Mere Bighre Huwe Kamon Ko Banaya Tu Ne Baar Jo Mujh Se Na Utha Woh Uthaya Tu Ne The load that would not leave me you have lifted from my shoulder, You are all my chaotic work's re-moulder.

نورورش يدكى متاج بستى يرى اور بي متب نورشد ميك بي ترى

Noor-e-Khursheed Ki Mohtaj Hai Hasti Meri Aur Be Minnat-e-Khursheed Chamak Hai Teri If I exist, it is only as a pensioner of the sun, Needing no aid from whom your spark burns on;

يونه خورشيد تو وران يُؤكم الرابيل منزل شي كي جا نام يو زندان ميرا

Ho Na Khursheed To Weeran Ho Gulistan Mera Manzil-e-Aysh Ki Ja Naam Ho Zindan Mera My garden would turn wilderness if the sun should fail, This sojourn of delight a prison's pale. اله العارد عيال كان معنوال المستدام من من المحفوال

Ah! Ae Raaz-e-Ayan Ke Na Samajh Wale! Halqa-e-Daam-e-Tammana Mein Ulajh Wale Oh you entangled in the snare of longing and unrest, Still ignorant of a thing so manifest—

بالتفست لترى المديم ليندمجاز أزبيب تصافيح توسي مركزم بياز

Haye Ghafla Ke Teri Ankh Hai Paband-e-Majaz Naaz Zaiba Tha Tujhe, Tu Hai Magar Garm-e-Niaz Dullard, who should be proud, and still by self-contempt enslaved Bear in your brain illusion deep engraved—

> ئوالراپنى خىقىت سىنى بۇرارىي نەسئىدەزرىس ئىھىزىدىئەكارىپ

Tu Agar Apni Haqiqat Se Khabardar Rahe Na Siyah Roz Rahe Phir Na Siyahkaar Rahe If you would weigh your worth at its true rate, No longer would ill-faring or ill-doing be your fate!

(Bang-e-Dra-026) Payam-e-Subah

بیام (اخوزازلانگ فید)

Payam-e-Subah (Makhooz Az Lang Fellow) The Message Of Dawn (Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

أَ وَالاحِبُ وَصِيْحِ مِينِ كِلْ قَالَ كُلَّ لَيْ مِينِ لِمَا يَصِيحِ مِن اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللّ

Ujala Jab Huwa Rukhsat Jabeen-e-Shab Ki Afshan Ka Naseem-e-Zindagi Pegham Layi Subah-e-Khandan Ka When the sparkling of the night's forehead's decoration disappeared The zephyr of life with the news of the happy morning appeared

جُكَايِبِ بِرُنْكُسِ بُوالُواتِث يا نيس كُنْكِ كُسِيتُ كِشَارُ بِإِيالِ اللَّهِ مِعَالَ اللَّهِ مِعَالًا

Jagaya Bulbul-e-Rangeen Nawa Ko Ashiyane Mein Kinare Khait Ke Shana Hilaya Uss Ne Dehqan Ka It awakened the nightingale of flowery song in its nest It shook the shoulder of the farmer on the field's edge

طلنظِيتِ بُورَهُ والنُّورسة ورا النُّورسة ورا النُّورسة ورا النُّورسة ورائنورسة ورائنورسة ورائنورسة ورائنورسة ورائنورسة ورائنورسة ورائنورسة والنُّورسة والنُّورسة ورائنورسة والنُّورسة والنَّورسة والنُّورسة والنَّامة والنُّورسة والنُّورسة والنُّورسة والنَّامة والنّامة والنَّامة والنَّامة

Tilism-e-Zulmat-e-Shab Surah Wan-Noor Se Tora Andhere Mein Uraya Taj-e-Zar Shama-e-Shabistan Ka It broke the spell of darkness of night's talisman with Surah al-Nur It robbed the golden crown of bed-chamber's candle in the dark رْها خوابي في رَيرافي ون بديارى بيم رَيم ن ووياسي من عرث مُيرَضّال كا

Parha Khawabidgan-e-Dair Par Afsoon-e-Baidari Barhman Ko Diya Pegham Khursheed-e-Durakhshan Ka It chanted the magic of awakening on those sleeping in the temple It gave the Brahman the tidings of the bright sun

مُونَى بام حرم ریک یوں کو یا مُوزّد سے نسیر کھٹا ترسے ل میں نمو مہراً باس کا

Huwi Baam-e-Haram Par Aa Key Un Goya Moazzan Se Nahin Khatka Tere Dil Mein Namood-e-Mehr-e-Taban Ka? Arriving at the mosque's roof it said to the Mu'adhdhin "Do you not fear appearance of the resplendent sun?"

مُرِي ري مرح ُ والْمِثْنَ كُومِينَ وَإِلَّ مَا يَعْلَى اللَّهِ مِنْ الْعَبْدِينِ وَكُلَّ وَمُوَ وَنَ سِيَطُمَّ اللَّ

Pukari Iss Tarah Deewar-e-Gulshan Par Khare Ho Kar Chatak O Ghuncha-e-Gul! Tu Moazzan Hai Gulistan Ka Climbing the garden's wall it cried this to the rose-bud "Burst! You are the Mu'adhdhin of the morning O rose-bud"

ویا پیر مسوامی حلیات قانسٹے الوا میکنے کو سے مکنوبن کے میزورہ بیاباں کا

Diya Ye Hukm Sehra Mein Chalo Ae Qafile Walo! Chamakne Ko Hai Juggnu Ban Ke Har Zarra Byaban Ka It gave the command in the wilderness "Move O Caravan"! "Every dust speck will shine like fire-fly in the wilderness"

سوئے کو نِعربیاں جب بی نوں ایسی تو میں بوانطن رہ دیکھ کر شخروشاں کا

Sooye Gor-e-Ghareeban Jab Gyi Zindon Ki Basti Se To Yun Boli Nazara Dekh Kar Sheher-e-Khamoshan Ka When it reached the cemetery from the living's habitation Witnessing the spectacle of the cemetery it spoke thus

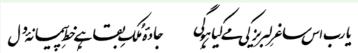
Abhi Aram Se Laite Raho, Main Phir Bhi Aun Gi Sula Dun Gi Jahan Ko, Khawab Se Tum Ko Jagaun Gi "Remain lying in comfort still, come again shall I Make the whole world sleep, wake you up shall I

(Bang-e-Dra-030) Dil

Dil The Heart

قصّة داروركن بازى مصن لائدول التجب ئے أر فى شنجى إفسائدل

Qissa-e-Dar-o-Rasan Bazi-e-Tiflana-e-Dil Iltijaye 'Arini' Surkhi-e-Afsana Dil Tales of gallows and crucifixion are mere child's play for the Heart The request of Arini is only the title of the story of the Heart



Ya Rab Iss Saghir-e-Labraiz Ki Mai Kya Ho Gi Jadah-e-Mulk-e-Baqa Hai Khat-e-Pemane-e-Dil O Lord! How powerful the full cup of that wine would be? The Way to eternity is each single line on the measuring cup of the Heart

ارِحِت تعاليم عشق كي بي يار إ مل كئي مزيع بستى تو أگا دائه ا

Abar-e-Rehmat Tha Ke Thi Ishq Ki Bijli Ta Rab! Jal Gyi Mazraa-e-Hasti To Uga Dana-e-Dil O Lord! Was it the cloud of mercy or the thunderbolt of Love When the life's crop got burned down, sprouted the seed of the Heart

حُسن كَا نَبْجُ كُران ما يه تحصيلات تا تُونے نسر ادا نيكھ وَالَعِي وريانَهُ وَل

Husn Ka Janj-e-Giran Maya Tujhe Mil Jata Tu Ne Farhad! Na Khoda Kabhi Weera-e-Dil You would have got the Beauty's bountiful treasure O Farhad! You never dug into the ruins of the Heart

عرش كليج هي تعبي كاسير وصوكا اس ير مسكس كي نيزل سي المهي المراكات زول

Arsh Ka Hai Kabhi Kaabe Ka Hai Dhoka Iss Par Kis Ki Manzil Hai Elahi! Mera Kashana-e-Dil Now it looks like the 'Arsh', now like the Ka'bah O God! Whose lodging is the abode of my Heart

اس کواپائے خِنوں اور مجھے سۇلاپا ول سى اور كا دىيانە ، مىں دىيانة ل

Iss Ka Apna Hai Junoon Aur Mujhe Souda Apna Dil Kisi Aur Ka Diwana, Mein Diwana-e-Dil It has its own junun and I have my own sawda (passion) The Heart loves someone else and I love the Heart

تۇسىجىتانىيىل ناپدنادان اس كو ئىلىپ مەسىجەتىنچاك نغزىرمىتاندىل

Tu Samajta Nahin Ae Zahid-e-Nadan Iss Ko Rashk-e-Sad Sajda Hai Ek Laghzish-e-Mastana-e-Dil You do not comprehend this, O simple hearted ascetic! Envy of a thousand prostrations is one slip of the Heart

فال کے ڈھیرکو اِسپر بنا دہتی ہے ۔ وہ اثر رکھتی ہے خاکستر رو اندول

Khak Ke Dhair Ko Ikseer Bana Deti Hai Woh Asar Rakhti Hai Khakstar-e-Parwana-e-Dil It changes the heap of earth into elixir Such is the power of the ashes of the Heart عنق نے مریخنی پر داہوائے برق رق ہے تونیخل سراہوائے

Ishq Ke Daam Mein Phans Kar Ye Riha Hota Hai Barq Girti Hai To Ye Nakhl Hara Hota Hai It gains freedom after being caught in the net of Love On being thunder-struck greens up the tree of the Heart.

(Bang-e-Dra-031) Mouj-e-Darya

Mouj-e-Darya The Wave Of River

مضطرب كمقام برميراول بالمنبئ مين بتي يترث بسورت ما بيني

Muztarib Rakhta Hai Mera Dil-e-Betab Mujhe Ayn-e-Hasti Hai Tarap Soorat-e-Seemab Mujhe My restless heart doth never keep me still: This inner core of me is mercury.

موج بنام مرا، بحرب بإياب مجھ بيونه زنج كيم جي الله اب مجھ

Mouj Hai Naam Mera, Behar Hai Payab Mujhe Ho Na Zanjeer Kabhi Halqa-e-Gardab Mujhe They call me wave. The ocean is my goal. No chain of whirling eddy holdeth me.

> آب مین لِ مواجا آہے تُوسن میرا خار ماہی سے نہ اٹھا کبھی وامن میرا

Aab Mein Misl-e-Hawa Jata Hai Tousan Mera Khar-e-Mahi Se Na Atka Kabhi Daman Mera My steed like air upon the water rides. My garment's hem on thorn of fish e'er tore,

مراُ صیتی ہو کہ می جذب مرہ اللہ ہے ۔ جش میں سرکوشکتی ہو کہ میں ساملے

Main Uchalti Hun Kabhi Jazb-e-Mah-e-Kamil Se Josh Mein Sar Ko Patakti Hun Kabhi Sahil Se When moon is full sometimes I leap all fey; Sometimes all mad I dash my head on shore.

يُون ورو كانت ہے مجھنزل سے کیوٹ ہی ہوں میٹوچے کوئی سے السے

Hun Woh Rahru Ke Mohabbat Hai Mujhe Manzil Se Kyun Tarapti Hun, Ye Puche Koi Mere Dil Se I am the pilgrim loving journey's stage. Why am I restless? If my heart make quest.

> زمتِ بنگی دریاسے گریزاں ہوں میں وست بحرکی فرقت میریم شاں ہوں میں

Zehmat-e-Tangi-e-Darya Se Garezan Hun Main Wusaat-e-Behr Ki Furqat Mein Preshan Hun Main I flee from the cramped torment of the stream, Away from the sea's wide spaces, all distressed.

(Bang-e-Dra-035) Nala-e-Firaq

Lament Of Separation (In Memory of Arnold)

عاب انغرب الفرائط المسياكيس المابشرق ل بنياتي نه الركه سنرس

Ja Basa Maghrib Mein Akhir Ae Makan Tera Makeen Ah! Mashriq Ki Pasand Ayi Na Iss Ko Sarzameen O house! Your resident is now residing in the West Ah! The land of the East was not liked by him

Aa Gya Aaj Iss Sadaqat Ka Mere Dil Ko Yaqeen Zulmat-e-Shab Se Zaya-e-Rouz-e-Furqat Kam Nahin Today my heart is convinced of this truth The light of the separation's day is darker than night

> " آزاغوشِ عِشِ راغ حرب پیات همچنه سین نشد چیش مراغ هب درت همچنه سین نشد چیش مراغ هب درت

"Taaz Aghosh-e-Wadaash Dagh-e-Hairat Cheeda Ast Humcho Shama-e-Kusta Dar Chasmam Nigah Khawabida Ast" "As from his departure's breast the scar is picked up Sight is asleep in my eyes like the extinguished candle."

ر رئشتهٔ غزلت ہوں آبادی میں طبر آبوں میں شہرسے دالی شت میں کا جا ہوں میں

> Kushta-e-Uzlat Hun, Abadi Mein Ghabrata Hun Main Shehar Se Souda Ki Shiddat Mein Nikal Jata Hun Main I am fond of seclusion, I hate the habitation I run away from the city in excruciation of love

يادِايَّام مُفْسے ل كوتر پاتېر ميں جبر كيستري جانب را آتېرون ميں

Yaad-e-Ayyam-e-Salaf Se Dil Ko Tarapta Hun Main Behr-e-Taskeen Teri Janib Dorta Ata Hun Main I make the heart restless from the olden days' memory For satisfaction I come ardently running towards you

> ر المراس تيسي رودوارس المهود مانوس تيسين رودوارس جنبيت ميرسيدامري فتارس

Ankh Go Manoos Hai Tere Dar-o-Diwar Se Ajnabiat Hai Magar Paida Meri Raftar Se Though the eye is familiar with your nook and corner Still some strangeness is apparent from my speed

وَرَهِيكُ لَى الْوَرْتُ لِيَتُنَامِعِ لَكُومَهَا اللَّهِ مُواللَّهُ الْمُوالْتِ اللَّهُ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّ

Zarra Mere Dil Ka Khursheed Ashna Hone Ko Tha Aaeena Toota Huwa Alamnuma Hone Ko Tha My heart's speck was just to be acquainted with the sun The broken mirror was just to expand into the universe

نخل میری آرزوؤں کا سراہونے کوتھا ۔ آوا کیا جائے کوئی میں کیا ہے کیا جو کے تھا

Nakhal Meri Arzuon Ka Hara Hone Ko Tha Ah! Kya Jane Koi Main Kya Se Kya Hone Ko Tha The tree of my longings was just going to green up Ah! what does any one know what I was going to be!

> ارجمت داس گُزگهزارس رحید و رفت سرخ اند کے فرجی کے ادرو بارید و رفت

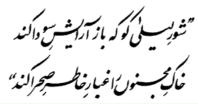
Abar-e-Rehmat Daman Az Gulzar-e-Mann Barcheeda-o-Raft And Ke Bar Ghuncha Haye Arzu Bareed-o-Raft Mercy's cloud gathered up its skirt from my garden and departed Rained a little over the flower buds of my desires and departed

ر تولهاں ہے الحکیم ذروة رسینائے علم متحی تری مونے نفس بادِ نشاط افرائے علم تحق تری مونے نفس بادِ نشاط افرائے علم

> Tu Kahan Hai Ae Kaleem-e-Zarwa-e-Seenaye Ilm Thi Teri Mouj-e-Nafas Baad-e-Nishat Afzaye Ilm Where are you! O Kalim of the pinnacle Sina of learning! Your breath was the breeze promoting the joy of learning

اب لها ن و شوق روبها أي صحرائے علم مستحما على سرمين مي موالئے علم

Ab Kahan Woh Shauq-e-Reh Pemayi-e-Sehraye Ilm Tere Dam Se Tha Humare Sar Mein Bhi Soudaye Ilm Gone is that zeal for walking in the vast expanse of learning! In my intellect also you were the inspirer of love of learning



"Shour-e-Laila Ko Ke Baaz Araeesh-e-Souda Kunand Khak-e-Majnu Rah Ghubar-e-Khatir-e-Sehra Kunand" "Where is Layla's fervor, so as to decorate Love again May make the dust of Majnun mixed with wilderness again

کھول نے گا دشتِ دشت عقد ہ تقدیر سے توڑ کر بہنچوں گا میں نیجاب کی جب کو

Khol De Ga Dast-e-Wehshat Uqda-e-Taqdeer Ko Tor Kar Pohenchun Ga Main Punjab Ki Zanjeer Ko

The wilderness of solitude will open the fate's knot I shall reach you after breaking the chains of the Punjab

وکھتاہے دیہ خیب ان تری تصورکو سے کیات تی ہو مگر کر ویر تعت ریے کو

Dekhta Hai Dida-e-Heeran Teri Tasveer Ko Kya Tasalli Ho Magar Garvidah-e-Taqreer Ko The bewildered eye looks upon your picture But how can one searching for speech be happy?

> "تاب لويائى نهى كەت دىئى جىوركا خامشى كېتے بىر حب كۇئے سخ تصوركا"

"Taab-e-Goyai Nahin Rakhta Dehan Tasveer Ka Khamoshi Kehte Hai Jis Ko, Hai Sukhan Tasveer Ka" "No power to speak the picture's mouth has Silence is the speech which the picture has"

(Bang-e-Dra-039) Tarana-e-Hindi

مرا نه ښدی

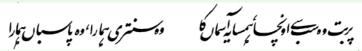
The Indian Anthem

سامے جہاں سے احباب نواس ہوا سے میں بیس میں سے احباب کی گیرے اس ہوارا

Sare Jahan Se Acha Hindustan Humara Hum Bulbulain Hain Iss Ki, Ye Gulistan Humara The best land in the world is our India; We are its nightingales; this is our garden.

غرب مین لگریم رہتا ہے اوطومیں سمجھو و ہیں ہیں بھی دل ہو جہاں ہمارا

Gharbat Mein Hon Agar Hum, Rehta Hai Dil Watan Mein Samjho Waheen Humain Bhi, Dil Ho Jahan Humara If we are in exile, our heart resides in our homeland. Understand that we are also where our heart is.



Parbat Woh Sub Se Uncha, Humsaya Asman Ka Woh Santri Humara, Woh Pasban Humara That is the highest mountain, the neighbour of the sky; It is our sentry; it is our watchman.

گوری میر کشایتی در اس کی سزارون دیا گفت جن کے مسات کے اس میارا

Godi Mein Khailti Hain Iss Ki Hazaron Nadiyan Gulshan Hai Jin Ke Dam Se Rashak-e-Jinaan Humara In its lap play thousands of streams, And the gardens that flourish because of them are the envy of Paradise.

ک روز الے بِدِولِنظا وہ دن میں یا وتبحہ کو ؟ اُرّ ا ترے کیا ہے جب کارواں ہمارا

Ae Aab-e-Rood-e-Ganga! Woh Din Hain Yaad Tujh Ko? Utra Tere Kinare Jab Karwan Humara Oh, waters of the river Ganges! Do you remember those days? Those days when our caravan halted on your bank?

ندېر نهدي کها اکب مين کوله او پيدي پريم وطن مينوتسان مارا

Mazhab Nahin Sikhata Apas Mein Bair Rakhna Hindi Hain Hum, Watan Hai Hindustan Humara Religion does not teach us to be enemies with each other: We are Indians, our homeland is our India.

یونان مصور و ماسب مشکتے جہاں اب مگریے باقی نام ونشاں ہمارا

Yunan-o-Misar-o-Roma Sab Mit Gye Jahan Se Ab Tak Magar Hai Baqi Naam-o-Nishan Humara Greece, Egypt and Byzantium have all been erased from the world. But our fame and banner still remain.

کچه بات سے ادبے ملتی نهدین اری صداوں ہاہے و شدن ورز ماں بارا

Kuch Baat Hai Ke Hasti Mitti Nahin Humari Sadiyon Raha Hai Dushman Dour-e-Zaman Humara It is something to be proud of that our existence is never erased, Though the passing of time for centuries has always been our enemy.

> ا قبال؛ کوئی محسم این نهدیجها رمیس امراک برای کار معلوم کسی کسی کو درزمیک سیادا

Iqbal! Koi Mehram Apna Nahin Jahan Mein Maloom Kya Kisi Ko Dard-e-Nihan Humara Iqbal! No-one in this world has ever known your secret. Does anyone know the pain I feel inside me?

(Bang-e-Dra-040) Juggnu

Jugnoo

Firefly

ر مُجُلنوكي روشني ہے كاشانة جين ميں ماشمع جل ہي ہے مُصُولوں كى انجمن ميں

> Jugnoo Ki Roshni Hai Kashana-e-Chaman Mein Ya Shama Jal Rahi Hai Phoolon Ki Anjuman Mein Is the firefly aglow in the garden's abode? Or blazes a lamp in the throng of the flowers?

آیا ہے سے اور کوئی سارہ یاجان ٹرکئی ہے جہتاب کی کرن میں

Aya Hai Asman Se Urh Kar Koi Sitara Ya Jaan Parh Gyi Hai Mehtaab Ki Kiran Mein Has a star fluttered down that high aloft rode? Has a ray of the moon won some life-throbbing powers?

ياتب كى مطنت مين ن كاسفيراً ي غرب مين كي كي كما ما ما وطن مين

Ya Shab Ki Saltanat Mein Din Ka Safeer Aya Gharbat Mein Aa Ke Chamka, Ghumnaam Tha Watan Mein Has the envoy of day come to realms of the night? Come humbly, a gleam to its own land unknown?

ر ر را علمہ لوئی گراہے مت ب کی قبا کا فرقہ ہے یا نمایاں وہے کے بیرین میں

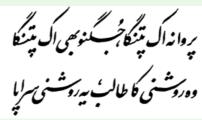
> Tukma Koi Gira Hai Mehtab Ki Qaba Ka Zarra Hai Ya Numayan Suraj Ke Pairhan Mein Has there fallen a whorl that moon's cloak once bedight? From the robe of the sun has a sequin been shown?

صُرِّفِهِ مِن مِد يَوْتُ مِدُ الْجَعِلَةُ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ عِي صُرِّفِهِ مِن مِن مِد يَوْتُ مِدُ الْجَعِلَةُ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ عِي الْجَعِلَةِ

> Husn-e-Qadeem Ki Ye Poshida Ek Jhalak Thi Le Ayi Jis Ko Qudrat Khalwat Se Anjuman Here is hidden the sheen of Old Beauty and bright That Nature uncovers for men of our day.

چھوٹے سے ندمیں طلب بھی ہوئی ہی میں منطلب کے ایا تھی کہن میں ایک ایک میں ایک ا

Chote Se Chand Mein Hai Zulmat Bhi Roshni Bhi Nikla Kabhi Gehn Se, Aya Kabhi Gehn Mein In this little moon are both darkness and light, As eclipse may advance, or eclipse pass away.



Parwana Ek Patanga, Jugnoo Bhi Ek Patanga Woh Roshni Ka Talib, Ye Roshni Sarapa The moth and the firefly through air both take wing. One seeks for light: one in light's all arrayed:

برچیزلوجهاں بین دینے دلبری پروائے اور شیار نی کے البری کے البری کا البری کے البری کا البری ک

Har Cheez Ko Jahan Mein Qudrat Ne Dilbari Di Parwane Ko Tapish Di, Jugnoo Ko Roshani Di On earth nature grants all some soulgladd'ning thing. For the moth was heat, for the firefly light made.

زنگھ نع است یا مرحت ہے زباں کو سے کا کوزبان نے کرتعب مرخامشی دی

Rangeen Nawa Banaya Murghan-e-Bezuban Ko Gul Ko Zuban De Kar Taleem-e-Khamashi Di On birds that were tongueless it dowered melody: Gave a tongue to the rose but withheld from it song.

نظّارهٔ سشفَق کی حوبی زوال میریتمی هیما کیاس ری کوتھوڑی نی ند کئی

Nazara-e-Shafaq Ki Khoobi Zawal Mein Thi Chamka Ke Iss Pari Ko Thori Si Zindagi Di For sunset it fashioned sheer half-light to see; Set fairy a-glitter but her life made not long:

ر ر المار ال

Rangeen Kiya Sehar Ko Banki Dulhan Ki Soorat Pehna Ke Laal Jorha Shabnam Ki Aar Si Di The morning made brilliant like sweet bird of love: Clad down in red robes—with dew's mirror dawn plays.

سایه دیاشحب رکو، پرواز دی بواکو پانی کو دی وانی،موجوں کو بے کلی می

Saya Diya Shajar Ko, Parwaz Di Hawa Ko Pani Ko Di Rawani, Moujon Ko Be-Kali Di It brought the tree shadiness, caused air to move, Set motion to water, taught waves' restless ways. بیات یاز لیکن ال بات ہے ہاری را مجلنو کا دن ہی ہے جرات ہے ہاری

Ye Imtiaz Lekin Ek Baat Hai Humari Jugnoo Ka Din Wohi Hai Jo Raat Hai Humari Yet this is a puzzle that troubles our mind. The day of the firefly for us is the night.

کرنازل کی پیدا مرحیز میر عبال میں اسان میں مین ہے غنجے میں جات کے انسان میں مین ہے خنجے میں جات کے انسان میں اسان میں ا

Husn-e-Azal Ki Paida Har Cheez Mein Jhalak Hai Insan Mein Woh Sukhan Hai, Ghunche Mein Woh Chatak Hai In everything luster of beauty we fine; In man there is speech: opening buds smile delight.

Ye Chand Asman Ka Shayar Ka Dil Hai Goya Waan Chandani Hai Jo Kuch, Yaan Dard Kasak Hai This moon of the sky is as heat of the bard. There shines the bright moon: here is anguish of pain.

اندازِلفتکونے دھوکے دیے ہیں رنہ نغمہ سے نوٹے بیل، نوبھیول کی جیک

Andaz-e-Guftugoo Ne Dhoke Diye Hain Warna Naghma Hai Bu-e-Bulbul, Boo Phool Ki Chehak Hai There must be some trick in the ways of the word: Else the bird would be fragrance, the flower sing refrain.

کشرت میں موکیا ہے صدت کاراز محفی مجمئے میں میں جائے وہ میول میں جہائے

Kasrat Mein Ho Gya Hai Wahdat Ka Raaz Makhfi Jugnoo Mein Jo Chamak Hai, Woh Phool Mein Mehak Hai The riddle of union's in beauty rich hid. The glitter of firefly is fragrance of flower.

> يەاختلاف ئىچىرلىون ئىجاموں قامحل ئو بېرىشى مىر جىكەبىنمارىپ مۇنبازل ئو

Ye Ikhtilaf Phir Kyun Hangamon Ka Mehal Ho Har Shay Mein Jabke Pinhan Khamoshi-e-Azal Ho Then why comes perversely this discord unbid When all things at heart hide this silence of power?

(Bang-e-Dra-042) Hindustani Bachon Ka Qaumi Geet

Hindustani Bachon Ka Qoumi Geet The National Anthem For The Indian Children

چشی فی نیمز میں میں نیام حت اُنا کے خبر حمین میں میں اُناک نے اُناک کے خبر حمین میں میں اُناک کے اُناک کیا گا

Chishti (R.A.) Ne Jis Zameen Mein Pegham-e-Haq Sunaya Nanak Ne Jis Chaman Mein Wahdat Ka Geet Gaya The land in which Chishti delivered the message of God The garden in which Nanak sang the song of Tawhid of God

تا تاروں نے جس کو ہنایا جس نے جاریوں سے تب عرضے مرایا

Tatariyon Ne Jis Ko Apna Watan Banaya Jis Ne Hijaziyon Se Dast-e-Arab Chhuraya The land which the Tatars adopted as their homeland For which people of Hijaz abandoned the Arabian wilderness

میاوطن ہی ہے میاوطن ہی ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

يُ انبول يوس خيسال كوياتا سايحهال كوس نيعلم وُنبروا يَعا

Yunanion Ko Jis Ne Heeran Kar Diya Tha Sare Jahan Ko Jis Ne Ilm-o-Hunar Diya Tha Whose wisdom had left the Greeks bewildered Which gave knowledge and skill to the entire world

ر مقی لوجس کی حق نے در کا اثر دیا تھا ۔ تُرکوں کاجس نے ہیں بری سے جمع زاتھا

> Mitti Ko Jis Ki Haq Ne Zr Ka Asar Diya Tha Turkon Ka Jis Ne Daman Heeron Se Bhar Diya Tha Whose soil had been endowed by God with the elixir's effect Which had filled the pocket of the Turks with diamonds

> > سا وطن ہی ہے میاوطن ہی ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

Toote The Jo Stare Faras Ke Asman Se Phir Taab De Ke Jis Ne Chamkaye Kehkashan Se Which illuminated and established in the milky way again The stars which had fallen from the sky of Persia

رسہ وحد کی ئے منی تھی نیا جے رسکا ہے میرسے محوالی مھنڈی ہواجہاں سے

> Wahdat Ki Laiy Suni Thi Dunya Ne Jis Makan Se **Meer-e-Arab (S.A.W.)** Ko Aayi Thandi Hawa Jahan Se The House from which the world had heard Tawhid's tune From where the **Holy Prophet** had felt cool breeze

میراوطن ہی ہے میراوطن ہی ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

بند كليم ب كريت جهال تجينا نوع نبي كا أرهب إجهاك غينا

Bande Kaleem Jis Ke, Parbat Jahan Ke Seena Nooh (A.S.)-e-Nabi Ka Aa Kar Thehra Jahan Safeena Whose denizens are Kaleems, whose mountains the Sinais are Where the Prophet Nuh's boat and its occupants had landed

فت ہے جن میں کی ام فلک کازیا جنت کی نگر کی ہے جس کی ضامیر جینا

Riffat Hai Jis Zameen Ki Baam-e-Falak Ka Zeena Jannat Ki Zindagi Hai Jis Ki Faza Mein Jeena The land whose elegance is the stairway to the sky Living in whose environment is like living in Paradise

میاوط فی ہی ہے میاوط فی ہی ہے

Mera Watan Wohi Hai, Mera Watan Wohi Hai That same is my homeland, that same is my homeland

(Bang-e-Dra-046) Aik Prinda Aur Juggnu

ایک برنده آورث ننو ماه Powinds Aun Juans

Aik Parinda Aur Jugnoo Firefly And Bird

سرِث م ایک مزغ نغمه پیرا

Sar-e-Shaam Aik Murhg-e-Naghma Paira Kisi Tehni Pe Baitha Ga Raha Tha Early one Evening the sweet voice was heard, As it sat on a twig, of a carolling bird.

ر حیکتی چیزال ومکیمی زمیں پر اُڑا طائز اُسٹے بُخوسمجار

Chamakti Cheez Ek Dekhi Zameen Par Urha Taeer Usse Jugnu Samajh Kar When it spied something glittering there on the ground It flew to the place and a firefly it found.

ر کہا مُجَدنونے او مرغِ نواریز اِ میں ندارسکیں بینیقار پی**وس** تبیز

Kaha Jugnu Ne O Murgh-e-Nawa Raiz! Na Kar Bekas Pe Manqar-e-Hawas Taiz The firefly said: "Bird of the musical charm, Take your sharp beak away: do a poor one no harm,

Tujhe Jis Ne Chehak, Gul Ko Mehak Di Ussi Allah Ne Mujh Ko Chamak Di Allah granted you song and gave the flower scent: That same Allah to me did my lustre present.

لبارنع رمایت و رمون ی تینگوکنجها کا طُور سول میں

Libas-e-Noor Mein Mastoor Hun Main Patangon Ke Jahan Ka Toor Hun Main My being is hidden in garments of light, The zenith of creatures that flutter in flight.

چىك تىرى بىشت كوش كىيى سى چىكى مى يۇروىر نىظرىپ

Chehak Teri Behisht-e-Gosh Agar Hai Chamak Meri Bhi Firdous-e-Nazar Hai If your dulcet note has of Heaven the ear, The eye of that Heaven sees my gleaming clear.

رِق کومیے تُوری صلائے لرُ ہادِی میں تجھے اُس نے صدائے لرُ ہادِی

Paron Ko Meri Qudat Ne Zia Di Tujhe Uss Ne Sadaye Dil Ruba Di While Nature with sparkle did cover my wing It gave you the song that charms hearts when you sing.

ترینت رکوگاناکِ سایا مجھے گزار کی ث مایا

Teri Manqar Kogana Sikhaya Mujhe Gulzar Ki Mashal Banaya It instructed yours beak in all musical grace And made me the torch of the garden's space.

ر چما بخشی محطے اواز تحبہ لو دیا ہے سوز محبہ لو 'ساز تحبہ لو

> Chamak Bakhsi Mujhe, Awaz Tujh Ko Diya Hai Souz Mujh Ko, Saaz Tujh Ko Flashing it gave you: to me it gave voice. My portion is radiance: in song you rejoice.

مغالف الكورية المسيوز جها درياز كالبيزث سوز

Mukhalif Saaz Ka Hota Nahin Souz Jahan Mein Saaz Ka Hai Hum Nasheen Souz Radiance and song in this world are not foes; They cling to each other in harmony close.

قیام رزم سے سے انھی سے فہوراوج دیتی ہے انھی سے

Qayam-e-Bazm-e-Hasti Hai Inhi Se Zahoor-e-Auj-o-Pasti Hai Inhi Se Creation's firm frame is compact of the two: All heights and all depths are to both alike due. م آپ کے بختان جاں کی اسے بہار سربتاں کی

Hum Aahangi Se Hai Mehfil Jahan Ki Iss Se Hai Bahar Iss Bostan Ki They mingle together to make every thing; In this garden from both comes the beauty of spring."

(Bang-e-Dra-047) Bacha aur Shama

بخيرا *ور*ث مع

Bacha Aur Shama The Child And The Candle

كييج إنى ہے ليطفلاك پروانه واللہ اللہ ملم الشعاد لو كھ لود كاميا اسباح تو

Kaisi Hairani Hai Ye Ae Tiflak-e-Parwana Khu! Shama Ke Shaolon Ko Ghariyon Dekhta Rehta Hai Tu O Child with moth-like nature, "How strange that You keep gazing at the flame of the candle for hours

Ye Meri Aghosh Mein Baithe Huwe Junbish Hai Kya Roshni Se Kya Baghal Geeri Hai Tera Mudda? What is this movement, when you are in my lap? Are you intending to embrace the light?

> اس نظارے سے زانتھاسا دل جیران ہے کریسی دکھی ٹموئی شے ان عمریجی اس ع

Iss Nazare Se Tera Nanha Sa Dil Heeran Hai Ye Kisi Dekhi Huwi Shay Ki Magar Pehchan Hai Though your tiny heart is surprised at this spectacle But this is recognition of some object already seen!

سے استعاد ہے کئیں توسا مانو ہے ۔ اوراس مفل میں پیر ماں ہے توستور ع

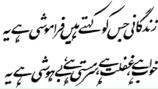
Shama Ek Shaola Hai Lekin Tu Sarapa Noor Hai Ah! Iss Mehfil Mein Ye Uryan Hai Tu Mastoor Hai The candle is but a flame, you are the Light embodied Ah! In this assembly that is manifest, you are concealed

وتِ فَيْرِ فِي السِياعِ لِي اللَّهِ الللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ ا

Dast-e-Qudrat Ne Isse Kya Jane Kyun Uryan Kiya! Tujh Ko Khak-e-Teera Ke Fanoos Mein Pinhan Kiya It is not known why the Nature's hand made it manifest! And concealed you in the dark soil's mantle

نورتبر رُهُ بِيارِ رِبِقا بِاللهِ عَلِي عَلِي اللهِ عَلِي اللهِ مِنْ بِنا حجابِ اللهِ

Noor Tera Chup Gya Zair-e-Naqab-e-Aaghi Hai Ghubar-e-Didah-e-Beena Hijab-e-Aaghi Your light has been concealed under the veil of Intellect! The veil of Cognition is a mere mist to the wise eye!



Zindagaani Jis Ko Kehte Hain Faramoshi Hai Ye Khawab Hai, Ghaflat Hai, Sar Masti Hai, Behoshi Hai Ye What is called life really a mirage it is A dream, a swoon, an ecstasy, oblivion it is

معفلِ قُدرتِ الدُيائِ بِيانِ حُسن المُعالِمِ مِعْلِ مِعْلِمِ مِنْ الْمُعَالِمِ مِنْ مِنْ الْمُعَالِمُ مُعْلِمَ المُعالِمُ مُعْلِمُ مُعْلِمُ الْمُعَالِمِ مُعْلِمِ الْمُعَالِمِ مِنْ الْمُعَالِمِ مِنْ مِنْ الْمُعَالِمِ مُعْلِم

Mehfil-e-Qudrat Hai Ek Darye Be-Payan-e-Husn Ankh Agar Dekhe To Har Qatre Mein Hai Toofan-e-Husn The Nature's assembly is the Beauty's boundless ocean For the discerning eye every drop is the Beauty's storm

مُن لوستان كى يبت ال خارش مين مين مراي خواستري شب لى سيدوش مين مين

Husn, Kohistan Ki Haibatnaak Khamoshi Mein Hai Mehr Ki Zou Gastri, Shab Ji Siyah Poshi Mein Hai

Beauty is in the frightening silence of the mountain In shedding of sun's light, and in night's darkness

اسمان سے لی اسمانی میں ہے۔ شام نی کا میں ان کا فروش میں ہیں ا

Asman-e-Subah Ki Aaeena Poshi Mein Hai Ye Sham Ki Zulmat, Shafaq Ki Gul Faroshi Mein Hai Ye It is in the morning sky's mirror-like glitter In the night's darkness and in the twilight's floridity

عظمت ويرين على منت مُعِيدًا أمين المفلاب الشنالي وششر كفارمين

Azmat-e-Dairina Ke Mitte Huwe Asaar Mein Tiflak-e-Na Ashna Ki Koshish-e-Guftar Mein It is in the disappearing relics of the old magnificence In the small child's effort to commence speaking

Sakinan-e-Sehan-e-Gulshan Ki Hum Awazi Mein Hai Nanhe Nanhe Taeeron Ki Ashiyan Saazi Mein Hai It is in the harmony of the denizens of the rose-garden In the nest-building efforts of the tiny little birds

ر ر چشمنهٔ گهسارمین درمالی آزادی میرنجس شهرهٔ نصیحرامین ورانے میں آبا دی میسن

Chashma-e-Kuhsar Mein, Darya Ki Azadi Mein Husn Shehr Mein, Sehra Mein, Weerane Mein, Abadi Mein Husn In the mountain stream, in the ocean's freedom is Beauty In the city, the forest, the wilderness, the habitation is Beauty

Rooh Ko Lekin Kisi Gum Gashta Shay Ki Hai Hawas Warna Iss Sehra Mein Kyun Nalan Hai Ye Misl-e-Jaras! The soul but longing for some lost object is Or else why is it lamenting in wilderness like a bell?

> ئے عاملے میں بیاتے میں اسلام زندلی سی کٹال میں بے اسپے

Husn Ke Iss Aam Jalwe Mein Bhiye Betaab Hai Zindagi Iss Ki Misal-e-Maahi-e-Be Aab Hai It is restless even in this general splendor of Beauty Its life is like a fish out of water.

(Bang-e-Dra-048) Kinar-e-Ravi

کنارِ را وی

Kinar-e-Ravi On The Bank Of The Ravi

سۇت شام مىرمورىيدادى نۇچۇ<u>چھىرچىم ئىنت مەل</u>لى

Sukoot-e-Shaam Mein Mehv-e-Surood Hai Ravi Na Puch Mujh Se Jo Kaifiat Mere Dil Ki Raft in its music, in evening's hush, the Ravi; But how it is with this heart, do not ask—

پام بحب سے کا یہ زیروم ہُوامجھ کو جہاں سے اوج سے مُوامجہ کو

Payam Sajde Ka Ye Zair-o-Bam Huwa Kujh Ko Jahan Tamam Sawad-e-Haram Huwa Mujh Ko Hearing in these soft cadences a prayer-call, Seeing all earth God's precinct, here beside

ر ر ر سرنبارهٔ آب وال گفراسور میں خبرنه میں مجھے کمین لهال کھراسور میں

Sir-e-Kinara-e-Aab-e-Rawan Khara Hun Main Khabar Nahin Mujhe Lekin Kahan Khara Hun Main The margins of the onward-flowing waters Standing I scarcely know where I am standing. شرائبرخ سے زبھی ٹیوائے ہے اس کے سے پیرولائے ست وشددار میرجام

Sharab-e-Surkh Se Rangeen Huwa Hai Daman-e-Shaam Liye Hai Peer-e-Falak Dast-e-Raishadar Mein Jaam With palsied hand the taverner of heaven Has brought the cup: red wine stains evening's skirt;

عدُم بوت فلدُ وترسية كام ب شفَق نه ين الم يسوئ كي في الم

Adam Ko Qafila-e-Roz Taizgaam Chala Shafaq Nahin Hai, Ye Suraj Ke Phool Hain Goya Day's heading caravan has made haste towards Extinction: twilight smoulders like hot ash of the sun's funeral pyre.

كفريدرو وعظمت فنائيتهائى من ارخواب كشسوارخياتى

Khare Hain Door Woh Azmat Fazaye Tanhai Manar-e-Khawabgah-e-Shahsawar-e-Chughtai In solitude far off, magnificent, those towers stand, Where the flower of Mughal chivalry lies asleep;

فسانة ستم نقلاب مجيل كوئن رمان نفس كي تاجيم ميمل

Fasana-e-Sitam-e-Inqilab Hai Ye Mehal Koi Zaman-e-Salaf Ki Kitab Hai Ye Mehal

A legend of Time's tyranny is that palace; A book, the register of days gone by;

مقام ليائي موزجوث ۽ لويا شيخ رئيج بن بنجوش ۽ لويا

Maqam Kya Hai, Surood-e-Khamosh Hai Goya Shajar,Ye Anjuman-e-Be-Kharosh Hai Goya No mansion, but a melody of silence— No trees, but an unspeaking parliament.

روال ہے سنیدریا پراک فیسے تیز میواہے موجے ملاجب کا کرم ستیز

Rawan Hai Seena-e-Darya Pe Ek Safina-e-Taiz Huwa Hai Mouj Se Mallah Jis Ka Garm-e-Sataiz Swiftly across the river's bosom glides A boat, the oarsman wrestling with the waves,

ب وي مي سيش زيگاه نيستى بكل كے مستة مدّ نظر سے وركتى

Subak Rawi Mein Hai Misl-e-Nigah Ye Kashti Nikal Ke Halqa-e-Hadd-e-Nazar Se Door Gyi A skiff light-motioned as a darting glance, Soon far beyond the eye's carved boundary.

ار استے ہونہی ابدے بحریں پدایونہی نہا ہے ہونہی جہاز زندلی ادمی رواں ہے ہونہی

Jahaz-e-Zindagi-e-Admi Rawan Hai Yunhi Abad Ke Behar Mein Paida Yunhi, Nihan Hai Yunhi So glides the bark of mortal life, in the ocean Of eternity so born, so vanishing,

> شىسى ئىمىلىت نانىسىما نۇسىرئىپىلىدىن نانىسىمۇ

Shikast Se Ye Kabhi Ashna Nahin Hota Nazar Se Chupta Hai Lekin Fana Nahin Hota Yet never knowing what is death; For it may disappear from sight, but cannot perish.

(Bang-e-Dra-051) Na Ate, Humain Iss Mein Takrar Kya Thi

سہ یہ اس میں میں میں المرائی میں میں میں المروعة کرتے ہوئے عار کیا تھی المروعة کرتے ہوئے عار کیا تھی

Na Ate, Humain Iss Mein Takrar Ka Thi Magar Wada Karte Huwe Aar Kya Thi If you had not come I would have had no occasion for contention But what reluctance in making the promise was?

تمهائے پیامی نے سباز کھولا خطااس میں نبے لیسر کارلیاتھی

Tumhare Payami Ne Sub Raaz Khola Khata Iss Mein Bande Ki Sarkar Kya Thi Your messenger disclosed every secret O Lord! What fault of Man in this was?

مهرى رزم ميں لينے عاشق كو ماڑا ترى الكھ ستى ميں شيار كيا تھي

Bhari Bazm Mein Apne Ashiq Ko Tara Teri Ankh Masti Mein Hushyar Kya Thi! You recognized Your Lover in the full assembly How alert Your eye in the middle of the ecstasy was!

تا مّل توتھا اُن کو آنے میں قاصد سیکر بیت طب نے انکارلیاتھی

Tammal To Tha Un Ko Ane Mein Qasid Magar Ye Bata Tarz-e-Inkar Kya Thi True! Reluctant he was to come, O messenger But tell me what the manner of denial was

كفيچة و بخود جانب طُور مولئي المستششرين ليهُ وق ياركيا هي!

Khinche Khud-Ba-Khud Janib-e-Toor **Musa (A.S.)**Kashish Teri Ae Shauq-e-Didar Kya Thi!
Musa was effortlessly attracted to Tur
How strong, O Zeal your attraction was!

كهين ذكررتېت چېښال تيرا روز نسون تعالو تي تيري گفارلياتمي

Kahin Zikr Rehta Hai Iqbal Tera Fasoon Tha Koi, Teri Guftar Kya Thi Your fame continues somewhere, O Iqbal! Some magic, not your speech it was

(Bang-e-Dra-054) Kya Kahun Apne Chaman Se Main Judda Kyunker Hua

ر کیالہوں اپنے مین میں خبراکیو نکر ہوا ۔۔۔ اور اسٹیرفت روام ہواکیو نکر ہوا

Kya Kahun Apne Chaman Se Main Juda Kyunkar Huwa Aur Aseer-e-Halqa-e-Daam-e-Hawa Kyunkar Huwa What can I say how I got separated from my garden And how I got imprisoned in the net of greed

حائے دیے بُراسائے مانے کا ہوں میں مجدلوی شعت شرافت کا عطا کیونلر سوا

Jaye Hairat Hai Bura Sare Zamane Ka Hun Mein Mujh Ko Ye Khilaat Sharafat Ka Atta Kyunkar Huwa It is strange that the whole world being against me How the recipient of honor of respectability I have been

ر كيد دلھاني ميضے فاتھالقاضب طُور بر كياخبرہ تحجدلوك فيصلاليونلر موا

Kuch Dekhne Dikhane Ka Tha Taqaza Toor Par Kya Khabar Hai Tujh Ko Ae Dil Faisala Kyunkar Huwa Some demand of showing and seeing was on the Tur What do you know, O heart! How it was decided?

يطلب بتعامين كري كال متها منع دل دام مت سرع كيوكرسوا

Hai Talab Be-Mudda Hone Ki Bhi Ek Mudda Murgh-e-Dil Dam-e-Tamanna Se Raha Kyunkar Huwa The desire to be without any desire is also a desire How the heart's bird freed from the net of greed was

ربر/ دي<u>ف واليهال هني كيمه ليتي بي تجمع</u> ميجربه وعد وحشر كاصوب إزماليوللرموا

Dekhne Wale Yahan Bhi Dekh Lyte Hain Tujhe Phir Ye Wada Hashar Ka Sabr Azma Kyunkar Huwa Those desirous of seeing You, see You here also Then how the Last Day's promise a test of patience was

خرجا مل بني سواس به جابي كالب وه و تصابر و روس نهيان و زماليو كمرسوا

Husn-e-Kamil Hi Na Ho Iss Be-Hijabi Ka Sabab Woh Jo Tha Pardon Mein Pinhan, Khudnuma Kyunkar Huwa The Perfect Beauty itself may be the cause of this unveiling How became self-apparent what concealed in curtains was

Mout Ka Nuskha Abhi Baqi Hai Ae Dard-e-Faraaq! Charahgar Diwana Hai, Main La-Dawa Kyunkar Huwa Death as a recipe still remains, O separation's pathos! The physician is insane, how I deemed incurable was

Tu Ne Dekha Hai Kabhi Ae Didah-e-Ibrat Ke Gul Ho Ke Paida Khak Se Rangeen Qaba Kyunkar Huwa O admonishing eye! Have you ever seen, how the rose Having been born out of dust became colorful

مريت شراعال سيمقصه بمعارسوائي مري ورندفام رسما سبعي محظوليا سوألسونكرموا

Pursish-e-Amaal Se Maqsad Tha Ruswayi Meri Warna Zahir Tha Sabhi Kuch, Kya Huwa, Kyunkar Huwa The purpose of interrogation for deeds was to disgrace me Otherwise all as to how and why it happened obvious was

> میرے بٹنے کا ماشاد کیمنے کی چیز تھی کیا بتاؤں اُن کامیرا ساسٹ کیوٹروا

Mere Mitne Ka Tamasha Dekhne Ki Cheez Thi Kya Bataun Un Ka Mera Samna Kyunkar Huwa My destruction was something worth witnessing What can I say how facing Him was

(Bang-e-Dra-055) Anokhi Wazaa Hai, Sare Zamane Se Nirale Hain

انو کھوض بئے سارنے مانے سنرا رہیں عاشق کون کی ہے کیا رہنے داتیں اور کا ان میں ایس کے ایس کے ایس کا ان کا ان کی

Anokhi Waza Hai, Sare Zamane Se Nirale Hain Ye Ashiq Kon Si Basti Ke Ya-Rab Rehne Wale Hain Unusual in state, distinct from the whole world they are O Lord! Inhabitants of which habitation these Lovers are?

علاج درومين هجرولى لذّت پير مائيوں جوتھے چالوں يکا نشے نول ہون سے ڪائے ي

Ilaj-e-Dard Mein Bhi Dard Ki Lazzat Pe Merta Hun Jo The Chhalon Mein Kante, Nok-e-Souzan Se Nikale Hain Even during pathos's cure I desperately love pathos Blisters' thorns have been extracted with needle's point

بچدائفولارسے یاراجمین سری میں کا میں کا سے میں ان اور کا دیائے ہیں۔ مجدائفولارسے یاراجمین سری میں کا میں کا میں ان میں میں کا میں ان میں ان میں میں کا میں میں میں کا میں میں کا می

Phala Phula Rahe Ya Rab! Chaman Meri Umeedon Ka Jigar Ka Khoon De De Kar Ye Boote Main Ne Pale Hain O Lord, the garden of my hopes may remain prosperous I have raised these plants watering them with my blood

رُلاتی ہے مجھے اتوں کو خاموشی سادو کی نزادعش نے میاز زالے میرے مالے میں

Rulati Hai Mujhe Raton Ko Khamoshi Sitaron Ki Nirala Ishq Hai Mera, Nirale Mere Nale Hain The stars' silence at night makes me weep Strange my Love is, strange my Laments are

نە ئۇچىۋىجە سەلدّت خانمان بادىسنے كى نشىن كىرون يى نىارىمونىڭ لىرى

Na Pucho Mujh Se Lazzat Khanaman Barbad Rehne Nasheman Sekron Main Ne Bana Kar Phoonk Dale Hain Do not ask me of the pleasure of remaining destitute Hundreds of nests have been made and destroyed by me

نهديه کالي هي نستي اونسزل سے مهرجاب شراميم هي تواخر ملنے اليميں

Nahin Begangi Achi Rafiq-e-Rah Manzil Se Theher Ja Ae Sharar, Hum Bhi To Akhir Mitne Wale Hain Being a stranger to the journey's companion is not good O spark! Wait, after all we are also going to disappear

أميدور في المجيد القابية الخطائع المخطول المجيد المنافع المجيد المحالية المخطول المالية المحالية المحا

Umeed-e-Hoor Ne Sub Kuch Sikha Rakha Hai Waaiz Ko Ye Hazrat Dekhne Mein Seedhe Sadhe, Bhole Bhale Hain Expectation for the houri has taught everything to the preacher Only in appearance simple and straight forward these people are

> مے شعار لے قبال کیوں ان ہو کھی ہو مے ڈوٹر پُوسے ل کے یہ دائلیز <u>نا ہے ہیں</u>

Mere Ashaar Ae Iqbal! Kyun Pyare Na Hon Mujh Ko Mere Toote Huwe Dil Ke Ye Dard Angaiz Nale Hain Why should not my verses be dear to me, O Iqbal These the painful laments of my heart are

(Bang-e-Dra-056) Zahir Ki Ankh Se Na Tamasha Kare Koi

ر خاہر کی تکھ سے نہ تماشا کرکے لوئی ہود کھنا تو دیدۂ دل وا کرے کوئی

Zahir Ki Ankh Se Na Tamasha Kare Koi Ho Dekhna To Didah-e-Dil Wa Kare Koi One should not see the Spectacle with the material eye If one wants to see Him he should open the insight's eye

منصُور کوئیوالبِ گویا پیامِ موت ابلیائسی کے عشق کا دعوٰی کرنے وَ نَی

Mansoor Ko Huwa Lab-e-Goya Payam-e-Mout Ab Kya Kisi Ke Ishq Ka Dawa Kare Koi His talking lip was death's message to Mansur How can anybody dare to claim Someone's Love now

ہودید کا جِشُوق تو آنکھوں کو بندگر ہے دکھینا یہی کہ نہ دمکھاکرے کوئی

Ho Deed Ka Jo Shauq To Ankhon Ko Band Kar Hai Dekhna Yehi Ke Na Dekha Kare Koi Close your eyes if you want taste for the Sight The real Seeing is that one should not try to see Him

ئىي انتهائے شق بون تُوانتهائے شن ديھے مجھے ارتحبہ کو تماشا کرے لوئی

Main Intihaye Ishq Hun, Tu Intihaye Husn Dekhe Mujhe Ke Tujh Ko Tamasha Kare Koi I am the extreme Love, Thou art the extreme Beauty One should see me or witness Thy Spectacle

سے میں میں میں اور سے اور اور میں میں مذر آزہ نہ پیدا کرے لوئی میں مذر آزہ نہ پیدا کرے لوئی

Uzr Afreen-e-Jurm- Hai Husn-e-Dost Mehshar Mein Uzr Taza Na Paida Kare Koi The Beloved's Beauty is the creator of excuse for Love's crime One need not create a new excuse on the Day of Judgment

چُھیتی نہیں ہے یہ نگوشوق نم سے اور سرح انھیوں کھالے اور کا انھیوں کھالے اور کی انھیوں کھالے کوئی

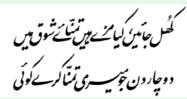
Chupti Nahin Hai Ye Nigah-e-Shauq Hum-Nasheen Phir Aur Kis Tarah Unhain Dekha Kare Koi O Companion! It is not possible to close this zealous eye! In what other manner should one try to witness Him

أربيني ليسمجه كر يحب لا مُور ركبيم طاقت بيوديد لى توتعاصا كري ويُ

Arh Baithe Kya Samajh Ke Bhala Toor Par Kaleem Taqqat Ho Deed Ki To Taqaza Kare Koi With what thought did Kaleem become insistent on the Tur? One should request for the Sight if he has the power for the Sight

نظّائے لوئینٹ مڑگاں میں ہے کا میں انہا کے مصالہ کا انہا کے مصالہ کا انہا کے مصالہ کا انہا کے مصالہ کا انہا کی ا

Nazare Ko Ye Junbish-e-Mazgan Bhi Bar Hai Nargis Ki Ankh Se Tujhe Dekha Kare Koi Even the eyebrow's movement is unwelcome to the Sight With the eye of the narcissus should one see Thee



Khul Jaen, Kya Maze Hain Tamanaye Shauq Mein Do Char Din Jo Meri Tamanna Kare Koi The pleasures of the Longings of Love will be manifest If one has Longing like me for a few days

(Bang-e-Dra-057) Kahun Kya Arzoo'ay Be Dili Mujh Ko Kahan Tak Hai

کر میں ارزئے بے ای مجہ لولہاں کہے ۔ مصطافزار کی ونت ہی ووائے زیاں کہے کہول ایرزئے بے لئی مجہ لولہاں کہے

Kahun Kya Arzu-e-Be-Dili Mujh Ko Kahan Tak Hai Mere Bazar Ki Ronaq Hi Soda-e-Zayan Tak Hai What should I say how much Longing for dejection I have The elegance of my market is only up to the ardent desire for losing

و المنه و فروغ م سنع و گلزار برجاؤں موائے گل فراق ساقی امہر باب کا ہے

Woh Mai Kash Hun Farogh-e-Mai Se Khud Gulzar Ban Jaun Hawaye Gul Faraq-e-Saqi-e-Na-Mehrban Tak Hai I am the sot who himself becomes garden by the Wine's Light Rose's love is only up to the departure of the unkind cup bearer

چنا فونے صیاد میری و شنواتی ک رہی کا بی و میرے طیال کے ج

Chaman Afroz Hai Sayyad Meri Khush Nawayi Tak Rhi Bijli Ki Be-Tabi, Sou Mere Ashiyan Tak Hai Hunter's enhancement of garden's beauty is till start of my melodies As for the thunderbolts' restlessness, it is up to my nest

ر وُبُرِّتُ خال ہوفی بِرِیانی سے طوا ہوں نائوچھو میری سعت کی دیسے سال کھے

Woh Musht-e-Khak Hun, Faiz-e-Preshani Se Sehra Hun Na Pucho Meri Wusaat Ki, Zameen Se Asman Tak Hai I am that handful of dust, which is changed to wilderness by distress' grace Do not ask me of my span, it is from the earth to the sky

حَرِينُ الدَّوابِيدِ مِيسِمِ كُوبِينِ يَعْمِرُ وَتِرِيلِ وَالْ الْمِيْمِ وَتَرِيلِ وَالْ الْمِيْمِ

Jaras Hun, Nala Khawabida Hai Mere Har Rag-o-Pe Mein Ye Khamoshi Meri Waqt-e-Raheel-e-Karwan Tak Hai I am the bell, complaint is asleep in my whole nature The silence of mine only is up to the caravan's departure

ر و در سر مرکز از ایر سر کردور کردو

Sukoon-e-Dil Se Saman-e-Kashod-e-Kaar Paida Ker Ke Uqdah Khatir-e-Gardab Ka Aab-e-Rawan Tak Hai With a tranquil heart create means of attaining your aims Because the whirlpool's knot is only up to the water's flow

چرن ارمحت منی من مین مناب از مین مناب از مین مناب کارندگی ایندی سم فغان کے مین از مین مناب کارند کی ایندی سم فغان کے

Chaman Zaar-e-Mohabat Mein Khamoshi Mout Hai Bulbul! Yahan Ki Zindagi Pabandi-e-Rasm-e-Faghan Tak Hai Silence is death in the garden of Love, O nightingale This life is only up to observance of the wailing's custom

جوانی نے ووق دیم نُطف ِ تِنَایجی ممالے گھرنی آبادی قیام میمال کے جوانی نے ووق میری نُطف ِ تِنَایجی

Jawani Hai To Zauq-e-Deed Bhi, Lutf-e-Tamanna Bhi Humare Ghar Ki Abadi Qaam-e-Mehman Tak Hai In youth, there is Sight's zeal as well as Longing's pleasure The happiness of our house is only up to the guest's presence

> ر طف بھر مرئی واہوں کرائے ائے نادانی ا سمجھاہوں ایمیاعثق میسے ازوال ایکے

Zamane Bhar Men Ruswa Hun Magar Ae Waye Nadani! Samajhta Hun K E Mera Ishq Mere Raazdan Tak Hai Disgraced though I am in the whole world but, O ignorance I understand that my Love is known only to my confidante

(Bang-e-Dra-058) Jinhain Main Dhoondta Tha Asmanon Mein Zameenon Mein

جنصيرَ مَنْ فِي مُنْ المِمَا اسانون فِي مِنْ فِي اللهِ مِنْ اللهِ مِنْ اللهِ مِنْ اللهِ مِنْ اللهِ مِنْ اللهِ ا جنصيرَ مَنْ فِي فِي اللهِ اللهِ

Jinhain Mein Dhondta Tha Asmanon Mein Zameenon Mein Woh Nikle Mere Zulmat Khana-e-Dil Ke Makeenon Mein The one I was searching for on the earth and in heaven Appeared residing in the recesses of my own heart

حقیق این المصوری نمایا حرج کو گیاپنی مکان مطال مطالب خانهٔ دل می معینوایس

Haqiqat Apni Ankhon Par Namayan Jab Huwi Apni Makan Nikla Humare Khana-e-Dil Ke Makeenon Mein When the reality of the self became evident to my eyes The house appeared among residents of my own heart

ر ارکھیات ناہوا ملاقے بہتائی سے توسل استان بعیب بالا تجہب نوایس

Agar Kuch Ashana Hota Mazaq-e-Jaba-Sayi Se To Sang-e-Astan-e-Kaaba Ja Milta Jabeenon Mein If it were somewhat familiar with taste of rubbing foreheads The stone of Ka'ba's threshold would have joined the foreheads کبھی نیام نیفارہ لیائے تونے امیج بنوں کر ایس کی طرح تو نو دیمبی میجے ارت بنوں اسلامی میں اسلامی کا میں اسلامی ک

Kabhi Apna Bhi Nazara Kiya Hai Tu Ne Ae Majnoon Ke Laila Ki Tarah Tu Bhi Hai Mehmil Nasheenon Mein O Majnun! Have you ever glanced at yourself That like Layla you are also sitting in the litter

Mahine Wasl Ke Ghariyon Ki Soorat Urte Jate Hain Magar Ghariyan Judai Ki Guzerti Hain Mahinon Mein The months of the union continue flying like moments But the moments of separation linger for months!

مجه وك كاتُو الناخر لياغرق موني سيست كرج بورنا بيودوب تي بي خينون مي

Mujhe Roke Ga Tu Ae Na-Khuda Kya Gharaq Hone Se Ke Jin Ko Doobna Ho, Doob Jate Hain Safeenon Mein O seaman, how will you protect me from being drowned As those destined to drowning get drowned in the boats also

Chupaya Husn Ko Apne Kaleem-Ullah Se Jis Ne Wohi Naz Afreen Hai Jalwa Pera Naaz Neenon Mein The one who concealed His Beauty from Kalim Allah The same Beloved is manifest among beloveds

مرائدی ہے۔ مرائدی ہے شرم شکت اوموج نفس کی ایس کے ایس کے ایس کا ایس کے اس

Jala Sakti Hai Shama-e-Kushta Ko Mouj-e-Nafas In Ki Elahi! Kya Chupa Hota Hai Ahl-e-Dil Ke Seenon Mein The breath of Lovers can light up the extinguished candle O God! What is kept concealed in the breast of the Lovers?

تناه روول کی موتولرخدت فقیروں کی نہیں متا پیکو ہرباد ثباہوں نے نوان

Tamanna Dard-e-Dil Ki Ho To Kar Khidmat Faqeeron Ki Nahin Milta Ye Gohar Badshahon Ke Khazeenon Mein Serve the fakirs if you have the longing for Love This pearl is not available in the treasures of kings

نه نُوچان ورونون اراد سور توديدان يرين الي بيشور ان اراد سورو و الدان الله الله

Na Puch In Kharqa Poshon Ki, Iradat Ho To Dekh In Ko Yad-e-Baiza Liye Baithe Hain Apni Asteenon Mein Do not ask of these Devotees, if you have faith, you should look at them They have the illuminated palm up their sleeves ترستى ئے فارب جس مخطائے وہ رونق کجمن کی نے اُھن کو تاکنیوں

Tarasti Hai Nigah-e-Narsa Jis Ke Nazare Ko Woh Ronaq Anjuman Ki Hai Inhi Khalwat Guzinon Mein The insightful eye for whose spectacle is tantalized That elegance of congregation is in these very recluses

كسى الشريسي هُولك لين خرمن ول كو كنور كنور يوليات عبى موسين شي شوينون

Kisi Aese Sharar Se Phoonk Apne Kharman-e-Dil Ko Ke Khursheed-e-Qayamat Bhi Ho Tere Khosha Cheenon Mein Burn the produce of your heart with some such spark That the Last Day's sun may also be among your gleaners

محبت محین لی دُسوند کوئی ٹوٹنے الا میں میں مے جسے کھتے ہیں ال

Mohabbat Ke Liye Dil Dhoond Koi Tootne Wala Ye Woh Mai Hai Jise Rakhte Hain Nazuk Abgeenon Mein For Love search for some heart which would become mortified This is the wine which is kept in delicate wine glasses

سرايئيس جاتا ہے۔ کئے وہاشق محملات الحسين الميام المجي ہے تاہم سيان

Sarapa Husn Ban Jata Hai Jis Ke Husn Ka Ashiq Bhala Ae Dil Haseen Aesa Bhi Hai Koi Haseenon Mein The Beauty itself becomes the Lover of whose Beauty O Heart! Does someone among the beautiful has that beauty?

بر المرابع الموقى تىرى كەلئے أعكب رُفنائر ترارتبه ما برده هر المرابع المرده المرابع المرده المرابع ال

Pharak Utha Koi Teri Adaye 'MA ARAFNA' Par Tera Rutba Raha Barh Charh Ke Sub Naaz Afreenon Mein

Someone became highly excited at your grace of Ma'arafna Your rank remained among the most elegant of all the Lovers

نمايان و في العلاق يعمل أن الوجال النيا المستمت سي ميري الميكم الله بنول

Namayan Ho Ke Dikhla De Kabhi In Ko Jamal Apna Bohat Muddat Se Cherche Hain Tere Bareek Beenon Mein Manifest Yourself and show them Your Beauty some time Talks have continued among the sagacious since long time

خوش اے ل جری میں میں انہائی ایجیا ہے اوجہال قریبے متب قرنوس

Khamosh Ae Dil! Bhari Mehfil Mein Chillana Nahin Acha Adab Pehla Qareena Hai Mohabbat Ke Qareenon Mein Silent, O Heart! Crying in the full assembly is not good Decorum is the most important etiquette among the ways of Love

رُاسمجھول نصين مجرستے ايسا برنہ يرس كرمنچو دِهِ تِن بِيول قِبال نِينَ مُلة حِينيوں كرمنچو دِهِ تِن بِيول قِبال نِينَ مُلة حِينيوں

Bura Samajhun Inhain, Mujh Se To Aesa Ho Nahin Sakta Ke Main Khud Bhi To Hun Iqbal Apne Nukta Cheenon Mein It is not possible for me to deem my critics bad Because Iqbal, I am myself among my critics

(Bang-e-Dra-059) Tere Ishq Ki Intaha Chahta Hun

ترمي و الماية الماية

Tere Ishq Ki Intiha Chahta Hun Meri Sadgi Dekh Kya Chahta Hun Completion of your Love is what I desire Look at my sincerity what little I desire

ستم ہوکہ ہو وعدہ بےجب بی سیراز ما جائے انہوں

Sitam Ho Ke Ho Wada-e-Be-Hijabi Koi Baat Sabr Azma Chahta Hun It may be oppression or the promise of unveiling Something testing my perseverance I desire

ية بت مبارك بيزام و لو كميل بي الماميات والماميات المول

Ye Jannat Mubarik Rahe Zahidon Ko Ke Mein Ap Ka Samna Chahta Hun May the pious be happy with this Paradise Only to see your Countenance I desire

ذراساتو دل بور مرشوخ تهن وسي لن تراني سُنا جاستا بيون

Zara Sa To Dil Hun Magar Shaukh Itna Wohi Lan-Tarani Suna Chahta Hun Though I am but a tiny little heart I am so bold To hear the same Lan tarani I desire

کوئی ؤم کا مہماں میوں اے المحفل چراغ سخت رمیوں مجھا جا ہتا ہوں

Koi Dam Ka Mehman Hun Ae Ahl-e-Mehfil Charagh-e-Sehar Hun, Bujha Chahta Hun O assembly's companions! I am existing only for a few moments I am the dawn's candle, I am about to be extinguished

> بھری بزم میں از کی بات کہہ دی بڑا ہے ادب ہون سزا جاہتا ہوں

Bhari Bazm Mein Raaz Ki Baat Keh Di Bara Be-Adab Hun, Saza Chahta Hun I have divulged the secret in the full assembly I am very insolent, punishment I desire

(Bang-e-Dra-063) Mohabbat

Part Two
1905-08

Mohabbat
Love

Uroos-e-Shab Ki Zulfain Theen Abhi Na-Ashna Kham Se Sitare Asaman Ke Be-Khabar The Lazzat-e-Ram Se As yet the tresses of the bride of night were not familiar with their graceful curls; And the stars of heaven had tasted not the bliss of whistling motion through the depths of space.

قرانياب نومين بكايب الماتها نهاداف المرارش كالمين تم

Qamar Apne Libas-e-Nawa Mein Begana Sa Lagta Tha Na Tha Waqif Abhi Gardish Ke Aaeen-e-Muslim Se The moon in her new robes looked rather strange And knew not revolution's ceaseless law.

العرائ كحفُلدة خانه سأبري تي ونيا مارة ندكي وشيدتها ببنات الم

Abhi Imkan Ke Zulmat Khane Se Ubhri Hi Thi Dunya Mazaq-e-Zindagi Poshida Tha Pehnaye Alam Se From the dark house of possibilities the world had just emerged to spin along, No joy of life had throbbed as yet within the furthest limits of immensity.

كالطنب تى كابى تى ابت ألوا يوراتنى مىنى كانتها تات كالطنب تا كالمان كالم

Kamal-e-Nazam-e-Hasti Ki Abhi Thi Ibtada Goya Haweda Thi Nagine Ki Tamanna Chashme-e-Khatam Se The order of existence scarcely had begun unfolding to perfectionment; It seems as if the world, like a ring whose socket waiteth for its precious stone, longed to evolve the archetypes to come.

ننائبِ عالمِ بالاميل لوقي ميك أرتفا صفاتي جس أخالِ باير بط والرساغرِم سے

Suna Hai Alam-e-Bala Mein Koi Keemiya-Gar Tha Safa Thi Jis Ki Khak-e-Pa Mein Barh Kar Saghir-e-Jam Se They say there was an alchemist on high, Dust of whose footsteps sparkled even more than Jamshid's crystal cup

Dust of whose footsteps sparkled even more than Jamshid's crystal cup.

ر الما تعام شرك المالي المالي

Likha Tha Arsh Ke Paye Pe Ek Ikseer Ka Nuskha Chupate The Farishte Jis Ko Chashm-e-Rooh-e-Adam Se And on the pedestal of heaven there was engraved Elixir's wondrous recipe, Which angels always guarded from the ken of Adam's soul destined by it to live. نگار بال مدرستی تقدیل کیسیالری وه اس نسخ لوٹر ه لرجاناتها ایم اظم سے اللہ ماری اللہ ماری اللہ ماری اللہ ماری ا

Nigahain Taak Mein Rehti Then Lekin Keemiya-Gar Ki Woh Iss Nuskhe Ko Barh Kar Janta Tha Ism-e-Azam Se The alchemist was ever on the watch Knowing this recipe more precious than the Great Name itself.

بڑھا بیجے وانی کے بہانے عرش کی جا ۔ تنائے کی اخرراً کی سعی ہے

Barha Tasbeeh Khawani Ke Bahane Arsh Ki Janib Tamanna-e-Dili Akhir Bar Ayi Saee-e-Peham Se Till seemingly saying his orisons, he nearer drew and gained the strictly guarded pedestal, his constant effort yielding in the end the fruit of his desire for which he burned.

يهرايافكرجب زانے أسے سيدال كال ميں في كي كاركار محت الله على الله

Phiraya Fikr-e-Ajza Ne Use Maidan-e-Imkan Mein Chupe Gi Kya Koi Shay Bargah-e-Haq Ke Mehram Se And having learnt it, he went forth to seek through the vast field of possibilities for its ingredients and collected them;

Yea! what is there that can be hid from those who know the halls where truth for ever dwells.

چک ایسے نالئی چاندسے اُغ جب رانگا اُڑائی تیر آجھوڑی تی بالک انگان برائے موری تی بالک انگان انگان انگان انگان ا

Chamak Tare Se Mangi, Chand Se Dagh-e-Jigar Manga Urhayi Teergi Thori Si Shab Ki Zulf-e-Barham Se From stars he took their brightness; from the moon the marks of burnt-out passions of the past; And from night's floating and dishevelled tresses a little darkness;

تربی سے بائی ورسے کیا ہے۔ اس کی اس میں سے ابن ترم سے ابن ترم سے ابن ترم سے

Tarap Bijli Se Payi, Hoor Se Pakeezgi Payi
Hararat Li Nafashaye **Maseeh-e-Ibn-e-Mariam (A.S.)** Se
From the lightning he received its restlessness; and purity from houris;
And the gentle warmth that runs rippling from healing breath of **Mary's son**.

وراسى مربوبتى شان بنى ازى مى مىك سى خرى افعاد لى تقدير بنم سى خرى افعاد لى تقدير بنم سى

Zara Si Phir Rabubiat Se Shan-e-Be-Niazi Li Malak Se Ajazi, Uftadgi Taqdeer-e-Shabnam Se

Then from the quality of Providence he took that splendour which dependeth not on aught else than itself, And from the dew and angels took he their humility.

ررر بھران حزالولھولاجیٹ میروالے پافی مرکب نے محتب نام با باعرش عظم سے

Phir In Ajza Ko Ghola Chasma-e-Hewan Ke Pani Men Marakkab Nemohabbat Naam Paya Arsh-e-Azam Se Then in the waters of the spring of life he made them to dissolve; And from the Throne of Most High they called this essence "Love." مهوس نے بیانی ہے نوخیز رہے پڑی کر المعولی ئیز نے اس کے ویا کاوالم سے

Muhwish Ne Ye Pani Hasti-e-Naukhaiz Par Chirka Girah Kholi Hunar Ne Uss Ke Goya Kaar-e-Alam Se That alchemist sprinkled this liquid on the new sprouting being, And its magic touch released the spell-bound process of the worlds.

بِوَأَحْنِبِنْ عِيانُ ذَوْلِ نَالُطُفِ حِوْلَ كِي حِيدًا لَكُ عِلَى اللَّهُ مِنْ لِكُ أَيْدًا مُدْكَ لِينَا لِينَا مِنْ مِنْ لِكُ مُنْ اللَّهُ اللّ

Huwi Junbish Ayan, Zarron Ne Lutf-e-Khawab Ko Chora Gile Milne Lage Uth Uth Ke Apne Apne Humdam Se Motion appeared in atoms; forthwith they abandoned their repose, And roused themselves embracing their affinities again.

> خرم ازپایا آفتارس نے ساروں نے کرم نخور نے بائی واغ بائے لاز اروں نے

Kharaam-e-Naaz Paya Aftabon Ne, Sitaron Ne Chatak Ghunchon Ne Payi, Dagh Paye Lala-Zaron Ne The suns and stars rolled in majestic curves, The buds received fresh tints, and poppy flowers were branded with the burning marks of Love.

(Bang-e-Dra-064) Haqiqat-e-Husn

حقيقتِ

Haqiqat-e-Husn Beauty's Essence

ر خدائے شن نے اکسے وزیر سوال ہا جہاں میں کیون مجھے تو نے لازوال کیا

Khuda Se Husn Ne Ek Roz Ye Sawal Kiya Jahan Mein Kyun Na Mujhe Tu Ne La-Zawal Kiya Beauty asked God one day This question: 'Why Didst Thou not make me, in Thy world, undying?'

بلاجاب كتصوريت نيه ونيا شب انعت م كافسانه ونيا

Mila Jawab Ke Tasveer-e-Khana Hai Dunya Shab-e-Daraz-e-Aadam Ka Fasana Hai Dunya And God replying— 'A picture-show is this world: All this world a tale out of the long night of not-being;

ہوئی ہے کہ تبغیر سے جنب اس کی وہے میں ہے حقیق زوال ہے جس کی

Huwi Hai Rang-e-Taghiyar Se Jab Namood Uss Ki Wohi Haseen Hai Haqiqat Zawal Hai Jis Ki And in it, seeing tts nature works through mutability, That only is lovely whose essence knows decay.'

كهيرة ربيطاً، نينت وقمرن كئن فلك ييت مهواً في اختر سحرن سُنى

Kahin Qareeb Tha, Ye Gutugu Qamar Ne Suni Falak Pe Aam Huwi, Akhtar-e-Sehar Ne Suni The moon stood near and heard this colloquy, The words took wing about the sky and reached the morning-star;

سرُنے آرے سے سُن کرسُنا تَی شبنم کو نک کی بات بتا دی زمیں کے محرم کو

Sehar Ne Tare Se Sun Kar Sunayi Shabnam Ko Falak Ki Baat Bata Di Zameen Ke Mehram Ko Dawn learned them from its star, and told the dew— It told the heavens' whisper to Earth's poor familiar;

بحرات بيول كے أنسوبيام بنم سے كلى انتقاسا دل دون بوليات سے

Bhar Aye Phool Ke Ansu Payam-e-Shabnam Se Kali Ka Nanha Sa Dil Khoon Ho Gya Gham Se And at the dew's report the flower's eye filled, With pain the new bud's tiny heartbeat thrilled;

چمن سے و آہروا موسم ہمارگیا شباہ سے رکوآیا تھا نے کوارلی

Chaman Se Rota Huwa Mousam-e-Bahar Gya Shabab Sair Ko Aya Tha, Sogawar Gya Springtime fled from the garden, weeping; Youth, that had come to wander there, went creeping sadly away.

(Bang-e-Dra-065) Payam

Payam The Message

عثق نے کردیا تجھے دو تِن میں سے اثنا برم کوئٹر بٹ بیم برم کا اس کورساز و

Ishq Ne Kar Diya Tujhe Zauq-e-Tapish Se Ashna Bazm Ko Misl-e-Shama-e-Bazm Hasil-e-Souz-o-Saaz Love made you acquainted with the taste of affliction Like assembly's candle give affliction's gift to the assembly

ثان کرم پہنے مدارعشقِ کرہ کتاہے ہ ویرجسے م تی قید کیا جرکو و الجنیاز و

Shan-e-Karam Pe Hai Madar Ishq-e-Girah Kushaye Ka Dair-o-Haram Ki Qaid Kya! Jis Ko Woh Be-Niaz De

The illuminating Love depends on God's Benevolence To whomever He may give without restriction of temple or Harem

صوتِ شعب اُور کی میتی نہیں قبالے جس کو خدا نہ دہر میں کرئیجب اُلداد

Soorat-e-Shama Noor Ki Milti Nahin Qaba Use Jis Ko Khuda Na Dehr Mein Girya-e-Jaan Gudaz De Like the candle the mantle of light he does not get Whom God does not give effective wail in the world تا میں ، قرمیں جب لو الرسخ میں و جشم نظارہ میں نہ توٹ رمدامتیاز ہے

Tare Mein Woh, Qamar Mein Woh, Jalwagah-e-Sehar Mein Woh Chashm-e-Nazara Mein Na Tu Surma-e-Imtiaz De He is in the star, the moon, the dawn's theatre of display You need not apply discrimination's collyrium to the Sightful eye

عثق بندبال ہے رہے مرونیازے مسترسے ستِ مازالر تو مجاب دیے

Ishq Buland Baal Hai Rasm-o-Reh-e-Niaz Se Husn Hai Mast-e-Naz Agar Tu Bhi Jawab-e-Naaz De Love is exalted above the customs and usages of prayers If Beauty has ecstasy of elegance you too give elegant reply

> بیرِغالٰ فرنگ کی مے فاشاط ہے اثر اس میں ولینے مندی مجداد تو خاند ساز

Peer-e-Mughan! Farang Ki Mai Ka Nishat Hai Asar Iss Mein Woh Kaif-e-Gham Nahin, Mujh Ko To Khana Saaz De O Tavern-keeper! Pleasure is the only effect of West's wine It does not have pleasure of affliction, give me the home-made wine

> ر تجولوخرنہیں ہے لیا؛ بزم ہُن بدلکئ اٹ خداکے واسطے ان کوئے مجاز و

Tujh Ko Khabar Nahin Hai Kya! Bazm-e-Kuhan Badal Gyi Ab Na Khuda Ke Waste In Ko Mai-e-Majaz De Do you not know? The old congregation has changed For God's sake do not give them materialism's wine.

(Bang-e-Dra-066) Sawami Raam Tirath

Swami Ram Tirath

سربغَن دیاسے ہے لتے طرف جاتب سیکے کو سرتھا ہب اب کو ہزایا ہے

Hum Baghal Darya Se Hai Ae Qatra-e-Betaab Tu Pehle Gohar Tha, Bana Ab Kohar-e-Nayab Tu O Impatient drop! You are in the bosom of the sea You were a pearl earlier, now you are an invaluable pearl

ر ته الهولانس الاستونے داز رنگ بو میں میں میں میں کسپول سیرہت یا زنگ فیج Aah! Khola Kis Ada Se Tu Ne Raaz-e-Rang-o-Bu Main Abhi Tak Hun Aseer-e-Imtiaz-e-Rang-o-Bu Ah! How gracefully you opened the secrets of life I am still a prisoner of the discriminations of life

مٹ کے غوغازندگی ہ شورش م مخترنبا سیٹ رارہ مجرکے اسٹ خانۂ از بنا

Mit Ke Ghogha Zindagi Ka Shorish-e-Mehshar Bana Ye Sharah Bujh Ke Atish Khana-e-Azar Bana The life's clamor on destruction became the Last Day's tumult The spark on being extinguished became Azar's fire temple

نفی ہے تی ال کرشہ ہے دلِ اگاہ کا 'لائے دریامین نہائ تی ہے' اِلّا اللّٰہ کا

Nafi-e-Hasti Ek Karishma Hai Dil-e-Agah Ka 'LA' Ke Darya Mein Nihan Moti Hai 'ILLALLAH' Ka The denial of Existence is the Love's gesture of the informed heart In the river of 'La' is concealed the pearl of 'Illallah'

چشم ابنیاسے عفی معنی انجب ہے تھی کئی جس میں مرکب بیاب مظام ہے

Chashm-e-Nabeena Se Makhfi Maani-e-Anjaam Hai Tham Gyi Jis Dam Tarap, Seemab Seem-e-Kham Hai The meaning of the end is hidden from the unsightful eye Mercury is only raw silver, when its restlessness stops,

تورُّ دِينِ بُسِتِ كُوارِ المُحْتَى مِنْ الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتِي الْمُحْتِي الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُعْمِ الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُحْتَى الْمُحْتَى الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُعْتِمِ الْمُعْتِمِ

Torh Deta Hai But-e-Hasti Ko Ibraheem-e-Ishq Hosh Ka Daru Hai Goya Masti-e-Tasneem-e-Ishq The Ibrahim of Love is the destroyer of the idol of existence The ecstasy of Tasnim of Love is the cure of awareness.

(Bang-e-Dra-068) Akhtar-e-Subah

خېرت ځيځ

Akhtar-e-Subah The Morning Star

ستار مسبح کارو ناتھا اور میر کہ اتھا ہے میں گئاہ گیر فرصت نظر نہ ہی

Sitara Subah Ka Rota Tha Aur Ye Kehta Tha Mili Nigah Magar Fursat-e-Nazar Na Mili The dawn's star was weeping and saying this "I got the eye but not the leisure for Sight

ہوئی ہے زندہ دم افقاہے سرت اماں مجھی کو تبردامن محت رنہ مل

Huwi Hai Zinda Dam-e-Aftab Se Har Shay Aman Mujhi Ko Teh-e-Daman-e-Sehar Na Mili Everything has come to life through the sun's energy Only I did not get protection under the morning's skirt بساط لیاہے بعداصبے کے سائے کی رئیس جباب کا' تابندلی شرائے کی

Bisat Kya Hai Bhala Subah Ke Sitare Ki Nafas Habab Ka, Tabindagi Sharare Ki After all what is the capacity of the dawn's star It is like bubble's breath, like the spark's brightness"

کہا یہ میں نے کداے زیورہ بریجرا مم فاہے تجے کنب و ملک اُتر

Kaha Ye Main Ne Ke Ae Zaiwar-e-Jabeen-e-Sehar! Gham-e-Fana Hai Tujhe! Gunbad-e-Falak Se Uter I said "O beautiful jewel of the dawn's forehead Do you have fear of death? Come down from the sky

میک بینب بی کروموں سے بیرو بنم مرسے یاض بین کی ضہاہیے جار پرور میک بینب بی کروموں سے بیرو بنم

Tapak Bulandi-e-Gardoon Se Hum-Rah-e-Shabnam Mere Riyaz-e-Sukhan Ki Faza Hai Jaan Parwar Drop down from the sky's height with the dew My poetry's field will be invigorating to you

> میں باغباں ہوئ محتت بهائے اس کی بنامث ل ابدیا مُدارے سس کی

Main Baghban Hun, Mohabbat Bahar Hai Iss Ki Bina Misal-e-Abad Paidar Hai Iss Ki I am the gardener, Love is its bloom Its foundation is firm like eternity

(Bang-e-Dra-069) Husn-o-Ishq

خُن وعثق

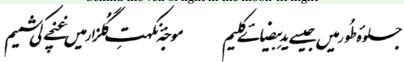
Husn-e-Ishq The Beauty And The Love

جس طرح ووبتي كيشتى ميتبسر نوزورشد كيطوفان مين بُرَايَج ب

Jis Tarah Doobti Hai Kishti-e-Simeen-e-Qamar Noor-e-Khursheed Ke Toofan Mein Hangam-e-Sehar Just as the moon's silver boat is drowned In the storm of sun's light at the break of dawn

عيه وجالم أم نور كالسر المجيل عاندني التين الجبم ألكنول

Jaise Ho Jata Hai Gum Noor Ka Le Kar Anchal Chandani Raat Mein Mehtab Ka Hum-Rang Kanwal Just as the moon-like lotus disappears behind the veil of light in the moon-lit night



Jalwa-e-Toor Mein Jaise Yad-Baiza-e-Kaleem Mouja-e-Nukhat-e-Gulzar Mein Ghunche Ki Shamim Just like the Kaleem's radiant palm in the Tur's effulgence And the flower bud's fragrance in the wave of garden's breeze

ہے ترک بامحت میں دہنی دل میرا

Hai Tere Seel-e-Mohabbat Mein Tunhi Dil Mera Similar is my heart in the flood of Your Love

تُوجِهِ نَ لِي تُومِيُّ الْمِعْلِ مِن مِن مَن لَي رَق بِي تُوعِثُق الماسومِ مِن

Tu Jo Mehfil Hai To Hangama-e-Mehfil Hun Mein Husn Ki Barq Hai Tu, Ishq Ka Hasil Hun Mein If You are the assembly, I am the assembly's splendour If You are the Beauty's thunder, I am the produce of Love

تۇسۇپىتومرساشك يېشىنىم تىرى شام غرب بولگۇس توشىنى تۇمىرى

Tu Sehar Hai To Mere Ashk Hain Shabnam Teri Sham-e-Ghurbat Hun Agar Main To Shafaq Tu Meri If You are the dawn, my tears are Your dew If I am traveller's night, You are my twilight

مرے ل میر می کونوں لی ریشانی ہے تری تصویر سے پیدامری حیرانی ہے

Mere Dil Mein Teri Zulfon Ki Preshani Hai Teri Tasveer Se Paida Meri Herani Hai My heart harbours Your dishevelled hair locks My bewilderment is created by Your picture

مُن کال ہے را عشق ہے کا مل سرا

Husn Kamil Hai Tera, Ishq Hai Kamil Mera Your Beauty is Perfect, my Love is perfect

ہے مرب اغین کے لیے تُو ہاؤہب کا سیرے بے استحقی کو ویا تُونے تسرار

Hai Mere Bagh-e-Sukhan Ke Liye Tu Baad-e-Bahar Mere Betaab Takhiyyul Ko Diya Tu Ne Qarar You are the spring's breeze for my poetry's garden You gave tranquillity to my restless imagination

جب اباوتراعتق بواسيني نخور سوئ بدام است مي

Jab Se Abad Tera Ishq Huwa Seene Mein Naye Jouhar Huwe Paida Mere Aaeene Mein Since Your Love took residence in my breast New lights have been added to my mirror مُن عِشْقَ فَيْطِرْتُ لُوسِيِّ حَرِيكِ اللهِ تَجِدِ عِيْرِ مِن مِن مِنْ مِنْ مِنْ مِنْ اللهِ مُنْ اللهِ مُنْ ال

Husn Se Ishq Ki Fitrat Ko Hai Tehreek-e-Kamal Tujh Se Sar-Sabz Huwe Mer Umeedon Ke Nihal Love's nature gets stimulation for Perfection from Beauty My hope's trees flourished through Your favour

قامت كريب آسود منسزل يرا

Qafla Ho Gya Asuda-e-Manzil Mera My caravan has reached its destination.

(Bang-e-Dra-072) Chand Aur Tare

جانداور بائے

Chand Aur Tare Moon And Stars

تار*ے کینے گلا*ت رسے

ورتے ورتے دم محسرے

Darte Darte Dam-e-Sehar Se Tare Kehne Lage Qamar Se Trembling at the chill breath of dawn The fearful stars said to the moon:

ہی فلاس پر ہم تھاک بھی گئے چاک چاک ایمی فلاس پر

Nazare Rahe Wohi Falak Par Hum Thak Bhi Gaye Chamak Chamak Kar 'About us lies heaven's changeless scene Where wearied we must shine, still shine,

کام اینا ہے جسے وث مینیا جینیا ، مدام حلیت

Kaam Apna Hai Subah-o-Shaam Chalna Chalna, Chalna, Madaam Chalna Tasked to move on, on, morn and eve— To move, to move, for ever move!

بِ آبِ اس جبال کی ہے ۔ کہتے ہیں جے سئوں نہیں ہے

Betaab Hai Iss Jahan Ki Har Shay Kehte Hain Jise Sukoon, Nahin Hain No creature of this world knows rest, Nowhere can fabled peace exist,

رہتے ہیں تم شرب غرب کا کانان شحب محجب رب

Rehte Hain Sitam Kash-e-Safar Sub Tare, Insan, Shajar, Hajar Sub All things condemned by tyrant laws To wander, stars, men, rocks, and tressہوگا نبغی ہے ہیں۔ منزل نبھی آئے انطاف لیا

Ho Ga Kabhi Khatam Ye Safar Kya Manzil Kabhi Aye Gi Nazar Kya But shall this journeying ever end, Ever a destination find?'

ال مزاع شب كنوث جينوا

كنے لگاچ ند، نم شينو

Kehne Laga Chand, Hum Nasheeno Ae Mazra-e-Shab Ke Khausha Cheeno! 'Oh my companions,' said the moon, 'You who night's harvest-acres glean,

ر پرسسم قدیم ہے ہیں ان کی مُنبشے ہے زندگی جباں کی م

Junbish Se Hai Zindagi Jahan Ki Ye Rasm Qadeem Hai Yahan Ki On motion all this world's life hangs: Such is the ancient doom of things.

كفالها كيطلب كاتازية

ہے دوٹر تا اشہہ نے زمانہ

Hai Dorta Ashab-e-Zamana Kha Kha Ke Talab Ka Taziyana Swift runs the shadowy steed of time Lashed by desire's whip into foam,

بوشية قرار ميں احب ہے

اس ومیں میں مرحوب

Iss Reh Mein Maqam Be-Mehel Hai Poshida Qarar Mein Ajal Hai And there's no loitering on that oath, For hidden in repose lurks death:

سرہ جوٹھہے فرا ، کیل کئیں

چلنے والے نکل گئے ہیں

Chalne Wale Nikl Gye Hain Jo Thehre Zra, Kuchal Gye Hain They that press on win clear—the late, The laggard, trampled underfoot.

رغانی عشق نههب نصن اغانی عشق نههب انجام ہے اس خرام کا مُحسن

Anjaam Hai Iss Kharaam Ka Husn Aghaz Hai Ishq, Intihaa Husn And what the goal of all this haste?— Its cradle love, beauty its quest.'

(Bang-e-Dra-075-1) Ashiq-e-Harjai

عاشق ہرجابی

Ashiq-e-Harjai The Unfaithful Lover

ہے عجب مجبوعاً اضداد القبال تو دونتِ سنگار معفل میں ہے تنہا مجب

Hai Ajab Majmooa-e-Azdad Ae Iqbal To Ronaq-e-Hangama Mehfil Bhi Hai, Tanha Bhi Hai O Iqbal! You are a strange mixture of opposites You are the elegance of assembly's crowd as well as alone

تىكى ئۇكامول سے كەنوائر زىمى نواب زىنىڭ كىشتى بىلى ئىلىن سے ادائىش سوابىي

Tere Hangamon Se Ae Diwana-e-Rangeen Nawa! Zeenat-e-Gulshan Bhi Hai, Araish-e-Sehra Bhi Hai O lunatic with colorful song! Your struggles and efforts Are the garden's beauty as well as wilderness' adornment

نم شیارو کام تُورفت روائس اے زمین فرسا، قدم سرافاک پیما بھی ہے

Hum Nasheen Taron Ka Hai Tu Riffat-e-Parwaz Se Ae Zameen Farsa, Qadam Tera Falak Pema Bhi Hai You are the associate of stars due to your flight's elegance O land traveler your steps also traverse the sky

عین فل میں بنیانی ہے تری مجاریز کی توسی سک میں کہ شرب نیا بھی ہے

Ayn Shugal-e-Mai Mein Preshani Teri Sajda Raiz Kuch Tere Maslik Mein Rang-e-Mashrab-e-Meena Bhi Hai Your forehead is in prostration in the midst of preoccupation with wine In your system are some colors of the system of goblets also

مثر رُبِيُ كُل لِبُ رِبُّكُ عُرابِ تُو سے توصلت فری کین تجے وُاہمی ہے

Misl-e-Boo-e-Gul Libas-e-Rang Se Uryan Hai Tu Hai Tu Hikmat Afreen, Lekin Tujhe Soda Bhi Hai Like flower's fragrance you are devoid of color's dress Though you are a creator of wisdom you are also insane

Janib-e-Manzil Rawan Be-Naqsh-e-Pa Manind-e-Mouj Aur Phir Uftada Misl-e-Sahil-e-Darya Bhi Hai Like waves you are running to the destination without foot-prints And then you are also left behind like the seashore

مُنبِوانی کیجب ترین طرت کے لیے میران کے اس میران کی اس میں اس کے اس کا میں اس کا میں اس کا اس کا اس کا اس کا ا میران کی میں کا اس ک

Husn-e-Niswani Hai Bijli Teri Fitrat Ke Liye Phir Ajab Ye Hai Ke Tera Ishq Be Parwa Bhi Hai Female beauty has the effect of electricity for your nature And strangely enough your loves are unconventional also

Teri Hasti Ka Hai Aaeen-e-Taffanan Par Madar Tu Kabhi Aik Astane Par Jabeen Farsa Bhi Hai? Your existence depends on the amusement's law Are you prostrating only at a single door step?

ہے۔ ہے۔ بینوں میں فانا اسٹ نا تیراخطا : اے ملوں کیش اُر توشہور کھئی رُسوا بھی ہے

Hai Haseenon Mein Wafa Na-Ashna Tera Khitab Ae Talawwun Kaesh! Tu Mashoor Bhi, Ruswa Bhi Hai Among the beautiful you are famous for infidelity O fickle-minded! You are famous as well as infamous

> کے کیا ہے جہاں میں دہ سیاب تو سری جہابی کے صدقے سے جہلے باب تو

Le Ke Aya Hai Jahan Mein Adat-e-Seemab Tu Teri Betaabi Ke Sadqe, Hai Ajab Betaab Tu You have come into the world with mercury's nature Your restlessness is lovable, you are very restless

(Bang-e-Dra-077) Nawa'ay Gham

نواعجنه

Nawa-e-Gham The Song Of Grief

زندگانى ئەرىڭ كراب غايۇش جىڭ يېزاڭ نىمۇكى بالرزاغۇش

Zindagaani Hai Meri Misl-e-Rubab-e-Khamosh Jis Ki Har Rang Ke Naghmon Se Hai Labraiz Aghosh My life is similar to that of the silent violin The lap of which is full of all kinds of melodies

بربطِلوق محاحب الخموشي نبيث بمجس كيهرّارمين بيبيارُونغموں كيمزار

Barbat-e-Kon-o-Makan Jis Ki Khamoshi Pe Nisar Jis Ke Har Taar Mein Hain Saikrhon Naghmon Ke Mazar The harp of the universe is sacrificed on whose silence Every string of which is the grave of hundreds of melodies

مخشرت انجا كاسياميب كاسكوت اورمتت شربي كامنه ميرج كاسكوت

Mehsharistan-e-Nawa Ka Hai Ameen Jis Ka Sukoot Aur Minnat Kash-e-Hangama Nahin Jis Ka Sukoot

The silence of which is the custodian of music's perfection And the silence of which is not obligated to any uproar ر از ایست معتب کی برائی ندیمی چیٹ مضاب لی سانے کھائی کیمی

Aah! Umeed Mohabbat Ki Bar Ayi Na Kabhi Chot Mizrab Ki Iss Saaz Ne Khayi Na Kabhi Ah! The hope of my Love was never fulfilled This instrument was never hit by the plectrum

Magar Ati Hai Naseem-e-Chaman-e-Toor Kabhi Simat-e-Gurdoon Se Hawaye Nafas-e-Hoor Kabhi But sometimes the zephyr of the garden of Tur flows And sometimes the breeze of Houri's breath from the sky

چيرا اور ترسيد سي من الماروي جس سيموق بي وارو كرفتار حيا

Chair Ahista Se Deti Hai Mera Taar-e-Hayat Jis Se Hoti Hai Riha Rooh-e-Graftar-e-Hayat Which gently touches the string of my life And frees the imprisoned soul of my life

نغمهٔ یکس کی قسمی سی صدا اُٹھتی ہے۔ اشاکنے قاصنے کو بالکٹِ اُاٹھتی ہے

Naghma-e-Yaas Ki Dheemi Si Sada Uthti Hai Ashak Ke Qafle Ko Bang-e-Dra Uthti Hai The gentle sound of the music of despair rises The clarion's call for the caravan of tears rises

> جسطرے رفعتُ بنم ہے مداق رمسے میری فطرت کی مبندی نوائے مسے

Jis Tarah Riffat-e-Shabnam Hai Mazaq-e-Ram Se Meri Fitrat Ki Bulandi Hai Nawaye Gham Se Just as dew's elegance depends upon the taste for racing The elegance of my nature depends upon grief's melodies!

(Bang-e-Dra-079) Insan

إنسان

Insan-Man

فُدرت كاعجيب بيت ميا

Qudrat Ka Ajeeb Ye Sitam Hai! Nature has played a strange and wanton joke—

انسان کو راز جو ببن یا راز اسس کی نگاه سے میایا

Insan Ko Raaz Jo Banaya Raaz Uss Ki Nigah Se Chupaya Making man a seeker of secrets, But hiding the secrets from his view!

ہے باب ہے ذوق آلهی کا سیکھلت نہیں بھید زندگی کا

Be-Taab Hai Zauq Aaghi Ka Khulta Nahin Bhaid Zindagi Ka The urge for knowledge gives him no rest, But the secret of life remains undiscovered.

حیرت آغاز و انتها ہے انٹینے کے گھرمیں اور کیا ہے

Hairat Aaghaz-o-Intiha Hai Aaeene Ke Ghar Mein Aur Kya Hai Wonder is at the beginning and the end— What else is there in this house of mirrors?

ہے گرم حن ام موج دریا دریا سوئے بحر حب دہ پہیا

Hai Garm-e-Kharaam Mouj-e-Darya Darya Sooye Behr Jadah Pema The wave of the river glides along, The river follows its course to the ocean,

باول کو ہوا اُڑا رہی ہے شانوں بدائھاتے لا رہی ہے

Badal Ko Hawa Urha Rahi Hai Shanon Pe Uthaye La Rahi Hai The wind sweeps the clouds along, Bearing them on its shoulders,

تارے ستِ شرابِ بعت ریر ندان فلک میں یا به زنجیر

Taare Mast-e-Sharab-e-Taqdeer Zindan-e-Falak Mein Pa Ba Zanjeer The stars are drunk with the wine of fate, And lie chained in the sky's prison;

خورت ید؛ وہ عابد سحت رضیز لانے والاسپ ام رخی ز

Khursheed, Woh Abid-e-Sehar Khaiz Lane Wala Pyam-e-'Barkhaiz' The sun, a worshipper who gets up at dawn, And calls out the message 'Arise!',

مغرب لی پہاڑیوں میں تھیپ کر بتا ہے ہے میشفئ کا ساغر

Magrib Ki Pahariyon Mein Chup Kar Peeta Hai Mai-e-Shafaq Ka Saghar Is hiding in the western hills, Drinking a cup of reddish wine. لذّت كيب وجود برش سرست من نمود برش

Lazzat Geer-e-Wujood Harshay Sarmast-e-Mai-e-Namood Har Shay All things delight in their very existence, They are drunk with the wine of being.

> کوئی نہے ہے۔ کیس مینے ہے روزگار انسان ا

Koi Nahin Gham Gusaar-e-Insaar Kya Talkh Hai Rozgar-e-Insan! But there is no one to drive away his sorrow— How bitter are the days of man!

(Bang-e-Dra-081) Aik Sham

ایک شام (دیائے کے دائے کا انداز کا اند

Aik Shaam (Darye Naikar, Haidal Barg, Ke Kinare Par) One Evening-(By The Neckar At Heidelberg)

غا*بوشس ہے بیاندنی قمر کی* شا*نویں ہونے بوشس سر تھر*کی

Khamosh Hai Chandani Qamar Ki Shakhain Hain Khamosh Har Shajar Ki Silent is the moonlight pale, The boughs of all the trees are still,

وادی کے نوافروش خاموش کیسار کے سبز دکوش خاموش

Wadi Ke Nawa Farosh Khamosh Kuhsar Ke Sabz Posh Khamosh The music-maker of the vale Hushed, and the green robes of the hill;

نظرت بے پوٹ ہولئی ہے۔ نظرت بے پوٹ ہولئی ہے

> Fitrat Be-Hosh Ho Gyi Hai Aghosh Mein Shab Ke So Gyi Hai Fallen into a swoon creation Sleeps in the bosom of the night,

کی ایا سائوت فی فورسے سنگر کاحث ام بھی کو ہے

Kuch Aesa Sukoot Ka Fasoon Hai Naikar Ka Kharaam Bhi Sukoon Hai And from this hush such magic grows, No more now Neckar's current flows; تاروں کا خوٹ کارواں ہے۔ یہ قامت یہ بے داروا*ں ہے*

Taron Ka Khamosh Karwan Hai Ye Qafla Be-Dra Rawan Hai Silent the starry caravan moves Onward, no bell tinkling its flight,

خاموش درخی و وشت و ریا قُدری مراسب می گویا

Khamosh Hain Koh-o-Dasht-o-Darya Qudrat Hai Muraqbe Mein Goya Silent the hills and streams and groves, All Nature lost in contemplation.

> اے دِل! تُومِنِي مُوثِ رَبِّ عِنَا سِيرِث مِنْ غِيم لوكے سوا اغوث مِنْ غِيم لوكے سوا

Ae Dil! Tu Bhi Khamosh Ho Ja Aghosh Mein Gam Ko Le Ke So Ja Oh heart, you too be silent: keep Your grief hugged close, and sleep. (Bang-e-Dra-082) Tanhai



Tanhai-Solitude

تنهائي شب بين مزي كيا الجم نه تيسير نيم شي كيا؛

Tanhai-e-Shab Mein Hai Hazeen Kya Anjum Nahin Tere Hum-Nasheen Kya? Solitude, night—what pang is here? Are not stars your comrades? Clear

يەفعىت ئىلىرىش خابىدۇرمىن جىب نىلىرىش

Ye Riffat-e-Asman-e-Khamosh Khawabidah Zameen, Jahan-e-Khamosh Majesty of those silent skies, Drowsed earth, deep silence of the worlds,

يه چاندا يه ورايد كها فطرية سي أسترال

Ye Chand, Ye Dasht-o-Dar, Ye Kuhsar Fitrat Hai Tamam Nasteran Zaar That moon, that wilderness and hill— White rose-beds all creation fill.

موتی وشر راک بیار پیارے سے می*تن ایک واسے ق*ارے

Moti Khush Rang, Pyare Pyare Yani Tere Aansuon Ke Tare Sweet are the teardrops that have pearled Like gleaming gems, like stars, your eyes; كس شى كى تىجىيۇت ئے كال قُدُت ترى نِفْسىتى كەل! قُدُت ترى نِفْسىتى كەل!

Kis Shay Ki Tujhe Hawas Hai Ae Dil! Qudrat Teri Hum-Nafas Hai Ae Dil! But what thing do you crave? All Nature, Oh my heart, is your fellow-creature.

(Bang-e-Dra-087) (Ghazaliyat) Zindagi Insan Ki Ek Dam Ke Siwa Kuch Bhi Nahin

عركبات

Ghazaliat-Ghazals

رار را را را را الجيه نهي وَم بوالهوج بيخ رم كيروالجيه بي نهي المال الله وم الجيه بي نهي المال الله والجيه بي المال الله والجيه بي المال الله والموج المين المال الله والموج المين المال المال

Zindagi Insan Ki Ek Dam Ke Sawa Kuch Bhi Nahin Dam Hawa Ki Mouj Hai, Ram Ke Siwa Kuch Bhi Nahin The life of Man is no more than a breath! Breath is a wave of air, it is no more than a flow!

گُلْ تب مهر باعت زندهانی گومگر شع بولی ار نیعن کے سوالی بھی نہیں

Gul Tabassum Keh Raha Tha Zindagaani Ko Magar Shama Boli, Girya-e-Gham Ke Siwa Kuch Bhi Nahin The flower was depicting life as a smile, but The candle said that it is no more than a cry of grief!

رازستى دازى حب ك كوئى محرم نيهو كلمال كياحبرة م تومحرم كے سوالجھي نهيں

Raaz-e-Hasti Raaz Hai Jab Tak Koi Mehram Na Ho Khul Gya Jis Dam To Mehram Ke Siwa Kuch Bhi Nahin The secret of life is a secret till there is a confidente When it is open, it is nothing more than the confidente!

> زائرار بعب قاب ل پر نوچهاوئی کیاحرم قاتحت نیمزم کے سوالچر پر نیمیس

Zaeeran-e-Kaaba Se Iqbal Ye Puche Koi Kya Haram Ka Tohfa Zamzam Ke Siwa Kuch Bhi Nahin Somebody should ask the pilgrims of Ka'bah, O Iqbal Is the gift of the Harem nothing more than Zamzam?

(Bang-e-Dra-101) Tarana-e-Milli

ترا نهٔ ملّی

Tarana-e-Milli-The Anthem Of The Islamic Community

چياني سيارا ميندوستان مارا مسلم بيريم وطن ميس اجها تطارا

Cheen-o-Arab Humara, Hindustan Humara Muslim Hain Hum, Watan Hai Sara Jahan Humara China and Arabia are ours; India is ours. We are Muslims, the whole world is ours.

توحد کی انسے نیوں میں ہے ہوا کے اسان ہیں نا نام وث سارا

Touheed Ki Amanat Seenon Mein Hai Humare Asan Nahin Nitana Naam-o-Nishan Humara God's unity is held in trust in our hearts. It is not easy to erase our name and sign.

ونياك بُت لدُن بيب لاوه گھرخدا ميم ميم سي بيب بان ماره و السان مارا

Dunya Ke Butkadon Mein Pehla Woh Ghar Khuda Ka Hum Uss Ke Pasban Hain, Woh Pasban Humara Among the idol temples of the world the first is that house of God; We are its keepers; it is our keeper.

تینو کے ائے میں ہم لی کرجواں ہوئے ہیں نے خبر ملال کا ہے قومی نشا سے را

Taighon Ke Saye Mein Hum Pal Kar Jawan Huwe Hain Khanjar Hilal Ka Hai Qoumi Nishan Humara Brought up in the shadow of the sword, we reached maturity; The scimitar of the crescent moon is the emblem of our community.

مغرب فی ادبوں میں کونجی ا ذا ہماری تھمتا نہ تھاکسی سیے سیل رواں جارا

Maghrib Ki Wadiyon Mein Goonji Azan Humari Thamta Na Tha Kisi Se Seel-e-Rawan Humara In the valleys of the west our call to prayer resounded; Our onward flow was never stemmed by anyone.

باهل سے وبنے والے الے تمان منہ ينم سوبار کر چکاہے تو ہتحس ہارا

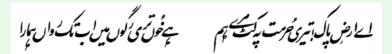
Batil Se Dabne Wale Ae Asman Nahin Hum Sou Baar Kar Chuka Hai Tu Imtihan Humara We, oh heaven, are not to be suppressed by falsehood! A hundred times you have tested us.

الْيُعْبِ النَّهُ اللَّهِ وَهِ وَن مِن الرَّحِيدُ وَ مَعَالِم رِيُّ اللَّهِ لِيُّ حِبْ اسْتُ مِالْ اللَّهِ اللَّهُ اللَّهِ اللَّهُ اللَّالَّا اللَّاللَّا اللَّهُ اللَّهُ اللَّلَّ الل

Ae Gulistan-e-Aundlas! Woh Din Hain Yaad Tujh Ko Tha Teri Daliyon Par Jab Ashiyan Humara Oh garden of Andalusia! Do you remember those days, When our nest was in your branches?

ائرم وجب التوسم بي التي ميم الو البياسة المستيم المواديا افسانة والمالا

Ae Mouj-e-Dajla! Tu Bhi Pehchanti Hai Hum Ko Ab Tak Hai Tera Darya Afsana Khawan Humara Oh waves of the Tigris! You also recognize us; Your river still relates our story.



Ae Arz-e-Pak! Teri Hurmat Pe Kat Mare Hum Hai Khoon Teri Ragon Mein Ab Tak Rawan Humara Oh land of purity! We fell and died for your honour; Our blood still courses through your veins.

سالار کارواں ہے سے برخجازاپنا اسٹلم سے بیا تی آرام ب ہارا

Salar-e-Karwan Hai Meer-e-Hijaz (S.A.W.) Apna Iss Naam Se Hai Baqi Aram-e-Jaan Humara The Lord of Hijaz is the leader of our community; From this name comes the peace of our soul.

> اقبال کا ترانه بانکب درائے کویا ہوائے جب دو پیاٹھپ کارواں مارا

Iqbal Ka Tarana Bang-e-Dra Hai Goya Hota Hai Jadah Pema Phir Karwan Humara Iqbal's song is like the bell of a caravan; Once more our caravan measures the road.

(Bang-e-Dra-102) Wataniyat (وطنيت) Patriotism

وطنت (تینی وطن محثیت ایک میانتی صوک ک

Wataniat-(Yani Watan Bahesiat Aik Siasi Tasawwur Ke) PATRIOTISM-(As a Political Concept)

اسن ورمين اوريخ ام اوريح بلور ساقى نے بنالى روش رئطف وستماور

Iss Dour Mein Mai Aur Hai, Jaam Aur Hai Jam Aur Saqi Ne Bina Ki Rawish-e-Lutf-o-Sitam Aur In this age the wine, the cup, even Jam is different The cup-bearer started different ways of grace and tyranny

سىم نے تبعیب لیا اپاحب مادر تهذیب ازرنے رسوائے سنماور

Muslim Ne Bhi Tameer Kiya Apna Haram Aur Tehzeeb Ke Azar Ne Tarshawaye Sanam Aur The Muslim also constructed a different harem of his own The Azar of civilization made different idols of his own

اتنا زونداؤں بڑاسے ولی ہے در پرین کا بڑہ مذہب کا نفریج

In Taza Khudaon Mein Bara Sub Se Watan Hai Jo Pairhan Iss Ka Hai, Woh Mazhab Ka Kafan Hai Country is the biggest among these new gods! What is its shirt is the shroud of Deen (Religion)

یب کرزشید تنه دینی بے فارت کر کاٹ ندوین نئوی ہے

Ye But Ke Tarashida-e-Tehzeeb-e-Nawi Hai Gharatgar-e-Kashana-e-Deen-e-Nabwi Hai This idol which is the product of the new civilization Is the plunderer of the structure of the Holy Prophet's Deen (Religion)

بازوترا توحی کی وست قوی ہے اسلام ترابیسے تومصطفوی ہے

Bazu Tera Touheed Ki Quwwat Se Qawi Hai Islam Tera Dais Hai, Tu Mustafavi Hai Your arm is enforced with the strength of the Divine Unity You are the followers of Mustafa, your country is Islam

> نظّارهٔ دیریت زمانے لو بھٹ ہے امصط نے وی کا کہ الیون پر لو ہلا وہ

Nazzara-e-Dairina Zamane Ko Dikha De Ae Mustafavi Khak Mein Iss Butt Ko Mila De! You should show the old panorama to the world O Mustafaa's follower! You should destroy this idol

ہوقیہِت می تونتیج ہے اپنی کی جب میں زادِ وط جہورت اللہ

Ho Qaid-e-Maqami To Nateeja Hai Tabahi Reh Behar Mein Azad-e-Watan Soorat-e-Mahi The limitation to country results in destruction Live like the fish in the ocean free from country

يَ رَبِ وَمُن تَبِ مِبوتِ لللهِ مَن وَرُمِين بَوت كَي صِداقت فِي اللهِ

Hai Tark-e-Watan Sunnat-e-**Mehboob (S.A.W.)**-e-Elahi De Tu Bhi Nabuwwat Ki Sadaqat Pe Gawahi Renouncing the country is the way of the **God's Beloved (PBUH)** You should also testify to the Prophethood's Truth by similar action

> ارش المرسيات مير وطن اور مي محصير ارث ونترت مير وطن اور مي محصير

Guftar-e-Siasat Mein Watan Aur Hi Kuch Hai Irshad-e-Nabuwwat Mein Watan Aur Hi Kuch Hai In political parlance country is something different In Prophet's command country is something different اقوام جمال میں ہے قابت تواسی سنخیر ہے مصورتجارت تواسی

Aqwam-e-Jahan Mein Hai Raqabat To Issi Se Taskheer Hai Maqsood-e-Tajarat To Issi Se The antagonism among world's nations is created by this alone Subjugation as the goal of commerce is created by this alone

خالى يەصلاقت ساستى كىزور قالھرسوپانچارت تواسى

Khali Hai Sadaqat Se Siasat To Issi Se Kamzor Ka Ghar Hota Hai Gharat To Issi Se Politics have become bereft of sincerity is by this alone The destruction of the home of the weak is by this alone

> اقوام مین و قرضا بنت ہے اسے وریت کا می طرک میں ہے اسے قومیت کے اس

Aqwam Mein Makhlooq-e-Khuda Batti Hai Iss Se Qoumiat-e-Islam Ki Jar Katti Hai Iss Se God's creation is unjustly divided among nations by it The Islamic concept of nationality is uprooted by it

(Bang-e-Dra-107) Raat Aur Shayar

را**ت**او*رث*عر (1) رات

Raat Aur Shayar--The Night And The Poet
(1)
Raat
The Night

كيورمبريجانيانى مديم تربيعية وريثيان خارش صوت كأمان دوريث

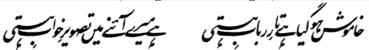
Kyun Meri Chandni Mein Phirta Hai Tu Preshan Khamosh Soorat-e-Gul, Manind-e-Bu Preshan Why do you roam about in my moonlight, so worried, Silent as a flower, drifting like perfume?

تاروں کے موتبول ک میسے در بری ^و میسی ہے کوئی میریے رہانے ور کی تو^ا

Taron Ke Moutiyon Ka Shaid Hai Jouhari Tu Machli Hai Koi Mere Darya-e-Noor Ki Tu Perhaps you are a jeweller dealing in the pearls that are called stars, Or are a fish that swims in my river of light;

یاتُوم چیب کا آرا کرائبواہے فعت کوچیور کروپیتی میرجانیاہے

Ya Tu Meri Jabeen Ka Tara Gira Huwa Hai Riffat Ko Chor Kar Jo Pasti Mein Ja Basa Hai Or a star that has fallen from my brow, And, having forsaken the heights,



Khamosh Ho Gya Hai Tar-e-Rabab–E-Hasti Hai Mere Aaeene Mein Tasveer-e-Khawab-e-Hasti Now resides in the depths below. the strings of the violin of life are still; My mirror reflects life as it sleeps.

وریال ترمین پر ایس کتی ہے ۔ معالی کی میں سوائے ہے

Darya Ki Teh Mein Chashm-e-Gard Ab So Gyi Hai Sahil Se Lag Ke Mouj-e-Betaab So Gyi Hai The eye of the vortex too is sleeping in the depths of the river; The restless wave hugs the shore and is still.

ستن میں کدیں ہے۔ ستن میں کدیں ہے۔ کارافری م

> Basti Zameen Ki Kaisi Hangama Afreen Hai Yun So Gyi Hai Jaise Abad Hi Nahin Hai The earth, so busy and bustling, Slumbers as though no one lived on it.

> > شیم کا دل کے میں است اسٹوسے سیار کر اردر ایک توکنولرمے فسول سے

Shayar Ka Dil Hai Lekin Na-Ashna Sukoon Se Azad Reh Gya Tu Kyunkar Mere Fusoon Se But the poet's heart is never at peace— How did you elude my spell?

ر) (2) ShayarThe Poet

ئىي ئىرىي ئىرىيى ئى ئىرىن ئىرىيى ئىرىيى

Main Tere Chand Ki Khaiti Mein Guhar Bota Hun Chup Ke Insanon Se Manind-e-Sehar Rota Hun I sow pearls in the soil of your moon; Hiding from men, I weep like dawn.

Din Ki Sourish Mein Niklte Huwe Ghabrate Hain Uzlat-e-Shab Mein Mere Ashk Tapak Jate Hain I am reluctant to come out in the busy day, And my tears flow in the solitude of night.

مجه مير فراد وبنيال نيځ سناؤر كركو تيې شوق كانفّاره دِلوك او كركو

Mujh Mein Faryad Jo Pinhan Hai, Sunaon Kis Ko Tapish-e-Shauq Ka Nazzara Dikhaon Kis Ko The cry pent up inside me, whom should I get to hear it, And to whom can I show my burning desire?

برق این مرسے بیرٹری و تی ہے ۔ برق این مرسے بیرٹری و تی ہے ۔ دیکھنے ال ہے جوالکھ لسس سوتی ہے!

> Barq-e-Aeman Mere Seene Pe Pari Roti Hai Dekhne Wali Hai Jo Ankh, Kahan Soti Hai! Lying on my chest the lightning of Sinai sobs: Where is the seeing eye—has it gone to sleep?

صفَتِ شِمع لحدمُوه مِي مَعِيف مِينِ المُواعِدات بْرِيمُ ومِيمِ المِينِ

Sift-e-Shama-e-Lehd Murda Hai Mehfil Meri Ah, Ae Raat! Bari Door Hai Manzil Meri My assembly-hall is dead like the candle at a grave. Alas, night! I have a long way to go!

عه وخرى موارك زنه يسيط سركو البين نقصالي احساس زنه يسيم السركو

Ehd-e-Hazir Ki Hawa Raas Nahin Hai Iss Ko Apne Nuksan Ka Ehsas Nahin Hai Iss Ko The winds of the present age are not favorable to it: It does not feel the loss it has suffered, the message of love,

> ضرار نیام بخت گھیب را آجوں شرکے بندوست اور فوٹسا جا آجوں

Zabt-e-Pegham-e-Mohabbat Se Ghabrata Hun Tere Tabindah Sitaron Ko Suna Jata Hun When I can no longer keep it to myself, I come and tell it to your shining stars.

(Bang-e-Dra-108) Bazm-e-Anjum (The Assembly of Stars)

زم زم ا

Bazm-e-Anjum-The Assembly Of Stars

سُورِج نه خاتے شام قیابی طشتِ فُق سے کے کرلائے کے مُول مار

Suraj Ne Jate Jate Shaam-e-Seh Qaba Ko Tasht-e-Ufaq Se Le Kar Lale Ke Phool Mare While setting, the sun threw at the dark clothed evening Tulip flowers which it had collected from horizon's basin

ببناديا شفق نيسف كاسادازيور فدري اين كهنا ويكاني كحب ألاب

Pehna Diya Shafaq Ne Sone Ka Sara Zaiwar Qudrat Ne Apne Gehne Chandi Ke Sub Utare The twilight of evening put all ornaments of gold on it, Nature put off its entire set of silver ornaments محل جن مشى كِلِلا يُظلم الله مُعلى الله يَلِيدِينَ اللهُ عَلَيْهِ مِنْ اللهِ اللهُ ا

Mehmil Mein Khamshi Ke Lela'ay Zulmat Ayi Chamke Aroos-E-Shab Ke Moti Vo Pyare Pyare The Layla of the night in the litter of silence arrived Started shining the beautiful pearls of the evening's bride

وه دُورسِنے والیے نگام ترجهاں سے کہتاہے جرکواب ل بنی بان میں ر

Vo Door Rehne Wale Hungama'ay Jahan Se Kehta Hai Jin Ko Insan Apni Zuban Mein 'Taray' Those living far from the commotion of the world Which Man calls "stars" in his own language

> مخونگانشے ژزی تی سب فیلک کی سرید سر عرش بریں سانی اوازال ٹاک کی

Mehv-e-Falak Ferozi Thi Anjuman Falak Ki Arsh-e-Bareen Se Ayi Awaz Ek Malak Ki The sky's assembly was busy lighting up the sky From the 'Arsh-i-Barin' the call of an angel came

اشے پایانو کی اس کاروا میں اندہ قوم ساری کؤونٹ یتھاری

Ae Shab Ke Pasbano, Ae Asman Ke Taro! Tabinda Qaum Sari Gurdoon Nasheen Tumhari "O sentinels of the night! O stars of the sky! The whole shining nation of yours inhabits the sky

چیٹرور والیا عال اٹھیں سونے والے ۔ رہے بیٹے فلوں کی اجب یہ صاری

Chairo Sarood Aesa, Jaag Uthain Sone Wale Rahbar Hai Qaflon Ki Tab-e-Jabeen Tumhari Start such music as may awaken all those sleeping The brightness of your forehead is guide for caravans

الميني قستول كيم كويب نتي الله الميث ني الميث مين المي زمين مارى

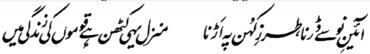
Aynay Qismaton Ke Tum Ko Ye Jante Hain Shaid Sunain Sadaeyn Ahl-e-Zameen Tumhari The earth's denizens consider you the destiny's mirrors Perhaps they will listen to your call

> رخصت ہو ہی خوش کا وہ تھری فضل سے ریب سر وسعت تھی سمال کی عموراس نواسے

Rukhsat Huwi Khamoshi Taron Bhari Faza Se Wusa'at Thi Asman Ki Ma'amoor Iss Nawa Se Silence departed from this star-spangled expanse The sky's expanse was filled with this music

ر سر المرسي المارس المارس المرسي الم

Husn Azal Se Paida Taron Ki Dilbari Mein Jis Tarah Aks-e-Gul Ho Shabnam Ki Arsi Mein The Eternal Beauty is produced in the stars' loveliness As the image of rose is in the looking glass of the dew



Aayen-e-Nau Se Darna, Tarz-e-Kuhan Pe Urna Manzil Yehi Kathan Hai Qoumon Ki Zindagi Mein To be afraid of the new ways, to insist on the old ones This is the only difficult stage in the life of nations

يەكاروانى ئىستى ئىلىنى ئىلىلىكى بىلىپ كى دادى ي

Ye Karwan-e-Hasti Hai Taez Gaam Aesa Qoumain Kuchal Gayi Hain Jis Ki Rawarawi Mein This caravan of life is so fast moving Many a nation is trampled in whose race

منگور سے بہارغائب بزاونی ہے ۔ دخل پر ہے بیلیک اپنی راوری میں

Aankhon Se Hain Humari Ghayeb Hazon Anjum --Dakhil Hain Vo Bhi Lekin Apni Baradari Mein

> Thousands of stars are hidden from our eyes But their existence is also included in our group

العب من سمجه اس وزمین الے سے جات بالئے ہم تھوڑی ہی زندگی میں

Ek Umer Mein Na Samjhe Iss Ko Zameen Wale Jo Baat Pa Gaye Hum Thori Si Zindagi Mein The earth's denizens did not understand in a whole life What has come in our comprehension in a short span of life

> ویں جذب ہیں سے ان خطف مسارکے دیٹ یڈھے ریکت مادس کی ندل میں

Hain Jazb-e-Bahmi Se Qaim Nazam Sare Posida Hai Ye Nukta Taron Ki Zindagi Mein All systems are established on mutual attraction This secret is concealed in the life of the stars

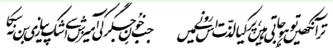
(Bang-e-Dra-199-Book Complete) Masjid To Bana Di Shab Bhar Mein Iman Ki Hararat Walon Ne

متونبا در شبع مدیمال حراث اونی من من نیار نیا بایی میسون میرمازی بنی سکا

Masjid To Bana Di Shab Bhar Mein Iman Ki Hararat Walon Ne Mann Apna Purana Papi Hai, Barsoun Mein Namazi Ban Na Saka Though the mosque was built overnight by the believers Our heart being old sinner for years devout could not be

كياخه النظيميل كوسّنوسي بيغام إلى سيّنوما نوسكا جازي برل كالحازي بن سكا

Kya Khoob Ameer-e-Faisal Ko Sannosi Ne Paigham Diya Tu Naam-o-Nasb Ka Hijazi Hai Par Dil Ka Hijazi Ban Na Saka What a beautiful message did Sanusi give to King Faisal By descent you Hijazi are, but in heart Hijazi could no be



Tar Ankhain To Ho Jati Hain, Kya Lazzat Iss Rone Mein Jab Khoon-e-Jigar Ki Amaizish Se Ashak Piyazi Ban Na Saka Though eyes become wet there is no pleasure is in this weeping If by mixture of affliction's blood tears pink could not be

> اقبال ٹراأ پیشک ہے من ابوں میں موہ لیتاہے گفتار کا بیٹ زی تو بنا کر دار کاعث زی نیج کا

Iqbal Bara Updeshak Hai, Mann Baaton Mein Moh Leta Hai Guftar Ka Ye Ghazi To Bana, Kirdar Ka Ghazi Ban Na Saka Iqbal is a good advisor, fascinates the heart in moments He did become hero in talk, but one in deeds he could not be.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-009) Zameen-o-Asman

. زمین اسماں

Zameen-o-Asman-The Earth And The Sky

ممکن ہے کہ تُوجِس کو سمجھاہے بہارال اوروں کی نکا ہوں میں وہ موسم ہوخزاں کا

Mumkin Hai Ke Tu Jis Ko Samajhta Hai Baharan Auron Ki Nighahonmein Woh Mousam Ho Khazan Ka Perhaps the part of year that Spring you deem, In others' view destructive Autumn it may seem!

ہے۔ ہے۔ ساداحوال کا پرخطن۔ ڈگرگوں ایسے الک و قب کرندکرٹوووزیاں کا

Hai Silsila Ahwal Ka Har Lehza Dirgargoon Ae Salik-e-Reh, Fikar Na Kar Sood-o-Zayan Ka The worldly affairs one pattern don't retain, So pilgrim wise, think not of loss and gain!

شاید که زمیں ہے بیکسی اورجب اس کی تُوجس توسمجھ آہے فلک اپنے جب لگا!

Shaid Ke Zameen Hai Ye Kisi Aur Jahan Ki Tu Jis Ko Samajhta Hai Falak Apne Jahan Ka! The thing you take for sky of earthly tract, Perhaps is soil of some other world in fact!

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-016) Taqdeer

Taqdeer-Destiny

ر ناال کو ط ل ہے کبھی قوت وجبوت ہے خوار زمانے میں کبھی عیہ ہے رواتی

Na-Ahl Ko Hasil Hai Kabhi Quwwat-o-Jabroot Hai Khwar Zamane Meinkabhi Johar-e-Zati Oft men who don't deserve get might and main, Anon a Person's gifts ungraced remain.

> تُايدُلُونَى سَطْق ہونہاں ہے کے علی میں تقت در نہیں تابع سطق نطن اتی

Shaid Koi Mantaq Ho Nihan Iss Ke Amal Mein Taqdeer Nahin Tabe-e-Mantaq Nazar Ati Perhaps some rules of Logic are concealed, Mishaps that lie in wait are not revealed.

> بل ایک قیت ہے کہ معلوم ہے سب کو تاریخ ائم مب کونہ میں ہم سے ٹیسیاتی

Haan, Aik Haqiqat Hai Ke Maloom Hai Sub Ko Tareekh-e-Ummam Jis Ko Nahin Hum Se Chupati There is a fact that all of us can know, World annals much light on this matter throw.

> ' پرلخطہ ہے قوموں کے عمل رنیظر اسس کی 'بڑاں صفّتِ تینے وتو پ کرنظر اسس کی!'

'Har Lehza Hai Qoumon Ke Amal Par Nazar Iss Ki Burran Sift-e-Taeg-e-Do Paikar Nazar Iss Ki!' Fate keeps its eye on what the nations do, Like two-edged sword can riddle through and through.

(Bal-e-Jibril-181) Azadi-e-Afkar

ب ارادي افڪار

Azadi-e-Afkar-Freedom Of Thought

هِ وُونِی فطب رت سے نہیں لائق پرواز اُس ُمزعکب بیجارہ کا انحب م ہے ُ فقاد

Jo Dooni Fitrat Se Nahin Laik-e-Parwaz Uss Murghak-e-Bechara Ka Anjaam Hai Uftaad Falling down is the destiny of that bird Whose duality of nature renders him unable to fly. ہرب نیشین نہیں جب ریل امیں کا ہرن رنہیں طب ئر فرد ہس کاصیافی

Har Seena Naheman Nahin Jibreel-e-Ameen Ka Har Fikar Nahin Tair-e-Firdous Ka Sayyad Not every heart is an abode to the trusty Gabriel, Nor can every thought ensnare the Paradise like a bird.

> ائسس قوم میرے شوخی ندیشنرطرناک جس قوم کے امن راد چوں چرسے دازاد

Uss Qoum Mein Hai Shoukhi-e-Andesha Khatarnak Jis Qoum Ke Afraad Hon Har Band Se Azad The ecstasy of thought is dangerous in a nation Where the individuals observe no rule.

> گونٹ پر خدا داد سے روٹ ن ہے زمانہ سر ازادی افٹ کار ہے بلبیس کی ایجاد

Go Fikar-e-Khudad Se Roshan Hai Zamana Azadi-e-Afkar Hai Iblees Ki Aejaad Though God-gifted intellect is the lamp of an age, The freedom of thought is a Satanic concept.

Bal-e-Jibril-179) Mahir-e-Nafsiyat hir-e-Nafsiyat Se To The Psychologist

> ر جُراَت ہے تو افعار کی دنیاسے کزر جا ہیں بحب زِحودی میں ابھی پیٹ ید حزری

Jurrat Hai To Afkar Ki Dunya Se Guzar Ja Hain Behar-e-Khudi Mein Abhi Poshida Jazeere Transcend the intellect if you have courage to do so: There are islands hidden in the ocean of the self as yet.

کھنتے نہیں اس تُعدِّم خاموشس کے اسرار جب کک تو اسے خرب کلیمی سے نہیے

Khulte Nahin Iss Qulzam-e-Khamosh Ke Asrar Jab Tak Tu Iss Zarb-e-Kaleemi Se Na Cheere The secrets of this silent sea, however, do not yield Until you cut it with the blow of the Moses' rod.

(Bal-e-Jibril-176) Shaheen

ث ہیں

ر بیابان لیجارت دوش آتی ہے مجھ کو ازل سے خطرت مری ہیے بنے

Bayaban Ki Khalwat Khush Ati Hai Mujh Ko Azal Se Hai Fitrat Meri Rahbana The solitude of the wilderness pleases me— By nature I was always a hermit—

نه اېب رئ ناکلي ئىب ئىب ئىب ئىب ئىستىن

Na Bad-e-Bahari, Na Gulcheen, Na Bulbul Na Beemari-e-Naghma-e-Ashiqana No spring breeze, no one plucking roses, no nightingale, And no sickness of the songs of love!

خيابنيوس سے يربي نولازم اوائيں ديان كى بہت دب

Khayabanion Se Hai Parhaiz Lazim Adaen Hain In Ki Bohat Dilbarana One must shun the garden-dwellers— They have such seductive charms!

ہوائے بیاباں سے ہوتی ہے کاری جاں مرد کی ضربت عن زینے

Hawa-e-Bayaban Se Hoti Hai Kari Jawan Mard Ki Zarbat-e-Ghaziyana The wind of the desert is what gives The stroke of the brave youth fighting in battle its effect.

حمام وكبوتر كانمبوكانسي مين كريخ زيدكي بازكي زايدا

Hamam-o-Kabootar Ka Bhooka Nahin Main Ke Hai Zindagi Baaz Ki Zahidana I am not hungry for pigeon or dove— For renunciation is the mark of an eagle's life.

جهينا، پلينا، پليٺ رجبينا لهورم ركھنے كاہے ال بها

Jhapatna, Palatna, Palat Kar Jhapatna Lahoo Garam Rakhne Ka Hai Ek Bahana To swoop, withdraw and swoop again Is only a pretext to keep up the heat of the blood.

يه نُورِب؛ يحقِيمِ عَلُورُول في نيا مرانب لكول أسمال بيكرا

Ye Poorab, Ye Pacham Chakoron Ki Dunya Mera Neelgun Asman Baikarana East and West -these belong to the world of the pheasant, The blue sky-vast, boundless-is mine!

پرندوں کی ڈنیا کا درویش ہوئیں کوٹ ہیں بنا تا نہیں ہے یانہ

Prindon Ki Dunya Ka Dervaish Hun Mein Ke Shaheen Banata Nahin Ashiyana I am the dervish of the kingdom of birds— The eagle does not make nests

(Bal-e-Jibril-173) Parwaz

پرواز

Parwaz-Flight-

کہا درخت نے اکب وز مُرغِ صحرات ستم پیٹ کدۃ رنگ وبوکی ہے بن یاد

Kaha Darkht Ne Ek Roz Murgh-e-Sehra Sitam Pe Gham Kada-e-Rang-o-Bu Ki Hai Bunyad The tree said to a bird of the desert one day: "Creation is founded on the principle of injustice;

> حندا مجھے بھی اگر بال و پرعطب کرما مشکفته اور بھی ہوما پیمب المجیب^د

Khuda Mujhe Bhi Agar Baal-o-Par Atta Karta Shugufta Aur Bhi Hota Ye Alam-e-Aejad For the Creation could have been so much more pleasant If I had also been granted the gift of flight."

> دیا جاب اُسے خوب مُرغِ صحرانے غضب ہے داد کوسمجس اُمُواہے تُوسداد!

Diya Jawab Use Khoob Murgh-e-Sehra Ne Ghazab Hai, Dad Ko Samjha Huwa Hai Tu Bedad! The bird gave him a good reply: "Woe! You regard justice to be injustice;

> جهان میں لڈتِ برواز حق نہیں اس کا وجوجب کا نہیں جذبِ خاک سے ازاد

Jahan Mein Lazzat-e-Parwaz Haq Nahin Uss Ka Wujood Jis Ka Nahin Jazb-e-Khak Se Azad He is not entitled to fly in this world, Whoever is not free from earth-rootedness."

(Bal-e-Jibril-169) Judai

جٹ دائی

Judai-Separation ننست با سرتان سبر - وُزيال کے لیم روائے

> Suraj Bunta Hai Tar-e-Zar Se Dunya Ke Liye Rida-e-Noori The sun is weaving with golden thread A mantle of light about earth's head;

عالم بخ موث ومت لویا برشے کونصیب ہے صنوری

Alam Hai Khamosh-o-Mast Goya Har Shay Ko Naseeb Hai Huzoori Creation hushed in ecstasy, As in the presence of the Most High.

وریا، نسار، جب ند، تارے کی جانبی بستراق و ناصبوری

Darya, Kuhsar, Chand, Tare Kya Janain Faraaq-o-Nasaboori What can these know—stream, hill, moon, star— Of separation's torturing scar?

> شایاں ہے مجھ بھی اُلی بین ک ہے محسر مرمجداتی

Shayaan Hai Mujhe Gham-e-Judai Ye Khak Hai Mehram-e-Judai Mine is this golden grief alone, To this dust only is this grief known.

(Bal-e-Jibril-166) Siasat

سياست

Siasat-Politics

الصل مرتعيين إتب ضورى شاطرى غايت تے فرزي ميں پادي

Iss Khail Mein Taeyayeen-e-Maratib Hai Zaroori Shatir Ki Anayat Se Tu Farzeen, Mein Piyada Ranks must be determined for this game; Let you be the firzine and I the pawn by the grace of the chess-player.

بيجاره بياده توہے ال مُهرَّة جاہين فرزيں سے بھي يوشيد ہے شاطر کا اراؤ

Bechara Piyada To Hai Ek Mohra-e-Na-Cheez Farzeen Se Bhi Poshida Hai Shatir Ka Irada! The pawn, indeed, is an insignificant token, Even the farzine is not privy to the chess-player's strategy.

(Bal-e-Jibril-164) Cinema



Cinema

ے وہی بُت فروشی وہی بُت کری ہے سنسیاہے یاصنعتِ ازری ہے

> Wohi Bot Faroshi, Wohi Bot Gari Hai Cinema Hai Ya San'at-e-Azari Hai Cinema—or new fetish-fashioning, Idol-making and mongering still?

و چىنىت نەتھى شەپۇرۇ كافرى تھا يىنىت نهىي شيوة ساھرى ہے

Woh San'at Na Thi, Shewa-e-Kafiri Tha Ye San'at Nahin, Shewa-e-Sahiri Hai Art, men called that olden voodoo— Art, they call this mumbo-jumbo;

وه ندېب تصااقوام عمدِلئن کا يتهذيب عاضر کي سوداکري

Woh Mazhab Tha Aqwam-e-Ehd-e-Kuhan Ka Ye Tehzeeb-e-Hazir Ki Soudagari Hai That—antiquity's poor religion: This—modernity's pigeon-plucking;

> وه وُنيك لَيْ مَنْ يَهُ وَنتْ لَيْ مَنْ وه بُت خانه خاكئ بيخانستري ہے

Woh Dunya Ki Mitti, Ye Dozkh Ki Mitti Woh Bot Khana Khaki, Ye Khakastari Hai That—earth's soil: this—soil of Hades; Dust, their temple; ashes, ours.

(Bal-e-Jibril-158) Punjab Ke Dehqan Se

نبیا<u>ئے۔</u> پیجابے دیمان

Punjab Ke Dehqan Se -- To The Punjab Peasant

باکب تری زندگی کا ہے از ہزادوں بہس سے توخاک از

Bata Kya Teri Zindagi Ka Hai Raaz Hazaron Baras Se Hai Tu Khakbaz What is this life of yours, tell me its mystery— Trampled in dust is your ages-old history!

اسی خال میر دب کئی سری اک سے کی اذال جو کئی اب تو ماک!

Issi Khak Mein Dab Gyi Teri Aag Sehar Ki Azan Ho Gyi, Ab Tu Jaag! Deep in that dust has been smothered your flame— Wake, and hear dawn its high summons proclaim!

زمیں سے کو خاکبوں کی رائے نہیں اس ندھیرے میں ہجیات

Zameen Mein Hai Go Khakiyon Ke Barat Nahin Iss Andhere Mein Aab-e-Hayat Creatures of dust from the soil may draw bread: Not in that darkness is Life's river fed!

ر زمانے میر محبوثاہے کے سنگھیں جواپنی خودی کو پرکھت نہیں

> Zamane Mein Jhoote Hai Uss Ka Nageen Jo Apni Khudi Ko Parakhta Nahin Base will his metal be held, who on earth Puts not to trial his innermost worth!

بْتَانِ شِو مِقِبَ لَى لَوْ تُورُ مِنْ مِنْ كَمِيلُ كَوْ تُورُ

Butan-e-Shaub-o-Qabail Ko Torh Rasoom-e-Kuhan Ke Salasil Ko Torh Break all the idols of tribe and of caste, Break the old customs that fetter men fast!

يهي دِيمِ كَمُ مِينَ تِي اب كُه دنيا مِين توحيد ببو بے جاب

Yehi Deen-e-Mohkam, Yehi Fateh-e-Baab Ke Dunya Mein Touheed Ho Be-Hijab Here is true victory, here is faith's crown— One creed and one world, division thrown down!

> بنی کب بدن وانهٔ دل فشاں که این دانه داروز حامیل نشاں

Bakhak-e-Badan Dana-e-Dil Fashan Ke Aeen Dana Dar Daz Hasil Nishan Cast on the soil of your clay the heart's seed: Promise of harvest to come, is that seed!

(Bal-e-Jibril-156) Mussolini

مسوليني

Mussolini

ئەرىت فىحروغىل كىياشىيە ئىزوق انقلاب ئەرىت فىحروغىل كىياشىيە ئىنچەرىت كاشباب

Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Kya Shay Hai, Zauq-e-Inqilab Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Kya Shay Hai, Millat Ka Shabab What is the originality of thought and action?—a taste for revolution. What is the originality of thought and action?—the age of youth for a nation.

> ئەرت فىرۇل سے معزات زندكى ئەرت فىرۇل سے ناب فاراس ناب

Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Se Maujazat-e-Zindagi Nudrat-e-Fikar-o-Amal Se Sang-e-Khar-Ul-Amal Naab Originality of thought and action creates miracles of life: It turns pebbles into ruby stones. رومة النب لرك أول أول يوب تيراضمير اينكه مى بينم يبب ارست يارب يا بنواب

Roma-Tul-Kubra! Digargoon Ho Gya Tera Zameer Aynke Mee Beenam Ba Baidarist A Rab Ya Ba Khawab! O Great Rome! Your conscience has changed altogether: Is this a dream I see or is this for real!

> ر چشبہ پیسے ان کُئن میں زندکانی کا فروغ نوجان سرے ہیں سوزِ ارزو سے سینیاب

Chashme-e-Peeran-e-Kuhan Mein Zindagaani Ka Farough Naujawan Tere Hain Souz-e-Arzoo Se Sina Taab Your old have the gleam of life in their eyes; The flame of desire warms up the hearts of your young.

> میحت کی حرارت بیمت، بینمود فصل کُل میں میٹول روسے تنہیں زیرحاب

Ye Mohabbat Ki Hararat, Ye Tamanna, Ye Namood Fasl-e-Gul Mein Phool Reh Sakte Nain Zair-e- Hijab This warmth of love, this longing and this self-expression: Flowers cannot hide themselves in the season of Spring.

> نغمه دائشوق سے سری فضا موری زخمہ ورکانتظف رتھا تیری فطات داراب

Naghma-e-Haye Shuaq Se Teri Faza Maamoor Hai Zakhmawar Ka Muntazir Tha Teri Fitrat Ka Rubab Songs of passion fill your air now— The instrument of your nature was awaiting someone to play on it!

> فیض کیے سے کی نظر کا ہے؟ وہ کہ ہے ہے۔ وہ کہ ہے ہے۔ سی کی کہ شش کے شعاع افعا کے

Faiz Ye Kis Ki Nazar Ka Hai, Karamat Kis Ki Hai? Who Ke Hai Jis Ki Nigah Misl-e-Shua-e-Aftab! Whose benevolent eye has graced this miracle upon you? He whose vision is like the light of the Sun!

(Bal-e-Jibril-149) Mohabbat



Mohabbat--Love شهیدمحت نه کاف نیمازی محتت ایسا

Shaheed-e-Mohabbat Na Kafir Na Ghazi Mohabbat Ki Rasmain Na Turki Na Tazi The martyrs of Love are not Muslim nor Paynim, The manners of Love are not Arab nor Turk!

وه کچاور شے معتب نہیں ہے ۔ سکھانی ہے غب زنوی کوایازی

Woh Kuch Aur Shay Hai, Mohabbat Nahin Hai Sikhati Hai Jo Ghaznavi Ko Ayazi Some passion far other than Love was the power That taught Ghazni's high ruler to dote on his slave.

يه وبرار كارن رمانه ين على توبير على وكمت فقط شيشه بازى

Ye Johar Agar Kar Farma Nahin Hai To Hain Ilm-o-Hikmat Faqat Sheesha Bazi When the spirit of Love has no place on the throne, All wisdom and learning vain tricks and pretence!

نه محاج لطب ال نهم عوب بطال مستحبت بازادي في نيازي

Na Mohtaj-e-Sultan, Na Maroob-e-Sultan Mohabbat Hai Azadi-o-Be-Niazi Paying court to no king, by no king held in awe, Love is freedom and honor, whose scorn of the world

> ر مرافعت بہترہے انخدری سے روز یہ آدم کری ہے وہ آتسے ندسازی

Mera Faqr Behtar Hai Iskandari Se Ye Adam Gari Hai, Woh Aaeena Sazi Holds more than the magic that made Alexander His fabulous mirror—its magic makes man

(Bal-e-Jibril-148) Azaan

اوان

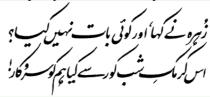
Azan-The Prayer-Call

اک دات ستاروں سے کہانجہ سمئے نے اوم کو بھی وبکی ہے کسی نے کسی ہے لڑ

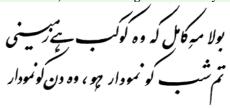
Ek Raat Sitaron Se Kaha Najam-e-Sehar Ne Adam Ko Bhi Dekha Hai Kisi Ne Kabhi Baidar? One night among the planets the Star of Morning said— "Has ever star seen slumber desert Man's drowsy head?"

> کہنے گا مریخ ،اداہ سے تعت ریے ہے نیند ہی اس جیوٹے سے فتنے کوسزاوار

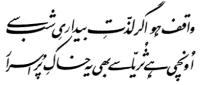
Kehne Laga Mareekh, Ada Feham Hai Taqdeer Hai Nind Hi Iss Chotte Se Fitne Ko Sazawar "Fate, being nimble-witted," Bright Mercury returned, "Served well that pretty rebel—Tame sleep was what he earned!"



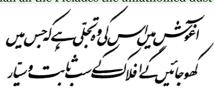
Zahra Ne Kaha, Aur Koi Baat Nahin Kya? Iss Karmak-e-Shab-e-Kaur Se Kya Hum Ko Sarokar! "Have we," asked Venus, "nothing to talk about besides?" Or what is it to us, where that night-blind firefly hides?"



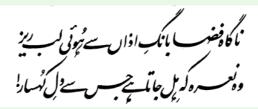
Bola Meh-e-Kamil Ke Woh Koukab Hai Zameeni Tum Shab Ko Namoodar Ho, Woh Din Ko Namoodar "A star," the Full Moon answered, "Is man, of terrene ray: You walk the night in splendor, But so does he the day;



Waqif Ho Agar Lazzat-e-Baidari Shab Se Unchi Hai Surayya Se Bhi Ye Khak-e-Pur-Asrar "Let him once learn the joy of outwatching night's brief span— Higher than all the Pleiades the unfathomed dust of Man!



Aghosh Mein Iss Ki Woh Tajali Hai Ke Jis Mein Kho Jaen Ge Aflak Ke Sub Sabit-o-Sayyar Closed in that dust a radiance lies hidden, in whose clear light Shall all the sky's fixed tenures and orbits fade from sight."



Na-Gah Faza Bang-e-Azan Se Huwi Lab-Raiz Woh Naara Ke Hil Jata Hai Jis Se Dil-e-Kuhsar! —Suddenly rose the prayer-call, and overwhelmed heaven's lake; That summons at which even cold hearts of mountains quake.

(Bal-e-Jibril-140) Nasihatzzzzz



Nasihat-COUNSEL

ر بتچیٹ ہیں سے کہاتھاعقاب الخود اے ترتیہ سے راپیاں فوت چرخے بریں

Bacha-e-Shaheen Se Kehta Tha Auqab-e-Saal Khurd (Purana, Tajarba kaar) Ae Tere Shehpar Pe asan Riffat-e-Charkh-e-Bareen An eagle full of years to a young hawk said— Easy your royal wings through high heaven spread:

> ہے تباب اپنے لئو کی آگ میں بنے کا نام سخت کوشی سے ہے بلخ زند کانی آئیسیں

Hai Shabab Apne Lahoo Ki Aag Mein Jalne Ka Naam Sakht Koshi Se Hai Talakh-e-Zindagaani Angbeen To burn in the fire of our own veins is youth! Strive, and in strife make honey of life's gall;

> ر ولبوتر پرهمیشنے میں مزاہے اسے بنیر! وہ مزاث یدلبوتر کے لوئو میں بنی سی

Jo Kabootar Par Jhapatne Mein Maza Hai Ae Pisar! Woh Maza Shaid Kabootar Ke Lahoo Mein Bhi Nahin Maybe the blood of the pigeon you destroy, My son, is not what makes your swooping joy!

(Bal-e-Jibril-139) Aik Naujawan Ke Naam

ایک نوجوان کے نام

Aik Naujawan Ke Naam-TO A YOUNG MAN

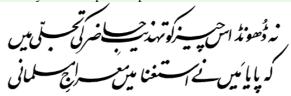
تر<u>صوفے ہیں فرنگ سے ت</u> لیں ہے اپرانی لهوُمجھ کو زلاتی ہے جوانوں کی تن است نی

Tere Sofe Hain Afarangi, Tere Qaleen Hain Irani Lahoo Mujh Ko Rulati Hai Jawanon Ki Tan Asani Your sofas are from Europe, your carpets from Iran; This slothful opulence evokes my sigh of pity.

ر امارت كيابت موفِحسرى عبى بوتوكيا عاس نه زوږپ رئ تجيومين نه ستنغنات سلانی

Amarat Kya, Shikoh-e-Khusrawi Bhi Ho To Kya Hasil

Na Zor-e-Haidari Tujh Mein, Na Istaghna-e-Salmani In vain if you possess Khusroe's imperial pomp, If you do not possess prowess or contentment.



Na Dhoond Iss Cheez Ko Tezeeb-e-Hazir Ki Tajali Mein Ke Paya Man Ne Istaghna Mein Meeraj-e-Musalmani Seek not thy joy or greatness in the glitter of Western life, For in contentment lies a Muslim's joy and greatness.

> عقابی رُوح جب بیار ہوتی ہے جانوں میں سے نطن لی ہے سے اپنی منزل اسمانوں میں

Auqabi Rooh Jab Baidar Hoti Hai Jawanon Mein Nazar Ati Hai Iss Ko Apni Manzil Asmanon Mein When an eagle's spirit awakens in youthful hearts, It sees its luminous goal beyond the starry heavens.

> نہ ہو نومید' نومیس دی وال علم وفت رہے امیس مردمومن ہے خدا کے راز دانوں میں

Na Ho Naumeed, Naumeedi Zawal-e-Ilm-o-Irfan Hai Umeed-e-Mard-e-Momin Hai Khuda Ke Raazdanon Mein Despair not, for despair is the decline of knowledge and gnosis: The Hope of a Believer is among the confidants of God.

> نه یں سے انشین قصر ب طانی کے کٹ برر توث میں ہے بسیراکر پہاڑوں کی پٹ اوٹ ی

Nahin Tera Nasheman Qasr-e-Sultani Ke Gunbad Par Tu Shaheen Hai, Basera Kar Paharon Ki Chatanon Mein Thy abode is not on the dome of a royal palace; You are an eagle and should live on the rocks of mountains.

(Bal-e-Jibril-137) Deen-o-Siasat

دین وست یا

Deen-o-Siasat-RRELIGION AND POLITICS

Kalisa Ki Bunyad Ruhbaniyat Thi Samati Kahan Iss Faqeeri Mein Meeri Monasticism was the church's base Its austere living had no room for wealth

خصومت تھی مُنطانی و رہی میں مسلم کہ وہ سرابندی ہے کیے سے بزیری

Khusoomat (Dushmani) Thi Sultani-o-Rahbi Mein

Ke Woh Sarbulandi Hai, Ye Sar-Bazairi The anchorite and the king have ever been hostile; One has humility; the other an exalted power.

ساست نائيس ڪي هي نوپر وليسال پيري

Siasat Ne Mazhab Se Peecha Chhuraya Chali Kuch Na Peer-e-Kalisa Ki Peeri Church and state were separated at last; The revered priest was rendered powerless.

يُونَى دِينُ دولت مير حِس دم جُدِائَى ﴿ حِوَس كَيْ السيرِي مِوْس كَيْ السيرِي مِوْس كَيْ وزيري

Huwi Deen-o-Doulat Mein Jis Dam Judai Hawas Ki Ameeri, Hawas Ki Wazeeri When church and state parted the ways for ever, It set in the rule of avarice and greed.

ر رہے ہے امرادی ، وزن شہر ہمذیب کی بھوسے میں وُوَلَی عَلَاثَ وِیں کے لیے امرادی ، وزن شہر ہمذیب کی بھوسے میں

> Dooyi Mulk-o-Deen Ke Liye Namuradi Dooyi Chashm-e-Tehzeeb Ki Nabaseeri This split is a disaster both for country and faith, And shows the culture's blind lack of vision.

يهج زياك صواف ك بشيرى مي استنادندي

Ye Ejaz Hai Aik Sehra Nasheen Ka Basheeri Hai Aaeena-Dar-e-Nazeeri! It is the miracle of a desert-dweller To make the grace a mirror to power.

> اسى مىرچفا طت بىچانسانىت كى كەرچول كىشىبىت يەمى اروشىرى

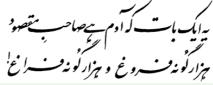
Issi Mein Hafazat Hai Insaniyat Ki Ke Hon Aik Junaidi-o-Ardsheri Mankind's deliverance lies in the unity Of those who rule the body and those who rule the soul.

(Bal-e-Jibril-134) Javed Ke Naam

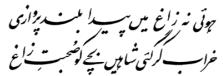
جاوید کے مام

Javed Ke Naam-To Javid (His Son)

خودی کے سازمیں ہے ٹے۔ جِاوِدا لگا مُراغ خودی کے سوئرسے وششن پیر اُنستوں کے جراغ Khudi Ke Saaz Mein Hai Umer-e-Javidan Ka Suragh Khudi Ke Souz Se Roshan Hain Ummaton Ke Charagh A nation's life is illumined by selfhood, Selfhood is the pathway to everlasting life.



Ye Aik Baat Ke Adam Hai Sahib-e-Maqsood Hazar Goona Farogh-o-Hazar Goona Faraagh! This one thing that Adam is not without the Purpose— A manifold life, a manifold leisure!



Huwi Na Zagh Mein Paida Buland Parwazi Kharab Kar Gyi Shaheen Bache Ko Sohbat-e-Zagh Earth-bound crows cannot aspire to the eagle's flights, But they corrupt the eagle's lofty, noble habits.

> ر حیانہ سے زبانے کی آنکھ میں باقی خدا کرے کہ جانی تری رہے بے واغ

Haya Nahin Hai Zamane Ki Ankh Mein Baqi Khuda Kare Ke Jawani Teri Rahe Be-Dagh May God make thee a virtuous, blameless youth; Thou livest in an age deprived of decency.

> مُعهب رسط نه کسی نقاه میں اقبال کریے ظریف وجوش ل مدیثیہ وٹ گفتہ واغ

Thehar Saka Na Kisi Khanqah Mein Iqbal Ke Hai Zareef-o-Khush Andaisha-o-Shugufta Damagh Iqbal was not at ease in a monastery, For he is bright, and sprightly, and full of wit,

(Bal-e-Jibril-131) Farman-e-Khuda (Farishton Se)

فرمان ضدا (نرشتوں سے)

Farman-e-Khuda-(Farishton Se) GOD'S COMMAND-(To His Angels)

اُتھوا مری دنیا کے غربیوافع حکا دو کاخ اُمُرا کے درو دیوار ہلا دو

Utho! Meri Dunya Ke Ghareebo Ko Jaga Do Kakh-e-Umra Ke Dar-o-Diwar Hila Do Rise, and from their slumber wake the poor ones of My world! Shake the walls and windows of the mansions of the great! ار کرما و غلاموں کا لہوُسوزیقیں سے گنجشکبِ فروماییکوشاہی سے لڑادو

> Garmao Ghulamon Ka Lahoo Souz-e-Yaqeen Se Kunjishik-e-Firomaya Ko Shaheen Se Lara Do Kindle with the fire of faith the slow blood of the slaves! Make the fearful sparrow bold to meet the falcon's hate!

ر استانی به میادو سُلطانی به مهور ۱۵ آیسے زمانہ نوفتر کئن تم کو نظر استے میاد و

Sultani Jamhoor Ka Ata Hai Zamana Jo Naqsh-e-Kuhan Tum Ko Nazar Aye, Mita Do Close the hour approaches of the kingdom of the poor— Every imprint of the past find and annihilate!

جر کھیت نے ہما تھ مینزمین وزی اس کھیت کے سنزوشۂ لندم کوملادو

Jis Khait Se Dehqan Ko Mayassar Nahin Rozi Uss Khait Ke Har Khausha-e-Gandum Ko Jala Do Find the field whose harvest is no peasant's daily bread— Garner in the furnace every ripening ear of wheat!

کرین کال و میران کال در برای کال میران کلیدالوکلیداسے اُٹھا دو میران کلیدالوکلیداسے اُٹھا دو

Kyun Khaliq-o-Makhlooq Mein Hayal Rahain Parde Peeran-e-Kalisa Ko Kalisa Se Utha Do Banish from the house of God the mumbling priest whose prayers Like a veil creation from Created separate!

حق رابسجود ئے منمال الطوافے بہترہے چراغ حرم و دریمجہا وو

Haq Ra Ba-Sujoode, Sanamaan Ra Ba-Tawafe Behter Hai Charagh-e-Haram-o-Dair Bujha Do God by man's prostrations, by man's vows idols cheated— Quench at once My shrine and their fane the sacred light!

مین خوش میزار نبون رَم کی بلول سے میرے کیے متی کا حرم اور بناد و

Main Na Khush-o-Bezar Hun Mar Mar Ki Silon Se Mere Liye Mitti Ka Haram Aur Bana Do Rear for me another temple, build its walls with mud— Wearied of their columned marbles, sickened is My sight!

تهذیب کارکشیشاران سے ادابی فوشاعر مشرق کو بکھادوا

Tehzeeb-e-Nawi Kargah-e-Shisha Garan Hai Adaab-e-Junoon Shayar-e-Mashriq Ko Sikha Do! All their fine new world a workshop filled with brittle glass— Go! My poets of the East to madness dedicate.

(Bal-e-Jibril-130) Farishton Ka Geet



Farishton Ka Geet--SONG OF THE ANGLES

عقل ہے بے زمام کئی شخص ہے بیتھا ماتھی اس کے ازک از انقشٹ ہے تاک انھی نقش کر ازک از تراقشٹ ہے تاک انھی

Aqal Hai Be Zamam Abhi, Ishq Hai Be Maqam Abhi Naqsh Gar-e-Azal! Tera Naqsh Hai Natamam Abhi As yet the Reason is unbridled, and Love is on the road: O Architect of Eternity! Your design is incomplete.

> رسر خلق خدا کی لھات میں برند وفقتہ وسی فرپیر تعریجہاں میں ہے میں کردشس صُبح وثسام بھی

Khalq-e-Khuda Ki Ghaat Mein Rindon-o-Faqeeh-o-Meer-o-Peer Tere Jahan Mein Hai Wohi Gardish-e-Subah-o-Sham Abhi Drunkards, jurists, princes and priests all sit in ambush upon Your common folk: The days in Your world haven't changed as yet.

> تىيى بالىت تىرفىقىي مالىت نىيى كىرى بندە ئىچ كۇچىگىردانىمى نوچىپ بېندبام بىمبى

Tere Ameer Maal Mast, Tere Faqeer Haal Mast Banda Hai Koocha Gard Abhi, Khawaja Buland Baam Abhi Your rich are too unmindful, Your poor too content— The slave as yet frets in the street, the master's walls are still too high.

> ز ش و بی و می وفن بندگی پوستمام وارس و بین و می وفن بندگی پوستمام عشق کره کتا ہے کا فیض نہیں ہے عام اہمی

Danish-e-Deen-o-Ilm-o-Fan Bandagi-e-Hawas Tamam Ishq-e-Garah Kushaye Ka Faiz Nahin Hai Aam Abhi Learning, religion, science and art are all means to fulfill lust: The grace of Love—the redeemer—is not as yet bestowed upon all. جوہرِزندگی عِیمِث ق جیمِثِ ق ہے جودی آہ کہ ہے یہ تیغِ تسب زیرد کی نب ماهبی ا

Johar-e-Zindagi Hai Ishq, Johar-e-Ishq Hai Khudi Aah Ke Hai Ye Taegh-e-Taiz Pardagi-e-Nayam Abhi! The essence of Life is Love, the essence of Love is the self; Alas! This cutting sword as yet rests in the sheath!

(Bal-e-Jibril-123) Dua

بسم اللدالرطن الرسيم

Dua-A Praver

ر الرار (مسجةٌ فِرُكِ مِينَ لِمَعَى لِيَّى)

(Masjid-e-Qurtuba Mein Likhi Gyi) (Written in the Mosque of Cordoba)

ہے ہیں سے ری ماز ہے ہیں سے اوضو سیری نواؤں میں ہے سیر حیاس کا کہنو

Hai Yehi Meri Namaz, Hai Yehi Mera Wazu Meri Nawaon Mein Hai Mere Jigar Ka Lahoo My invocations are sincere and true, They form my ablutions and prayers due.

صُحبتِ المصف ، نُور و حضور وسنرور سرونش و پُرسوزے لالہ لسب ابجُو

Sohbat-e-Ahl-e-Safa, Noor-o-Huzoor-o-Suroor Sur Khush-o-Pursouz Hai Lala Lab-e-Abjoo One glance of guide such joy and warmth can grant, On marge of stream can bloom the tulip plant.

Rah-e-Mohabbat Mein Hai Kon Kisi Ka Rafeeq Sath Mere Reh Gyi Aik Meri Arzoo One has no comrade on Love's journey long Save fervent zeal, and passion great and strong. میرانشین نهیں درکومیں دو وزیر میرانشین بھی تُؤثاخ شین بھی تُو میرانشین بھی تُؤثاخ

Mera Nasheeman Nahin Dargah-e-Meer-o-Wazeer Mera Nasheman Bhi Tu, Shakh-e-Nasheman Bhi Tu O God, at gates of rich I do not bow, You are my dwelling place and nesting bough.

تجەكىرىب مۇطىپىغ خېچ نشور تىجەكى مەسىخەسىنى ئىستىر ئاللەھۇ تىجەكى مەسىخەسىنى ئىس تىششىر ئاللەھۇ

Tujh Se Greban Mera Matla-e-Subah-e-Nashoor Tujh Se Mere Seene Mein Atish-e-'**Allah Hoo**' Your Love in my breast burns like Doomsday morn, The cry, **He is God**, on my lips is born.

> سری زندگی سوزوتب و درو و واغ ترجیے سے مری زندگی سوزوتب و درو و واغ تو ہی مری آرزو ، تو ہی مری جُستجو

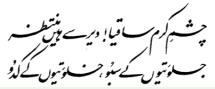
Tujh Se Meri Zindagi Souz-o-Tab-o-Dard-o-Dagh Tu Hi Meri Arzoo, Tu Hi Meri Justujoo Your Love, makes me God, fret with pain and pine, You are the only quest and aim of mine.

پیسس الر تُونہیں، شہرہے وراتہ س پیسس الر تُونہیں، شہرہے وراتہ س پُوہے تو اباد ہیں ٔ جڑے ہُوئے وکو

Pas Agar Tu Nahin, Shehar Hai Weeran Tamam Tu Hai To Abad Hain Ujhre Huwe Kakh-o-Koo Without You town appears devoid of life, When present, same town appears astir with strife.

بھروہ شراب اُئن مجر کوعطب کر کہ میں وُصونڈ رہا ہوں اُسے توڑ کے عام وسئو

Phir Woh Sharab-e-Kuhan Mujh Ko Ata Kar Ke Main Dhoond Raha Hun Usse, Torh Ke Jaam-o-Saboo For wine of gnosis (passion) I request and ask, To get some dregs I break the cup and glass.



Chashm-e-Karam Saqiya! Dair Se Hain Mutazir Jalwaton Ke Saboo, Khalwaton Ke Kidoo The mystics' gourds and commons' pitchers wait For liquor of your Grace and Bounty great.

ر تیری خب ائی سے ہے میرے بُحنوں کو بکلہ اپنے لیے لام کان میرے لیے چار سُو!

Teri Khudai Se Hai Mere Junoon Ko Gilla Apne Liye La-Makan, Mere Liye Char Soo! Against Your godhead I have a genuine plaint, For You the Spaceless, while for me restraint.

> فلسف وشعر کی اور عت تت ہے کیا حرب تنا ہے کہ نہ سک میں رُو برو

Falsafa-o-Shair Ki Aur Haqiqat Hai Kya Harf-e-Tamana, Jise Keh Na Sakain Roo-Ba-Roo Both verse and wisdom indicate the way Which longing face to face can not convey.

(Bal-e-Jibril-094) Khudi Ki Jalwaton Mein Mustafai

نورى ارسى او تون مُرْصِطفانَ نورى ارسى المِن الوائى نورى الرسب او تون مُرْصِطفانَ نورى الرسب الوائى

> Khudi Ki Jalwaton Mein Mustafai Khudi Ki Khalwaton Mein Kibriyai Selfhood in the world of men is prophethood; Selfhood in solitude is godliness;

ر زمەين كىسساڭ كرمۇيرىش خودى كى دىيىپ سارى خُداتى ا

> Zameen-o-Asman-o-Kursi-o-Arsh Khudi Ki Zad Mein Hai Sari Khudai! The earth, the heavens, the great empyrean, Are all within the range of selfhood's power.

(Bang-e-Dra-175) Taleem Maghribi Hai Bohat Jura'at Afreen

تعدم غربي بيست مُرأت بسبري پهلاستق عُرِيد كالج مين روِّينك

Taleem-e-Maghrabi Hai Bohat Juraat Afreen Pehla Sabaq Hai, Baith Ke College Mein Maar Deeng Western education is very encouraging Its first lesson is to brag sitting in the college

بستے ہیں بند میں وجب میرار ہی فقط [°] انتابھی کے کے اتنے ہیں لینے ط^{یب} بینک

Baste Hain Hind Mein Jo Khareedar Hi Faqat Agha Bhi Le Ate Hain Apne Watan Se Heeng As only the purchasers inhabit India Afghans also bring assafoetida from their country

مياسيعال مُوٹ كي توچاشا جوں ميں أكل يعكم وعيدا مريفوش بيند رسنگ

Mera Ye Haal, Boot Ki Tou Chatta Hun Main Un Ka Ye Hukam, Dekh! Mere Farash Par Na Reeng My condition is that I lick the toe of the boot She says "Beware do not be crawling on my carpet"

Kehne Lage Ke Unth Hai Bhadda Sa Janwar Achi Hai Gaye, Rakhti Hai Ka Naukdar Seeng The camel is said to be a somewhat clumsy animal The cow is good as she has slender horns

(Bang-e-Dra-189) Gaye Ek Roz Huwi Unth Se Yun Garam-e-Sukhan

گائے ک وزیونی اُونٹ سے کر رہنے ن نہیں کا ال یہنیا میں کسی شے کو قرار

Gaye Ek Roz Huwi Unth Se Yun Garm-e-Sukhan Nahin Ek Haal Pe Dunya Mein Kisi Shay Ko Qarar The cow one day started saying to the camel Nothing in the world rests in one condition

ئىن توبدنام ئېۇ ئى تورىخى رىتى اىنى ئىنتى بول نىچى جۇرى كەلەسى جەما

Main To Badnaam Huwi Tor Ke Rassi Apni Sunti Hun App Ne Bhi Tor Ke Rakh Di Hai Muhar I am ignominious by breaking my rope I hear you have also broken your nose string

ر مندمیل پرواز رُوئے بیات ایم مندمیل پرواز رُوئے بیات ایم

Hind Mein App To Azooye Siasat Hain Aham Rail Chalne Se Magar Dasht-e-Arab Mein Baikar Though you are important in India for political reasons But due to railway the Arabian desert finds no use for you

كُلْ لِلْ لِي الْمُعْلِكُ عُلْكِ عُدُر مَعْلِكُ مُعْلِي مِنْ مُنْ مِي اللَّهِ مُؤْمِدُ مِنْ مِي اللَّهِ اللَّ

Kal Talak App Ko Tha Gaye Ki Mehfil Se Hazar Thi Latakte Huwe Honton Pe Sadaye Zanhaar Till yesterday you were avoiding the cow's companionship The voice of 'never' on your hanging lips was persistent ر آج رکیاہے کہم رہے عنایت اتنی نر دہائٹٹ ول میں و دریت عبا

> Aaj Ye Kya Hai Ke Hum Par Hai Inayat Itni Na Taha Aaeena-e-Dil Mein Woh Deerina Ghubaar What is the matter that you are so favorable to me today That old displeasure does not exist in your heart today

بتريت رئيني وف بشروك لها ميتريط بيغ الول مين ميادا ميشما

Jab Ye Taqreer Suni Unth Ne, Sharma Ke Kaha Hai Tere Chahne Walon Mein Hamara Bhi Shumaar Hearing this speech the camel bashfully said I am also to be counted among your lovers

رشك صنعمزةُ أشتُرتِ على يُكُليل مِهم توبيل سي كليول ك يُراف بهياً

Rashak-e-Sad Ghamzada-e-Ushtar Hai Teri Aik Kulail Hum To Hain Aesi Kulailon Ke Purane Bimaar The envy of hundreds of camel's ogle is your one frisk Since long I am the lover of such a frisk

ر ترے ہے کاموں کی شربہ سے بیائی بی سے اپنے بانوں میں ہی بیدا ہے خواق گفتار

> Tere Hangamon Ki Taseer Ye Phaili Ban Mein Be-Zubanon Mein Bhi Paida Hai Mazaq-e-Guftar

The effects of your tumults have spread in the forest such That speech has produced its taste even among the speechless

ايك ېئن ميں ہے مّدت سے سيرانيا گر ديوليو پاسن مين جارا بھر کھاتے ہولُ دھا

Aik Hi Ban Mein Hai Muddat Se Basera Apna Gharche Kuch Paas Nahin, Chara Bhi Khate Hain Udhar I am living only in one desert since a long time As I have nothing I am fed on borrowed money

گوسفند وشُشَرُوکا و و پینک و خرکنک ایک بن کمک مین گھی ہے تع ہانیا وقا

Go Safand-o-Shutar-o-Gao-o-Palang-o-Khar-e-Lang Aik Hi Rang Mein Rangeen Hon To Hai Apna Waqar If goat, camel, cow, leopard and the lame donkey All exist in the same condition we shall have prestige

باغب ں جو بق موزوبلزمی ہ ہمزباں ہو کے رہی کیوں نیطیو کُلزار

Baghban Ho Sabaq Amoz Jo Yak Rangi Ka Hum-Zuban Ho Ke Rahain Kyun Na Tayoor-e-Gulzar If the gardener learns the lesson of uniformity Why should not the gardens' birds live in harmony

ف من مام میں مرکب مناسب میں تو موسی شرور مؤسی فقا بھی ا

De Wohi Jam Humain Bhi Ke Manasib Hai Yehi Tu Bhi Sarshaar Ho, Tere Rufaqa Bhi Sarshaar Give me also the same cup as only this appears proper You should be intoxicated, your companions should also be intoxicated ر الترسين ولق عافظ بحيار زويبث رنځي رئن الم والحه شرمت وخراب زرو بازار بيا"

"Dalaq-e-Hafiz Bacha Arzad Ba Maish Rangeen Kun Wanghash Mast-o-Kharab Azrah-e-Bazar Byar" "The patched garment of Hafiz is worthless, color him with wine Then bring him to the market, lost and intoxicated

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-013) Shukar-o-Shikayat

. شکر ورسکایت

Shukar-e-Shikayat-Thanks Cum Complaint

ئىيىب دە نادان چون مگرث رىپىتىرا ركھتا چون نهسان خانهٔ لائچوت سىپىوند

Main Band-e-Nadan Hun, Magar Shukar Hai Tera Rakhta Hun Nihan Khana-e-Lahoot Se Pewand Though unwise, thanks to God I must express For bonds with celestial world that I possess.

اکے ولولۂ گازہ دیا ئیں نے ولوں کو لاہور سے آغاکے بخارا وسسترفند

Ek Walwala Taza Diya Main Ne Dilon Ko Lahore Se Ta-Bakhak-e-Bukhara-o-Samarqand My songs fresh zeal to hearts of men impart, Their charm extends to lands that lie apart.

آ شرے بیمیرے نفس کی کنسزامی مُرغاہِج سُنجواں مری صحبت میں دیں خورسند

Taseer Hai Ye Mere Nafas Ki Ke Khazan Mein Murghan-e-Sehar Khawan Meri Sohbat Mein Hain Khoursand In Autumn my breath makes birds that chirp in morn, Imbibe much joy and feel no more forlorn.

> کین مجھے پیدائیا اُس دیس میں تُونے جس دیس کے بندے ہی شامنا

Lekin Mujhe Paida Kiya Uss Dais Mein Tu Ne Jis Dais Ke Bande Hain Ghulami Pe Razamand! O God, to such a land I have been sent, Where men in abject bondage feel content.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-031) Ghazal

غزل

Ghazal

ولِ مروہ ول نہیں ہے'اسنے ندہ کر دوبارہ کہ یہی ہے اُنتوں کے مرضِ کُہن کا جارہ

Dil-e-Murda Dil Nahin Hai, Isse Zinda Kar Dobara Ke Yehi Hai Ummaton Ke Marz-e-Kuhan Ka Chara A heart devoid of love is dead, Infuse fresh life in it again: It is the only cure for folk who suffer from some chronic pain.

ترا بحر ٹریکوں ہے یہ سکوں ہے یافٹوں ہے زنہنک ہے نہ طوفت ان نہ خرا بی کنارہ!

Tera Behar Pur-Sukoon Hai, Ye Sukoon Hai Ya Fusoon Hai?
Na Nahang Hai, Na Toofan, Na Kharabi-e-Kinara!
Your sea is full of calm and rest is it repose or magic art?
No sharks and storms disturb your sea, Intact its coast in every part!

ئوضمىرۇسىل سابىمى اشانىسىپ نىس بەتراركر تاتىخىغىرۇسستارە

Tu Zameer-e-Asman Se Abhi Ashna Nahin Hai Nahin Be-Qarar Karta Tujhe Ghamzada-e-Sitara You are not intimate with laws that rule the spheres that spin around: The twinkling stars do not disturb the calm which in your heart is found!

> ترنیک تاں میں ڈالا مرنے نعمیٰ تحرُف مری خاکر بے بئیر میں جو نہاں تھا اک شرارہ

Tere Neestan Mein Dala Mere Naghma-e-Sahar Ne Meri Khak-e-Pay-Sipar Mein Jo Nihan Tha Ek Sharara The dormant spark that buried lay in my extinguished clay since long Has set afire your bed of reeds, Assuming form of morning song!

> نظر ائے گا اُسی کو بیجهان دوش و فردا سرائی جے اکئی میسر مری شوخی طن رہ

Nazar Aye Ga Issi Ko Ye Jahan-e-Dosh-o-Farda Jise Aa Gyi Mayassar Meri Shoukhi-e-Nazara That man can only see in full the world of future and the past, Who has the luck to be endowed with my glance so pert and fast!

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-032) Duniya

Dunya-The World

مجھ کو بھی نطن راتی ہے ہیں 'بوقکمونی وہ جیاند، یہ آراہے' وہ پیقر، یہ نکس ہے

Mujh Ko Bhi Nazar Ati Hai Ye Bu-Qalmooni Woh Chand, Ye Tara Hai, Woh Pathar, Ye Nageen Hai The diverse hues of world I can descry, Here stone and gem, there moon and starry sky.

> دیتی ہے مری شیم بصیرت بھی یہ فتولی وہ کوہ ، یہ دریاہے، وہ کردوں ، یہزمیں ہے

Deti Hai Meri Chashm-e-Beseerat Bhi Ye Fatwa Woh Koh, Ye Darya Hai, Woh Gardoon, Ye Zameen Hai My insight also gives this verdict clear, These are hills, river, earth and sphere.

> حق بات كولىكن ميرضي كرنهس دكهما تُوہے، تجھے جو كچي نظراتا ہے؛ نهيں ہے!

Haq Baat Ko Lekin Main Chupa Kar Nahin Rakhta Tu Hai, Tujhe Jo Kuch Nazar Ata Hai, Nahin Hai! Of facts so true, I strive to hide not aught: You are, all else a trick those eyes have wrought!

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-033) Namaz

نمار

Namaz-Prayer

بدل کے بھیس بھراتے ہیں ہزر طانے میں اگرچہ پیرہے ادم حواں ہیں لات ومنات

Badal Ke Bhais Phir Ate Hain Har Zamane Mein Agarche Peer Hai Adam, Jawan Hai Laat-e-Manaat In different garbs and various masks the idols reappear in every age: They e'er retain their youth and gloss though man has grown old on this stage.

> ر یہ ایک سجب دہ جے توکراں سمجھ ا ہے رزار سجدے سے دیتا ہے ادمی کونجات!

Ye Aik Sajda Jise Tu Garan Samajhta Hai Hazar Sajde Se Deta Hai Admi Ko Nijat! Prostration 'fore God you presume as irksome, tedious, burden great; But mind, this homage sets you free from bonds of men, of might who prate!

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-037) Masti-e-Kirdar



Masti-e-Kirdar--Fervour For Action

صُوفی کی طریقیت میں فقط ستی احال مُلا کی شریعیت میں فقط ستی گفتار

Sufi Ki Tariqat Mein Faqt Mast-e-Ahwal Mullah Ki Shariat Mein Faqt Mast-e-Guftar The mystic mode has naught except the inner changes of the heart; The talk of Mullah on his creed is merely piece of fiery art.

> شاعب کی نوا مُرده و افسُرده و بخوق افکار میں سرست ننوابیدہ نیب لار

Shayar Ki Nawa Murda-o-Afsurda-o-Be-Zauq Afkar Mein Sar-Mast, Na Khawabida Na Baidar The poet's song of zeal bereft, is dead and struck with frost! To outward eyes he seems awake, though in thoughts completely lost!

> وہ مردِمب بِنطن آنہ سی مجھکو چوجس کے رک و ئے میں فقطت سی کردار

Woh Mard-e-Mujahid Nazar Ata Nahin Mujh Ko Ho Jis Ke Rag-e-Pay Mein Faqt Masti-e-Kirdar Alas! my eyes do not behold the holy knight whose fervour high May cause his blood to seethe and boil in veins that lend such might to thigh.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-038) Qabar

Qabar (The Grave)

ر موت کا شبتاں بھی اسے رہاں ندایا ارام مت ندر کو تہ نعاک نہسیں ہے

Marqad Ka Shabistan Bhi Usse Raas Na Aya Aram Qalandar Ko Teh-e-Khak Nahin Hai A dervish feels no rest at all beneath the mound of clods and dust: Though abysmal dark the grave, Its rigours yet bear he must. خاموشی است لاک توہے قبر لیک ین بے قب دی وہنائی افلاک نہیں ہے

Khamoshi-e-Aflak To Hai Qabar Mein Lekin Be-Qaidi-o-Pehnai-e-Aflak Nahin Hai In dark and dismal depths of grave silence of skies a man can sense, But there he can never find environs free and space immense.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-040) Falsafa



Falsafa---Philosophy

ر افکار جوانوں کے خفی ہوں کہ بُطی ہوں پیٹ یدہ نہیں مرفیت نندر کی نظر سے

Afkar Jawanon Ke Khafi Hon Ke Jali Hon Poshida Nahin Mard-e-Qalandar Ki Nazar Se The thoughts of young both masked and plain From Qalandar's eyes can't hid remain.

معلوم ہیں مجھ کو ترے احال کہ کیں بھی نتت ہوئی گزرانھت اسی راہ کزرے

Maloom Hain Mujh Ko Tere Ahwal Ke Main Bhi Muddat Huwi Guzra Tha Iss Rah Se I know your states for I too crost, These tracts in times which now are past.

العن فركے بيوں ميں الجھتے نہيں ال غوّاص كومطلب ہے صدُف كُركُرس ا

Alfaz Ke Pechon Mein Ulajhte Nahin Dana Ghawwas Ko Matlab Hai Sadaf Se Ke Guhar Se! The wise 'bout words do not quarrel, He heeds not shell who seeks the pearl.

پیدا ہے فقط حلفت ّرار باب ُ جنوں میں عقت ل کہ یا جاتی ہے شعلے کوشرر سے

Paida Hai Faqat Halq-e-Arbab-e-Junoon Mein Woh Aqal Ke Pa Jati Hai Shaole ko Sharar Se Men crazed with love of God possess, Wit that from spark the flame can guess. جس عنی پیچیپ وہ کی تصدیق کرے دل قیت میں بہت بڑھ کے ہے ،ابندہ گہرسے

Jis Maani-e-Pecheeda Ki Tasdeeq Kare Dil Qeemat Mein Bohat Barh Ke Hai Tabinda Guhar Se An import complex confirmed by heart, Is precious more than gems in mart.

یا مُروہ ہے یا نُزع کی حالت میں گفت فولس خہ لکتھا نہ کیا نُون مب کرسے

Ya Mudra Hai Ya Nazaa Ki Halat Mein Giraftar Jo Falsafa Likha Na Gya Khoon-e-Jigar Se As good as dead is science and art, Which took not birth from bleeding heart!

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-041) Mardan-e-Khuda

مردان فدا

Mardan-e-Khuda--God's Men

وىپى ہےبندۂ څرحب كى ضَرب ہے كارى نہ وہ كەئرىب ہےجس كىسس معيّارى

Wohi Hai Banda-e-Hur Jis Ki Zarb Hai Kari Na Woh Ke Harb Hai Jis Ki Tamam Ayyari That man alone is brave and free, whose stroke is full of main and might;

That man is coward through and through who leans on guile and tricks in fight.

ازُل سے فطرتِ احرار میں دیں دوش میہ وش قلمت دری وقب بوشی و کلہ داری

Azal Se Fitrat-e-Ahrar Mein Hain Dosh Ba-Dosh Qalandari-o-Qaba Poshi-o-Kulahdari

From creation's Immemorial Dawn free born men own a bent of mind, Qalandar's traits donning cloak and crown, Such distinctive marks in them we find.

زمانہ لے کے جے آفتاب کر ہاہے اُنھی کی خاک میں پوشیدہ ہے وہ چنکاری

Zamana Le Ke Jise Aftab Karta Hai Unhi Ki Khak Mein Poshida Hai Woh Chingari The spark lies hid within their clay, which the world to itself takes; Transforms it as if by a smell and world—illuming sun it makes.

وجود انھی کا طوامبِ بتاں سے ہے زاد بیتبرے مومن و کافٹ رتمام نرتاری

Wujood Inhi Tawaf-e-Butan Se Hai Azad Ye Tere Momin-o-Kafir, Tamam Zunnari! This life is free from ugly taint that makes men round the fane to tread: O God! the faithful and pagan all have worn on shoulders sacred thread.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-042) Kafir-o-Momin

کافر ومومن

Kafir-o-Momin----The Infidel And Believer

کل سائل دریا کیب مجھ سے خصر نے تُو ڈسونڈ رہاہے سے افرنک کاریاقیٰ

Kal Sahil-e-Darya Pe Kaha Mujh Se Khizar Ne Tu Dhoond Raha Hai Sam-e-Afrang Ka Taryaq? Thus Khizr to me did speak last day on river banks. "Are you in search of cure for venom spread by Franks"?

> النعت مے پِس بِثِمْسرِ کی مانند نزندہ صَبِیعت ل زوہ وروشن و بُرّاق

Ek Nukta Mere Pas Hai Shamsheer Ki Manind Burrinda-o-Saqeel Zada-o-Roshan-o-Burraq I know a subtle point which like the sword is keen: Is cutting, burnished, bright and owns a peculiar sheen. کافر کی میچپان کہ است قریب کے ہے مومن کی میچپان کہ کم اس میں ہیںا فاق!

Kafir Ki Ye Pehchan Ke Afaq Mein Gum Hai Momin Ki Ye Pehchan Ke Gum Iss Mein Hain Afaaq! A heathen gets distinct by getting lost in life Whereas a Muslim true keeps 'bove its brawl and strife.

(Zarb-e-Kaleem-044) Momin

مومن ('نب میں)

Momin(Dunya Mein) Believer -In The World

چوهلفت بران تو برث می طرح زم رزم حق و باطل جو تو فولاو سیے سومن

Ho Halqa-e-Yaran To Baresham Ki Tarah Naram Razm-e-Haq-o-Batil Ho To Foulad Hai Momin A man whose faith is firm and strong is soft as silk in friendly throng: In skirmish between wrong and right like sword of steel, he stands to fight!

> ر ا فلاک سے ہے اس کی حریفایز کشاکشس خالی ہے مکرمن ک سے آزاد ہے موس

Aflak Se Hai Iss Ki Hareefana Kashakash Khaki Hai Magar Khak Se Azad Hai Momin The skies are his inveterate foes his war with them e'er onward goes: Though Muslim true of clay is born from earthly bonds still he is torn.

ر ر جیخے نہیں کنجثاب وحمام اسس کی ظرمیں جبریل وسسرافیل کا صنیاد ہے موہن

Jachte Nahin Kunjishik-o-Hamam Iss Ki Nazar Mein Jibreel-o-Sarafeel Ka Sayyad Hai Momin To hunt the sparrow and the dove he does not like and does not love: He much aspires his noose to cast on angels great and hold it fast. **Jannat Mein-In Paradise**

کتے ہیں فرشتے اول ویزہے موس خروں کوشکایہ کم امیزہے مومن

Kehte Hain Farishte Kr Dil Awaiz Hai Momin Hooron Ko Shikayat Hai, Kam Amaiz Hai Momin The angels of this thing are sure that a Muslim can allure; But Maids of Eden do complain, from society he does oft refrain.